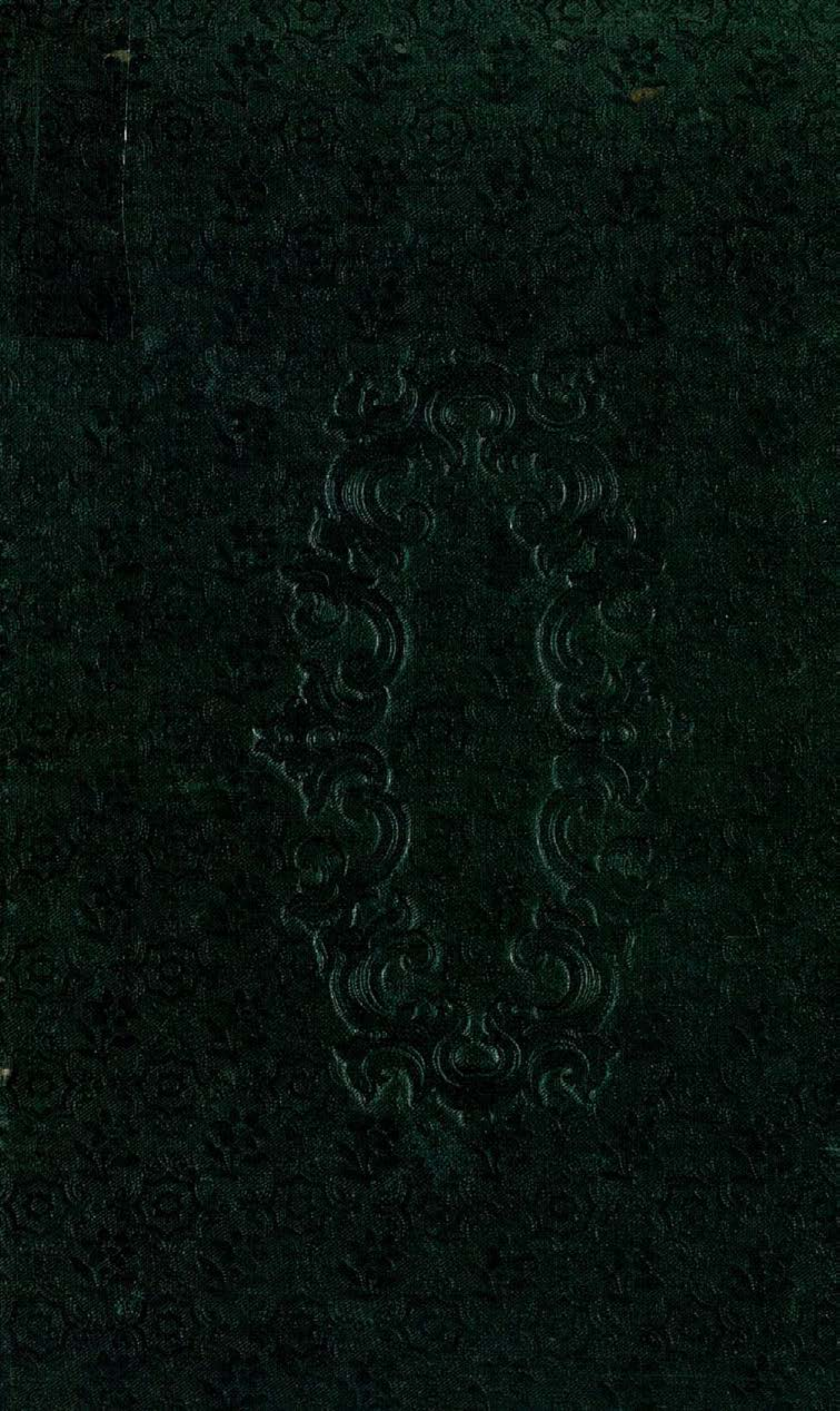
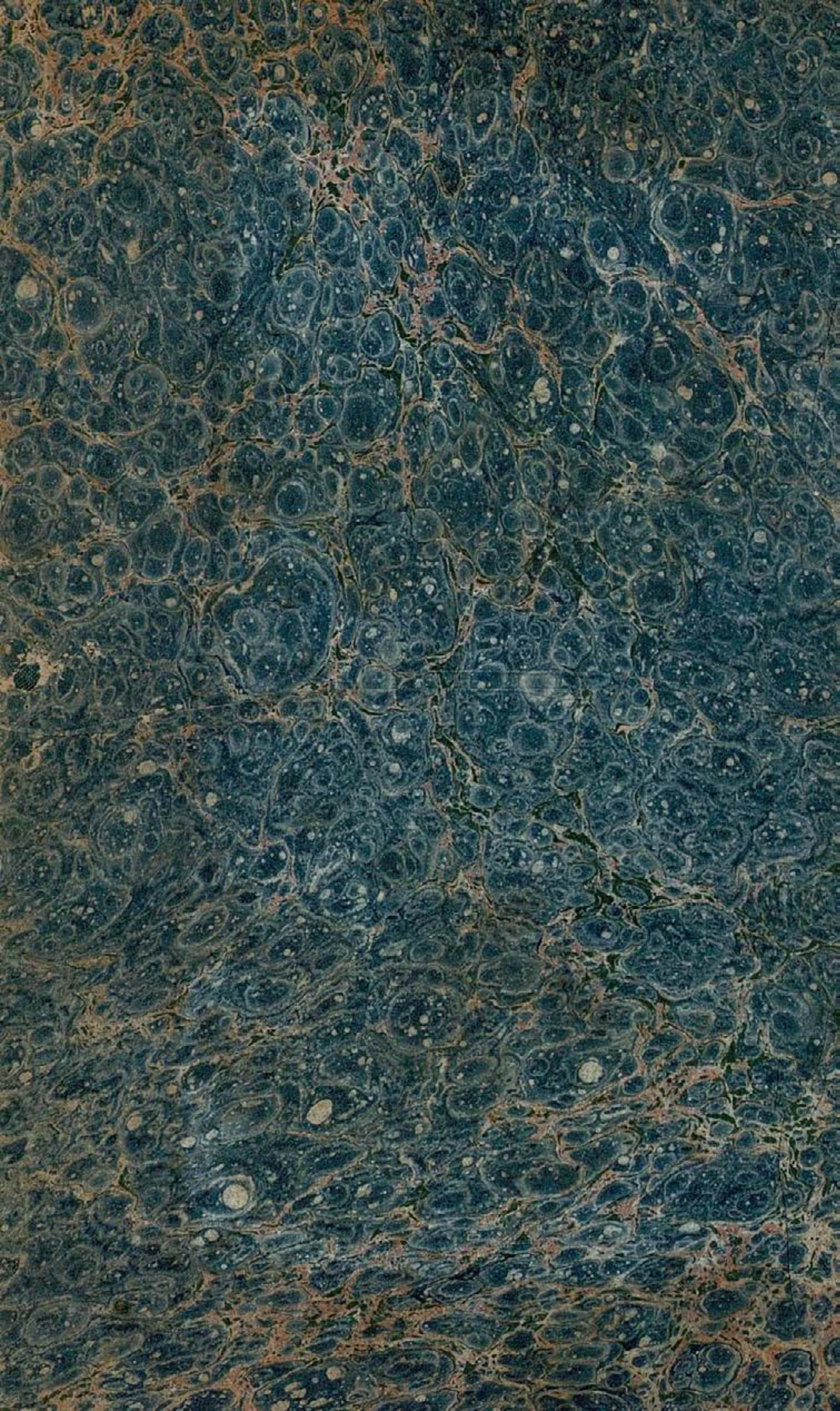

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BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

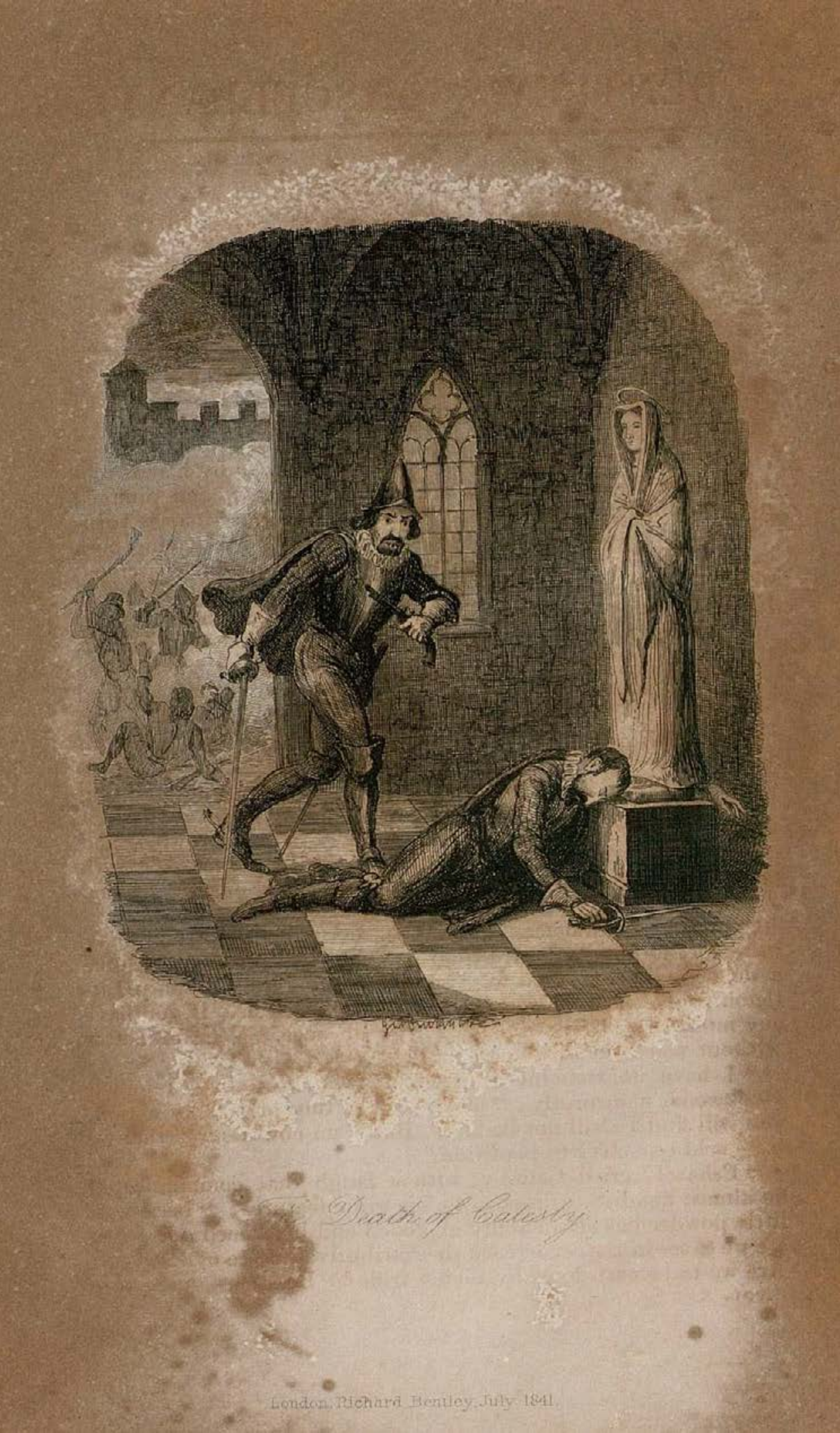
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CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.



The Death of Catesby

London, Richard Bentley, July 1841.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER V.

THE CLOSE OF THE REBELLION.

UNABLE longer to endure the agony occasioned by his scorched visage, Catesby called for a bucket of water, and plunged his head into it. Somewhat relieved by the immersion, he turned to inquire after his fellow-sufferers. Rookwood having been carried into the open air had by this time regained his consciousness; Percy was shockingly injured, his hair and eyebrows burnt, his skin blackened and swollen with unseemly blisters, and the sight of one eye entirely destroyed; while John Grant, though a degree less hurt than his companions, presented a grim and ghastly appearance. In fact, the four sufferers looked as if they had just escaped from some unearthly place of torment, and were doomed henceforth to bear the brand of Divine wrath on their countenances. Seeing the effect produced on the others, Catesby rallied all his force, and treating the accident as a matter of no moment, and which ought not to disturb the equanimity of brave men, called for wine, and quaffed a full goblet. Injured as he was, and smarting with pain, Percy followed his example, but both John Grant and Rookwood refused the cup.

"Harkee, gentlemen," cried Catesby, fiercely, "you may drink or not, as you see fit. But I will not have you assume a deportment calculated to depress our followers. Stephen Littleton and Robert Winter have basely deserted us. If you have any intention of following them, go at once. We are better without you than with you."

"I have no thought of deserting you, Catesby," rejoined Rookwood, mournfully; "and when the time arrives for action, you will find I shall not be idle. But I am now assured that we have sold ourselves to perdition."

"Pshaw!" cried Catesby, with a laugh that communicated an almost fiendish expression to his grim features; "because a little powder has accidentally exploded and blackened our faces, are we to see in the occurrence the retributive justice of Heaven? Are we to be cast down by such a trifle? Be a man, and rouse

yourself. Recollect that the eyes of all England are upon us; and if we must perish, let us perish in a manner that becomes us. No real mischief has been done. My hand is as able to wield a blade, and my sight to direct a shot, as heretofore. If Heaven had meant to destroy us, the bag of powder which has been taken up in the yard, and which was sufficient not only to annihilate us, but to lay this house in ruins, would have been suffered to explode."

"Would it *had* exploded!" exclaimed John Wright. "All would then have been over."

"Are you, too, faint-hearted, John?" cried Catesby. "Well, well, leave me one and all of you. I will fight it out alone."

"You wrong me by the suspicion, Catesby," returned John Wright. "I am as true to the cause as yourself. But I perceive that our last hour is at hand, and I would it were past."

"The indulgence of such a wish at such a moment is a weakness," rejoined Catesby. "I care not when death comes, provided it comes gloriously; and such should be your feeling. On the manner in which we meet our fate will depend the effect which our insurrection will produce throughout the country. We must set a brave example to our brethren. Heaven be praised, we shall not perish on the scaffold!"

"Be not too sure of that," said Grant, gloomily. "It may yet be our fate."

"It shall never be mine," cried Catesby.

"Nor mine," added Percy. "I am so far from regarding the recent disaster as a punishment, though I am the severest sufferer by it, that I think we ought to return thanks to Heaven for our preservation."

"In whatever light the accident is viewed," observed John Wright, "we cannot too soon address ourselves to Heaven. We know not how long it may be in our power to do so."

"Again desponding," cried Catesby. "But no matter. You will recover your spirits anon."

John Wright shook his head, and Catesby pulling his cap over his brows to hide his features, walked forth into the court-yard. He found, as he expected, that general consternation prevailed amongst the band. The men were gathered together in little knots, and, though they became silent as he approached, he perceived they were discussing the necessity of a surrender. Nothing daunted by these unfavourable appearances, Catesby harangued them in such bold terms that he soon inspired them with some of his own confidence, and completely resteadied their wavering feelings.

Elated with his success, he caused a cup of strong ale to be given to each man, and proposed as a pledge the restoration of the Romish Church. He then returned to the house, and summoning the other conspirators to attend him in a chamber on the ground-floor, they all prayed long and fervently, and concluded by administering the sacrament to each other.

It was now thought necessary to have the damage done by the explosion repaired, and a few hours were employed in the operation. Evening was fast approaching, and Catesby, who was anxiously expecting the return of Sir Everard Digby, stationed himself on the turreted walls of the mansion to look out for him. But he came not; and, fearing some mischance must have befallen him, Catesby descended. Desirous of concealing his misgivings from his companions, he put on a cheerful manner, as he joined them.

"I am surprised ere this that we have not been attacked," remarked Percy. "Our enemies may be waiting for the darkness, to take us by surprise. But they will be disappointed."

"I can only account for the delay by supposing they have encountered Sir Everard Digby, and the force he is bringing to us," remarked Christopher Wright.

"It may be so," returned Catesby, "and if so, we shall soon learn the result."

In spite of all Catesby's efforts he failed to engage his companions in conversation, and feeling it would best suit his present frame of mind, and contribute most to their safety, to keep in constant motion, he proceeded to the court-yard, saw that all the defences were secure, that the drawbridge was raised, the sentinels at their posts, and everything prepared for the anticipated attack. Every half hour he thus made his rounds; and when towards midnight he was going forth, Percy said to him,

"Do you not mean to take any rest, Catesby?"

"Not till I am in my grave," was the moody reply.

Catesby's untiring energy was in fact a marvel to all his followers. His iron frame seemed not to be susceptible of fatigue; and even when he returned to the house, he continued to pace to and fro in the passage in preference to lying down.

"Rest tranquilly," he said to Christopher Wright, who offered to take his place. "I will rouse you on the slightest approach of danger."

But though he preserved this stoical exterior, Catesby's breast was torn by the keenest pangs. He could not hide from himself that, to serve his own ambitious purposes, he had involved many (till he had deluded them) loyal and worthy persons in a treasonable project, which must now terminate in their destruction, and their blood, he feared, would rest upon his head. But what weighed heaviest of all upon his soul was the probable fate of Viviana.

"If I were assured she would escape," he thought, "I should care little for all the rest, even for Fawkes. They say it is never too late to repent. But my repentance shall lie between my Maker and myself. Man shall never know it."

The night was dark, and the gloom was rendered more profound by a dense fog. Fearing an attack might now be attempted, Catesby renewed his vigilance. Marching round the edge of the moat, he listened to every sound that might betray

the approach of a foe. For some time, nothing occurred to excite his suspicions, until about an hour after midnight, as he was standing at the back of the house, he fancied he detected a stealthy tread on the other side of the fosse, and soon became convinced that a party of men were there. Determined to ascertain their movements before giving the alarm, he held his breath, and drawing a petronel, remained perfectly motionless. Presently, though he could discern no object, he distinctly heard a plank laid across the moat, and could distinguish in the whispered accents of one of the party the voice of Topcliffe. A thrill of savage joy agitated his bosom, and he internally congratulated himself that revenge was in his power.

A footstep, though so noiseless as to be inaudible to any ear less acute than his own, was now heard crossing the plank, and feeling certain it was Topcliffe, Catesby allowed him to land, and then suddenly advancing, kicked the plank, on which were two other persons, into the water, and unmasking a dark lantern, threw its light upon the face of the man near him, who proved, as he suspected, to be Topcliffe.

Aware of the advantage of making a prisoner of importance, Catesby controlled the impulse that prompted him to sacrifice Topcliffe to his vengeance, and firing his petronel in the air as a signal, he drew his sword, and sprang upon him. Topcliffe attempted to defend himself, but he was no match for the skill and impetuosity of Catesby, and was instantly overpowered and thrown to the ground. By this time, Percy and several of the band had come up, and delivering Topcliffe to the charge of two of the stoutest of them, Catesby turned his attention to the other assailants. One of them got across the moat; but the other, encumbered by his arms, was floundering about, when Catesby pointing a petronel at his head, he was fain to surrender, and was dragged out.

A volley of musketry was now fired by the rebels in the supposed direction of their opponents, but it could not be ascertained what execution was done. After waiting for some time, in expectation of a further attack, Catesby placed a guard upon the spot, and proceeded to examine Topcliffe. He had been thrown into a cellar beneath the kitchen, and the two men were on guard over him. He refused to answer any of Catesby's questions, though enforced by threats of instant death. On searching him some letters were found upon him, and thrusting them into his doublet, Catesby left him, with the strictest injunctions to the men as to his safe custody.

He then proceeded to examine the other captive, and found him somewhat more tractable. This man informed him that Topcliffe had intended to steal into the house with the design of capturing the conspirators, or, failing in that, of setting fire to the premises. He also ascertained that Topcliffe's force consisted only of a dozen men, so that no further attack need be apprehended.

Notwithstanding this information, Catesby determined to be on the safe side, and doubling the sentinels, he stationed one of the conspirators, all of whom had sprung to arms at his signal, at each of the exposed points. He then withdrew to the mansion, and examined Topcliffe's papers. The first despatch he opened was one from the Earl of Salisbury, bearing date about the early part of Fawkes's confinement in the Tower, in which the Earl expressed his determination of wringing a full confession from the prisoner. A bitter smile curled Catesby's lip as he read this, but his brow darkened as he proceeded, and found that a magnificent reward was offered for his own arrest.

"I must have Catesby captured," ran the missive,—"so see you spare no pains to take him. I would rather all escaped than he did. His execution is of the last importance in the matter, and I rely upon your bringing him to me alive."

"I will at least baulk him of this satisfaction," muttered Catesby. "But what is this of Viviana?"

Reading further, he found that the Earl had issued the same orders respecting Viviana, and that she would be rigorously dealt with if captured.

"Alas!" groaned Catesby; "I hope she will escape these inhuman butchers."

The next despatch he opened was from Tresham, and with a savage satisfaction he found that the traitor was apprehensive of double-dealing on the part of Salisbury and Mounteagle. He stated that he had been put under arrest, and was detained a prisoner in his own house; and, fearing he should be sent to the Tower, besought Topcliffe to use his influence with the Earl of Salisbury not to deal unfairly with him.

"He is rightly served!" cried Catesby, with savage exultation. "Heaven grant they may deal with him as he dealt with us!"

The consideration of these letters furnished Catesby with food for much bitter reflection. Pacing the room to and fro with uncertain footsteps, he remained more than an hour by himself, and at last yielding to the promptings of vengeance, repaired to the cellar in which he had placed Topcliffe, with the intention of putting him to death. What was his rage and exasperation to find both the guard and the prisoner gone! A door was open, and it was evident the fugitives had stolen to the moat, and, swimming noiselessly across it in the darkness, had securely effected their retreat.

Fearful of exciting the alarm of his followers, Catesby controlled his indignation, and said nothing of the escape of the prisoner to any but his confederates, who entirely approved of the policy of silence. All continued on the alert during the remainder of the night, and no one thought of seeking repose till it was fully light, and all danger of a surprise at an end.

Day dawned late and dismally. The fog that had hung round the mansion changed just before daybreak into drizzling rain,

and this increased ere long to heavy and drenching showers. Everything looked gloomy and depressing, and the conspirators were so disheartened, that they avoided each other's regards.

Catesby mounted the walls of the mansion to reconnoitre. The prospect was forlorn and melancholy to the last degree. The neighbouring woods were obscured by mist; the court-yard and garden flooded with rain; and the waters of the moat spotted by the heavy shower. Not an object was in view except a hind driving cattle to a neighbouring farm. Catesby shouted to him, and the fellow with evident reluctance approaching the brink of the moat, he inquired whether he had seen any troops in the neighbourhood. The man answered in the negative, but said he had heard that an engagement had taken place in the night, about five miles from thence, near Hales Owen, between Sir Everard Digby and Sir Richard Walsh, and that Sir Everard's party had been utterly routed, and himself taken prisoner.

This intelligence was a severe blow to Catesby, as it destroyed the last faint hope he had clung to. For some time he continued wrapt in thought, and then descended to the lower part of the house. A large fire had been kept up during the night in the hall, and round this the greater part of the band were now gathered, drying their wet clothes, and conversing together. A plentiful breakfast had been served out to them, so that they were in tolerably good spirits, and many of them talked loudly of the feats they meant to perform in case of an attack.

Catesby heard these boasts, but they fell upon an idle ear. He felt that all was over; that his last chance was gone; and that the struggle could not be much longer protracted. Entering the inner room, he sat down at table with his companions, but he ate nothing, and continued silent and abstracted.

"It is now my turn to reproach you," observed Grant. "You look deeply depressed."

"Sir Everard Digby is a prisoner," replied Catesby, sternly. "His capture grieves me sorely. He should have died with us!"

All echoed the wish.

Catesby arose and closed the door.

"The attack will not be many hours delayed," he said; "and unless there should be some miraculous interposition in our behalf, it must end in our defeat. Do not let us survive it," he continued earnestly. "Let us swear to stand by each other as long as we can, and to die together."

"Agreed!" cried the others.

"And now," continued Catesby, "I must compel myself to take some nourishment, for I have much to do."

Having swallowed a few mouthfuls of bread, and drained a goblet of wine, he again visited every part of the habitation, examined the arms of the men, encouraged them by his looks and words, and became satisfied, unless some unlooked-for circumstance occurred to damp their ardour, they would offer a determined and vigorous resistance.

"If I could only come off victorious in this last conflict, I should die content," thought Catesby. "And I do not despair of it."

The rain continued till eleven o'clock, when it ceased, and the mist that had attended it partially cleared off. About noon, Catesby, who was on the look-out from the walls of the mansion, descried a large troop of horsemen issuing from the wood. He immediately gave the alarm. The bell was rung, and all sprang to arms.

By this time, the troop had advanced within a hundred yards of the house, and Catesby, who had rushed into the court-yard, mounted a turret near the gate to watch their movements, and issue his commands. The royalists were headed by Sir Richard Walsh, who was attended on the right by Sir John Foliot, and on the left by Topcliffe. Immediately behind them were Ketelbye, Salwaye, Conyers, and others who had accompanied the *posse comitatus* the day before. A trumpet was then sounded, and a proclamation was made in a loud voice by a trooper, commanding the rebels in the King's name to surrender, and to deliver up their leaders. The man had scarcely concluded his speech when he was for ever silenced by a shot from Catesby.

A loud and vindictive shout was raised by the royalists, and the assault instantly commenced. Sir Richard Walsh directed the attack against the point opposite the drawbridge, while Sir John Foliot, Topcliffe, and the others dispersed themselves, and completely surrounded the mansion. Several planks were thrust across the moat, and in spite of the efforts of the rebels many of the assailants effected a passage.

Catesby drove back the party under Sir Richard Walsh, and with his own hand hewed asunder their plank. In doing this he so much exposed himself that, but for the injunctions of the Sheriff who commanded his followers not to fire upon him, he must have been slain.

The other rebel-leaders displayed equal courage, and equal indifference to danger, and though, as has just been stated, a considerable number of the royalists had got across the moat, and entered the garden, they had obtained no material advantage. Sir John Foliot and Topcliffe commanded this party, and encouraged them to press on; but such a continued and well-directed firing was kept up upon them from the walls and windows of the mansion that they soon began to show symptoms of wavering.

At this juncture, and while Topcliffe was trying to keep his men together, a concealed door in the wall was opened, and Catesby issued from it at the head of a dozen men. He instantly attacked Topcliffe and his band, put several to the sword, and drove those who resisted into the moat. Foliot and Topcliffe with difficulty escaped across the plank, which was seized and pulled over to his own side by Catesby.

But the hope which this success inspired was instantly

quenched. Loud shouts were raised from the opposite wing of the mansion, and Catesby to his great dismay perceived from the volumes of smoke ascending from it that it was on fire. Uttering an exclamation of rage and despair, he commanded those with him not to quit their present position, and set off in the direction of the fire.

He found that an outbuilding had been set in flames by a lighted brand thrown across the moat by a trooper. The author of the action was named John Streete, and was afterwards rendered notorious by another feat to be presently related. Efforts were made to extinguish the conflagration, but such was the confusion prevailing that it was found wholly impossible, and it was feared that the destruction of the whole mansion would ensue.

Disaster after disaster followed. Another party had crossed the moat, and burst into the court-yard. In the desperate conflict that ensued Rookwood was shot through the arm, and severely wounded by a pike, and was borne into the house by one of his followers, whom he entreated to kill him outright, but was refused the request.

Meantime, the drawbridge was lowered, and with loud and exulting shouts the great body of the royalists crossed it. Catesby now perceived that the day was irretrievably lost. Calling to Christopher Wright, who was standing near him, to follow him, and rushing towards the court-yard, he reached it just as the royalists entered it.

In numbers both parties were pretty well matched, but the rebels were now thoroughly disheartened, and seeing how matters must end, many of them threw down their arms, and begged for mercy. A destructive fire, however, was still kept up on the royalists by a few of the rebels stationed on the walls of the mansion, under the command of John Wright.

Putting himself at the head of a few faithful followers, Catesby fought with all the fury of despair. Christopher Wright was shot by his side. Grant instantly sprang forward, but was cut down by a trooper. Catesby was too busily occupied to attend to the fate of his companions, and seeing Thomas Winter near him, called to him to come on, when he perceived that his right arm was disabled by a bolt from a cross-bow.

"I can fight no longer," said Thomas Winter.

"Then die," cried Catesby.

"He shall die — on the scaffold," rejoined Topcliffe, who had heard the exclamation. And rushing up to Thomas Winter, he seized him, and conveyed him to the rear of his party.

Catesby continued to fight with such determined bravery that Sir Richard Walsh, seeing it would be vain to take him alive, withdrew his restrictions from his men, and ordered them to slay him.

By this time, most of the rebels had thrown down their arms. Those on the walls had been dislodged, and John Wright, refusing to yield, had been slaughtered. Catesby, however, who

had been joined by Percy and half a dozen men, made a last desperate charge upon the enemy.

In doing this, his sword shivered, and he would have fallen back, but found himself surrounded by his foes. Percy was close behind him, and keeping together, they fought back to back. Even in this disabled state they made a long and desperate resistance.

"Remember your oath, Percy," cried Catesby. "You have sworn not to be taken to the scaffold."

"Fear nothing," replied Percy. "I will never quit this spot alive."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he fell to the ground mortally wounded, and the same shot that had pierced his breast had likewise stricken Catesby. It was fired by the trooper, John Streete, who has just been mentioned.

Collecting all his force, Catesby struck a few terrible blows at his opponents, and, dashing through them, made for the house. Just as he reached the door, which was standing open, his strength failed, and he fell to the ground. In this condition he dragged himself into the vestibule, where there was a large wooden statue of the Virgin, and clasping his arms around it pressed his lips to the feet of the image. He was followed by Streete, with his drawn sword in one hand and a petronel in the other, prepared to finish his work. But ere he could reach him, Catesby had expired.

"So," exclaimed Topcliffe, who came up the next moment, with Sir Richard Walsh, "we have been robbed of our prey. The Earl of Salisbury will never forgive me for this disappointment."

"I am glad I have done it, though," observed Streete. "To kill two such traitors with one shot is something to talk of."

"You will be well rewarded for it, no doubt," said Topcliffe, sarcastically.

"I care not whether I am or not," rejoined Streete. "I have done my duty, and besides I have avenged my comrade Richard Trueman, who was shot by this traitor when he read the proclamation."

"I will take care that your brave action is duly represented to his Majesty," observed Sir Richard Walsh.

And he failed not to keep his promise. Streete received a pension of two shillings a day for the rest of his life—no inconsiderable sum in those days.

The conflict was now at an end, for though some few of the more desperate of the rebels continued to struggle after their leaders had fallen, they were soon disarmed. Sir Richard Walsh and Topcliffe went in search of the other conspirators, and finding Rookwood and Grant, who though severely wounded were not dead, lying in the hall, immediately secured them. Rookwood on their approach made an effort to plunge his dagger into his breast, but his hand was stayed by Sir Richard Walsh.

"At least, we shall not go away quite empty-handed," cried Topcliffe; "but these are but sorry substitutes for Catesby."

"Has Catesby escaped?" demanded Grant, faintly.

"Ay, to the other world," replied Topcliffe.

"He has kept his word," groaned Grant.

"He may have escaped some part of his punishment," said Topcliffe, bitterly; "but the worst remains. His quarters will be exposed on every gate in London, and his head on the bridge. As to you, traitors, you know your doom."

"And are prepared for it," rejoined Grant.

A guard being left over the prisoners, Sir Richard Walsh and Topcliffe then went to see that the other captives were properly secured. Some few having made their escape into the adjoining fields, they were pursued and recaptured.

The whole of the prisoners were then conveyed to Stourbridge, where they were lodged in the gaol, after which Sir Richard Walsh despatched a messenger to the Earl of Salisbury and the Lords of the Council acquainting them with what he had done.

"And now," said Topcliffe, who had accompanied him thus far, "I shall start for Ordsall Hall to look after Viviana Radcliffe and Garnet."

CHAPTER VI.

HAGLEY.

Robert Winter, it may be remembered, immediately after the explosion, quitted Holbeach, and did not return to it. He proceeded to the neighbouring thicket, and while wandering about in a state bordering on distraction encountered Stephen Littleton, who had likewise deserted his companions on the same day. Acquainting him with the disastrous occurrence that had taken place, and stating his impression that both God and man were against them, and that it would be vain as well as impious to struggle longer, he proposed to him to surrender; but Stephen Littleton so strongly combated this opinion, that he at last consented to make an effort to escape. This, however, was no easy matter, and they could devise no plan that appeared feasible. Both were well provided with money; but under present circumstances it would be of little use to them. A large price was set on their heads; and the whole country being alarmed, they scarcely knew where to seek shelter. After a long debate, they quitted the covert, and keeping clear of all habitations, took the direction of Stourbridge.

On approaching the Stour, at a point opposite Churchill, where they knew the river was fordable, they perceived Sir Richard Walsh's force approaching, and threw themselves into a ditch to avoid observation. It was quite dark when they again ventured forth, and at the peril of their lives they forded the Stour, which was swollen more than it had been in the morning by the long-continued rain. Their design was to proceed to Hagley, the residence of Stephen Littleton's sister, Mrs. Littleton, and to claim her protection. This magnificent mansion

lay about two miles on the other side of the river, in the heart of an extensive park, but they were obliged to take a circuitous route of nearly double the distance to reach it, and when at length they arrived there, and were about to steal into the court-yard, they found it occupied by a part of Sir Richard Walsh's troop.

Overcome by anxiety and fatigue, and scarcely knowing whither to proceed, they recrossed the park, and sought out the cottage of a poor woman, whose two sons had joined their ill-fated expedition, and were at that moment under arms at Holbeach. She was a good Catholic, and they thought they might confide in her. Arriving at her cottage, they glanced in at the window, and perceiving her as they concluded alone, and cooking a small piece of meat at the fire, they raised the latch, and entered the house. The woman turned at their approach, and uttering a cry of surprise and alarm, pointed towards a back room. They then saw that they had betrayed themselves, but the caution came too late, and a stalwart trooper, alarmed by the cry, issued from the back room. From the wretched appearance of the new comers, he at once guessed that they were rebels, and felt satisfied from the richness of their garb, dirtied and stained as it was, that they were persons of consequence. Accordingly, he drew a brace of petronels, and holding them at their heads, commanded them to surrender.

They were too much taken by surprise, and too enfeebled to offer resistance, and the trooper calling to the old woman to bring a cord to bind them, at the same time unloosed his own girdle, with which he fastened Robert Winter's arms behind his back. In doing this, he was compelled to lay down his petronels, and he had scarcely done so when the woman snatched them up, and gave them to Stephen Littleton, who presented them at his head.

It was now the turn of the conspirators to triumph. In another instant Robert Winter was released by the old woman, and the pair throwing themselves upon the trooper, forced him to the ground. They then dragged him to the back room, and stripped him of his habiliments, which Stephen Littleton put on instead of his own clothes, and binding him hand and foot returned to the old woman. At the request of Robert Winter, she furnished him with a suit of clothes belonging to one of her sons, and then set before them the best eatables she possessed. They were ravenously hungry, and soon disposed of the viands. Meanwhile, their hostess told them that the whole country was in arms against them; that Mrs. Littleton being suspected, though she had always been adverse to the design, her house had undergone a rigorous search; but that Mr. Humphrey Littleton, not having taken any part in the insurrection, had not as yet been arrested, though it was feared he would be proved to be connected with the plot. She concluded by strongly counselling them to use the utmost caution, and to expose themselves as

little as possible. This they told her they intended to do, and expressed great anxiety as to what would befall her when they were gone.

"I do not desire to shed blood, if it can be helped," said Stephen Littleton; "but in a case of necessity like the present, where life must be weighed against life, I hold it to be lawful. Shall we put the trooper to death?"

"Not unless your own safety requires it, good sirs," she said. "I shall quit this cottage soon after you have left it, and obtain a safe asylum with one of my neighbours. It matters not what becomes of me. Having lost my two sons, for I consider them as already dead, I have nothing left to bind me to life."

Unable to make any reply, the conspirators remained for some time silent, when, by the poor woman's advice, they withdrew to an upper chamber, and stretching themselves on a bed sought a few hours' repose. The old woman kept watch below, and they gave her one of the petronels, with strict injunctions to blow out the trooper's brains if he attempted to move. Nothing, however, occurred to alarm her, and at three o'clock she awakened them.

Offering the woman a handsome reward, which, however, she declined, they then set out; and shortly afterwards their hostess quitted her habitation, and withdrew to the cottage of a neighbour, where she remained concealed for some weeks, and then died of grief on learning that her sons had been slain during the assault of Holbeach by the royalists.

Recruited by the rest they had enjoyed, the conspirators pursued their course over the fields. The weather was the same as that which disheartened their confederates at Holbeach, and the rain fell so heavily that they had soon not a dry thread upon them. But being now disguised, they were not under so much apprehension of detection. Shaping their course towards Rowley Regis, in Staffordshire, which lay about five miles from Hagley, where a farmer named Pelborrow, a tenant of Humphrey Littleton, resided, and whom they thought would befriend them, they proceeded swiftly on their way, but, though well acquainted with the country, they were so bewildered and deceived by the fog, that they strayed materially out of their course, and when it grew light, found themselves near Weoley Castle, and about four miles from Birmingham.

Confiding in their disguises, and in their power of sustaining the characters they assumed, they got into the high road, and approaching a farm-house, Stephen Littleton, who had tied his companion's arms behind him with his belt, represented himself as a trooper conveying a prisoner from Stourbridge to Birmingham, and in consequence of this obtained a breakfast from the farmer. After their meal was over, the host, who had eyed them suspiciously, observed to the supposed trooper,—

"You will overtake some of your comrades before you reach

Egbaston, and had better lose no time in joining them. You are known to me, my masters," he added, in a tone that could not be heard by the household; "but I will not betray you. Get you gone."

The conspirators did not fail to act upon the suggestion, and as soon as they got out of sight, struck across the country in the direction of Rowley Regis, and arrived at the farm-house which was their destination, in about an hour.

Pelborrow chanced to be in a barn adjoining his house, and alone, and on seeing them readily offered to hide them. No one had noticed their approach, and carefully concealing them amid the hay in the loft, he proceeded about his business as if nothing had happened. He could not just then procure them provisions without exciting suspicion, but when night arrived, brought them a sufficient supply for the next day.

In this way they passed nearly a week, never venturing to stir forth, for they had been traced to the neighbourhood, and constant search was going on after them. Pelborrow had great difficulty in keeping his men out of the barn, and the disappearance of the provisions excited the suspicions of his female domestics, who began to think all was not right. He therefore intimated to the conspirators that they must change their quarters, and in the dead of the night they removed to the house of another farmer named Perkes, residing on the borders of Hagley Park, to whom Pelborrow had confided the secret of their being in the neighbourhood, and who, on the promise of a large reward, readily undertook to secrete them.

Perkes met them at a little distance from his house, and conducted them to a barley-mow, where he had contrived a hiding-place amid the straw for them. A woman-servant and a man were both let into the secret by Perkes, and a sum of money given him for that purpose bribed them to silence. Here they remained close prisoners, unable to stir forth, or even to change their habiliments for nearly six weeks, during which time they received constant intelligence from their protector of what was going forward, and learnt that the search for them had not relaxed. They were not without hope, however, that the worst was over, when an incident occurred that gave them serious uneasiness.

One night Perkes, who was a stout, hale yeoman, and had formerly been warrener to Mrs. Littleton, went to catch conies, with a companion named Poynter, and returned laden with spoil. After drinking a cup or two of ale together, the pair separated, and Poynter feeling fatigued with his exertions, as well as drowsy with the ale he had swallowed, determined to pass the night in his friend's barn, and entering it clambered up to the loft, and laid himself in the straw. In doing this, he slipped into the hole made for the conspirators, who, aroused by his fall, instantly seized him. Terrified to death, and fancying he had fallen into the hands of gipsies or other plunderers, Poynter roared for

mercy, which they were not at first disposed to show him ; but the poor wretch, finding into whose hands he had fallen, besought them in such piteous terms to spare his life, affirming with the strongest oaths that he would never betray them, that they consented to spare him, on condition of his remaining with them as long as they should occupy their place of concealment.

When Perkes appeared in the morning, he was not a little surprised at finding his comrade caught in such a trap, but entirely approved of the course taken by the conspirators. Poynter, as may be supposed, was no willing captive ; and being constantly pondering on the means of escape, and of obtaining the reward for the apprehension of the conspirators, at last hit upon the following expedient. While engaged in the poaching expedition with Perkes, he had received a slight wound in the leg, and the close confinement to which he was now subjected, inflamed it to such a degree as to render it highly dangerous. This he represented to the conspirators, who, however, would not suffer him to depart ; but desired Perkes to bring him some ointment to dress his wound. The request was complied with, and feigning that it was necessary to approach the light to apply it, Poynter scrambled up the straw, apparently for that sole purpose. He did not attempt to fly for several days ; but at last, when they were grown less suspicious, he slided down the other side of the loft, and made good his retreat.

The conspirators saw the error they had committed when it was too late. Not daring to pursue him, they remained in fearful anticipation of an arrest throughout the day. But they were not disturbed until night, when Perkes made his appearance. They told him what had happened ; but he did not appear to be much alarmed.

" I do not think you need be afraid of him," he said. " Let me have some money, and I will go in quest of him at once, and will bribe him to silence."

" Here are fifty marks," replied Stephen Littleton. " If that is not enough, take more."

" It will amply suffice," replied Perkes. " I will answer for his silence."

This assurance greatly relieved the conspirators, and they were made completely easy by the return of Perkes in less than an hour afterwards, who told them he had seen Poynter, and had given him the money, binding him by the most solemn oaths not to betray them.

" I have still better news for you, my masters," he added. " Mrs. Littleton has set out for London to-day ; and I have received orders from Mr. Humphrey Littleton to bring you to the hall at midnight."

This last intelligence completed their satisfaction, and they awaited Perkes's return with impatience. Shortly before midnight, he came to summon them, and they set forth together.

Perkes's house lay about a mile from the hall, and they soon entered the park. The night was clear and frosty,—it was now the middle of December,—and as the conspirators trod the crisp sod, and gazed at the noble but leafless trees around them, they silently returned thanks to Heaven for their restoration to freedom. Humphrey Littleton was waiting for them at the end of an avenue near the mansion, and tenderly embraced them.

Tears of joy were shed on both sides, and it seemed to Humphrey Littleton as if his brother had been restored from the grave. Dismissing Perkes with warm thanks, and promises of a further recompence, they then entered the house by a window which had been left purposely open. Humphrey Littleton conducted them to his own chamber, where fresh apparel was provided for them, and to poor wretches who had not been able to put off their attire for so long a period, the luxury of the change was indescribably great.

The arrival of the prisoners was kept secret from all the household except the man-cook, John Ocklie, upon whose fidelity Humphrey Littleton thought he could rely. A good supper was prepared by this man, and brought up into his master's chamber, where the conspirators were now seated before a hearth heaped with blazing logs. The conspirators needed no solicitation to fall to, and they did ample justice to the good things before them. His spirits being raised by the good cheer, Robert Winter observed to the cook, who was in attendance upon them,

"Ah! Jack, thy mistress little thinks what guests are now in her house, who have neither seen fire nor tasted a hot morsel for well-nigh two months."

"Ay, it is a sad matter," returned the cook, shaking his head, "and I wish I could offer your worships a flask of wine, or a cup of stout ale at the least. But the butler is in bed, and if I were to rouse him at this hour it might excite his suspicion. If you are willing, sir," he added to Humphrey Littleton, "I will hie to my mother's cottage in the park, and bring a jug of ale from her."

This was agreed to, and the cook left the house. His sole object, however, was to instruct his mother to give the alarm, so that the conspirators might be arrested before morning.

On reaching her cottage, he was surprised to see a light within it, and two men there, one of whom was Poynter, and the other Mrs. Littleton's steward, Robert Hazlewood. Poynter had acquainted Hazlewood with all he knew respecting the conspirators, supposing them still in the barley-mow, and they were discussing the best means of arresting them, when the cook entered the house.

"The birds are flown," he said, "as you will find, if you search the nest. But come to the hall with a sufficient force betimes to-morrow morning, and I will show you where to find

them. I shall claim, however, my share of the reward, though I must not appear in the matter."

Having fully arranged their plan, he procured the ale from his mother, and returned to the hall. The conspirators soon disposed of the jug, threw themselves on the couch in the room, and instantly dropping asleep, enjoyed such repose as only falls to the lot of those who have similarly suffered. And it was well they did sleep soundly, for it was the last tranquil night they ever enjoyed.

Humphrey Littleton, who, as has been stated, reposed implicit confidence in the cook, had committed the key of the chamber to him, strictly enjoining him to call them in the morning; and the fellow, feeling secure of his prey, retired to rest.

About seven o'clock, he burst suddenly into the room, and with a countenance of well-feigned alarm, which struck terror into the breasts of the conspirators, cried,

"Master Hazlewood and the officers are below, and say they must search the house. Poynter is with them."

"The villain has betrayed us," cried Stephen Littleton. "Fools that we were to spare his life."

"There is no use in lamenting your indiscretion now, sir," replied the cook, "leave it to me, and I will yet effect your escape."

"We place ourselves entirely in your hands," said Stephen Littleton.

"Go down stairs, sir," said the cook, "and hold Master Hazlewood in conversation for a few minutes, and I will engage to get the gentlemen safely out of the house."

Humphrey Littleton obeyed, and descending to the steward, told him he was willing to conduct him to every room in the house.

"I am certain they are here, and shall not quit it till I find them," rejoined Hazlewood. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as if struck by a sudden thought, "you say they are not in the house. Perhaps they are in the garden — in the summer-house. We will go and see."

So saying, he took half a dozen of his men with him, leaving Poynter and the rest with Humphrey Littleton, who was quite perplexed at his conduct.

Meanwhile, the cook led the two conspirators along the gallery, and from thence down a back staircase, which brought them to a small door communicating with the garden. A few seconds were lost in opening it, and when they issued forth they encountered Hazlewood and his men, who instantly arrested them. The unfortunate conspirators were conveyed under a strong guard to London, where they were committed to the Tower, to take their trial with their confederates.



AN APOLOGY FOR NOSES.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

We read in Romance, Poem, Novel, and Play,
Be the subject mysterious, tragic, or gay,
In Forget-me-not, Keepsake, and all other Annuals,
Voyages, Essays, Tales, Handbooks, and Manuals,
Of soul-piercing eye,
Of brow fair and high,
Of locks that with ravens' jet plumage may vie,
Of cheeks that disclose
Warmer blush than the rose,—
But tell me what poet has sung of the Nose?

'Tis a cutting disgrace
To each well-moulded face,
Its best feature by scornful neglect to abase:
Ye, who write verse or prose,
Will make thousands of foes,
If ye follow the fashion in slighting the nose.

As in eyes folks are apt to prefer black or blue,
As in hair a rich auburn 's a popular hue,
As a maidenly blush is more charming to view
Than the loveliest flow'r that in garden ere grew,
As the lips should appear for a warm kiss to sue,
As the breath should be sweeter than rose wash'd with dew,
So the nose, to be perfect, (for tho' 'tis true, no man
Can be perfect, his nose may,) should surely be Roman.

There are noses of all sorts,—pugs, aquilines, crooks,
Cocks, Grecians, Dutch tea-pots, snubs, hat-pegs, and hooks,—
Nay, the list, I dare say, would admit of extension,
As the *genus* depends on the form and dimension;
    And seldom, if ever,
    (I perhaps may add never,)
Will you find two alike, tho' for years you endeavour;
Tho' a man search, unfetter'd by hind'rance or trammel, he
Need not expect to see two in a family.

    By many 'tis said
    That a mind may be read
By a critical glimpse at the bumps on the head,
    While others maintain
    That as daylight 'tis plain,
There's a method more easy such knowledge to gain;
They profess all your habits and feelings to trace,
If you'll only allow them to look in your face.
Again, who does not from experience know,
Men are seldom admired if their foreheads are low?
A fine open brow is imagined to be
A mirror wherein the whole heart we can see.
How often do poets say, we may descry
A proud haughty soul in a dark flashing eye?
While a glance soft and tender (as who cannot prove?)
Expresses confiding affection and love.
Ye bards, hide your heads—now a champion is come
To redress the wrong'd noses of Greece and of Rome,
And, defying the boasted success of Phrenology,
Will establish a science, and call it Nose-ology!

    Now each learn'd M.D.
    Will doubtless agree
On the virtues of analysation with me;
    Nor will any oppose
    (When the facts I disclose)
My project of thus analysing the nose;
Tho',—if I would convince either silly or sensible,—
A few facts (or fictions) are quite indispensable.

Imprimis—A nose, be its form what it may,
Should be decently large, (or, as some people say,
A nose you could find in a bottle of hay,)
Not like those you may see in the street any day,
But something more out of the usual way,
Like (if well I remember) the nose of Lord Grey,
Or his, whose proud home you may pause to survey,
If towards Hyde-Park-Corner you happen to stray;
(And here, I may venture a tribute to pay
Of respect to the nose, which in many a fray
Secured the brave leader's victorious sway,
In spite of Soult, Marmont, Massena, and Ney;)
'Tis a fact, tho' a hero in mind and in body,
If a man has a small nose he looks a Tom Noddy.

    I've hinted before,
    (And none but a bore

Says a thing more than once, so enough on that score,)
What shape I like best;
But I never professed
To lay down the law as regards others, lest
My readers might fancy my motives were sinister,
And trust me no more than they would a Prime Minister.

Now I think, ev'ry man
Should give "sops in the pan"
To the fair-sex, when he conscientiously can;
So in this present case,
With the very best grace
I own that, to set off a feminine face
Peeping 'neath a smart cap, with an edging of lace,
A Grecian nose is by no means out of place;
But stop there, my dears, Lucy, Ellen, and Jacqueline,
It's no use your teasing, I can't bear an aquiline.

Paul Bedford, Paul Bedford, 't would ill become me
To omit a poor tribute of homage to thee,
E'en now in my mind's eye I see thee once more,
Like a dignified lion beginning to roar;
While the sound of thy voice thro' each startled ear goes,
And Echo, half frightened, repeats "Jolly Nose!"
Ah, Paul! only think,
Tho' men now-a-days shrink
From a song lest by chance it should tempt 'em to drink,
It was not so with thee,
As a proof of which, see
(Tho' so many are sold—out of print it may be—)
Thy portrait in every music *dépôt*,
Exclusively published by D'Almaine and Co.
For thy chant is a triumph o'er dull melancholy,
And thy very phiz proves that the nose *must* be jolly.

Search History's page
From the earliest age,
Trace the portraits of warrior, poet, and sage;
Or, to solve your doubts, seek
Any statue *antique*,
It matters not whether 'tis Roman or Greek,
For its nose to the truth of my doctrine will speak:
'Tis a prominent feature in worthies like Plato,
Or Socrates, Seneca, Cæsar, or Cato;
But you'll find snubs predominate (Reader, I'm serious,)
In every bust that exists of Tiberius.
Besides, the mere name
Could formerly claim
For its lucky possessor no small share of fame,
As in his case, whose writings I once was quite pat in,
(And should be now, but I've forgotten my Latin,
Tho' I've left school some time, 'tis with shame that I say so,)
I was once *so* fond of Ovidius Naso!
Look closely, and then contradict, if you can,
That the Nose is, and must be, a type of the Man.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

INTRODUCTION.

A FEW words only will be necessary to the introduction of the following work. It is by no means of importance that the reader should be informed how this autobiographical memoir of Richard Savage fell into my hands, and thence came into the possession of the publisher. Perhaps it is a secret not hastily to be disclosed; perhaps it is a secret not worth the telling. This, however, may be said respecting it:—I found it in no old oak-chest,—I purloined it from no library of "a certain nobleman,"—I purchased it from no cheesemonger, who told me that a person who had evidently seen better days, came into his shop last week, and with a heavy sigh laid the MS. upon the counter, and stickling for a turn of the scale, and the highest current price, sold it as waste-paper for one and eightpence.

After a diligent perusal of the work now about to be submitted to the public, and a comparison of the events it records with the facts stated in the admirable life of Savage written by Dr. Johnson, I find no such material discrepance as should lead me to infer that this work might not have been written by Savage himself. I have seen a few specimens of his prose; one, a performance of exquisite humour, which, were it re-published, would probably be held to be greatly superior to anything that will be found in his autobiography. Still, if we are to believe the present work to be the composition of Savage at all, it must be remembered that it is avowedly written in prison; and although Dr. Johnson tells us that amid all the disadvantages and miseries which attend the residence in a gaol, Savage preserved his serenity unruffled, and even devoted a portion of his time to poetical labours, yet I cannot but think that his (so called) serenity was merely an outward appearance of calmness; for the poetry he wrote in Bristol gaol is greatly inferior to compositions undertaken at an earlier and happier period of his life—if, indeed, happiness and Savage could at any time of his existence be supposed to be connected.

It will not fail, I suspect, of being remarked,—since it struck me forcibly during the perusal of this autobiography,—that the levity, or the gaiety, or by whatever name it may be termed, which is introduced into it, is the diversion or the relief of an unhappy man, bent upon the completion of a very painful, although a self-imposed task, and, with all the anxiety of morbid pride, desirous to conceal from the reader the anguish his narra-

tive revives within his breast. Still more obvious is the intent, frequently disclosed, to impose upon the reader, and even upon himself, by sophistical excuses, and shallow attempts at palliation of his conduct in several particulars, a resource to which, however, he disclaims at the outset. This is the common artifice of pride, which were indeed despicable, did it not, in spite of itself, discover a sense of shame.

The work contains allusions here and there which seem sometimes to require explanation. Where I have deemed it to be necessary I have subjoined a short note. I believe the whole, with these aids, will be perfectly intelligible.

In conclusion, although nearly a century has elapsed since the death of this unfortunate and erring man, let me bespeak for him, "a wretch" as he affectingly calls himself in the dedication of a poem to Queen Caroline, "whose days were fewer than his sorrows;" let me bespeak for him, I say, that indulgent and charitable construction of his conduct which a year after his death was pleaded for him with so touching an earnestness by Samuel Johnson, his illustrious biographer and friend.

This it were needless now to do, but that a very few years since an attempt, not altogether unsuccessful, was made to throw utter and contemptuous discredit upon his story, so implicitly believed and set forth to the world by Johnson. To this ill-considered, ill argued, and ignorant attempt, and to its author, I will not more particularly allude. The hand that wrote it is now as powerless as that of Richard Savage.

CHAPTER I.

Whenever I am seduced into reflection—for I confess I have no turn for it — nothing strikes me more forcibly than the incurable selfishness of mankind, myself of the number. In prison, and likely to remain so, — abandoned by my friends,— my enemies (how I scorn and despise them !) exulting, jubilant over my downfal, — laying their cool heads together, their cold hearts left at home, — and reciting over the finger and thumb all the acts of his life which precipitate the proof that Richard Savage must, of necessity, have come to this at last,—what should Richard Savage do, but as he does now, snap his unoccupied fingers at the world? bid his enemies and his friends— there is no difference between them — say their worst of him at leisure, and, if they can, do better at speed? and afterwards go to the——housetop, and pray, if it be only like the Pharisee? I was just upon commending them to a lower place; but they may wait till they are fetched.

Yes, this have I to do. Since the public will no longer have me piecemeal, they shall take me in the lump. If they will not purchase my brains for the future, as I have been accustomed to offer them, by small portions at a time, let them buy the whole carcase. I will write my own history, and make some

man's agency, been indebted for a parent. Ha! ha! he shot near the mark once or twice.

Nature had planted a heart in the bosom of Ambrose Freeman, although, perfectly unaware of its existence, he himself never appealed to it. He felt a becoming respect for wealth and title, and for those who possessed them; and indulged a strong and natural contempt for the deadly sin of poverty. He could be as blind as a bat when a pretty fellow slipt a couple of pieces into his hand, and as deaf as a beetle when a broken-down tradesman whispered something into his ear about a large family and the horrors of a prison. Still, I have heard, out of his vocation, when the man's natural tendencies had fair play, it might be seen that he was merely ignorant, and that he would have felt for others if he had been taught to do so.

Freeman treated me with singular kindness, and conceived for me as strong an affection as he was capable of feeling for any human being. This might happen because he had no children of his own, or because I was not his own child, or, which is most likely, because Mrs. Freeman was in the habit of subjecting me to very barbarous usage. He would take me abroad on Sundays into the Mall, and point out to me the great folks with whom, probably, the course of his profession had made him acquainted. For several successive years he conveyed me to May Fair,* to see the celebrated Lady Mary dance upon the tight rope, and to partake the other amusements of that once delightful resort; and he sometimes introduced me to the convivial companionship of the gentlemen of his own fraternity, whose humour it was to plant me upon the table, and to recommend to me the solace of an occasional whiff, and the stimulus of strong beer.

Nevertheless, I did not discover, I imagine, any corresponding amount of friendship for Ambrose. The truth is, Freeman was not satisfied with being kind to me, but would take frequent opportunities when he was drunk, which was nearly every night, of impressing upon me how *very* kind he was; how excessively grateful I ought to be, and what strenuous efforts I was bound in after life to make, that my benefactor's grey hairs should not stick up on end at my ingratitude, but be carefully smoothed down by the hand of filial affection. In addition to this—I have often cursed—(for boys *do* curse in their way, and their curses are in effect very like the maledictions of us full-grown sinners) —I have often cursed, I say, the officious and pernicious friendship of the fellow. He frequently fell upon his wife when he discovered that she had been laying hands upon me; the conse-

* This fair was so called from its being held in the month of May. It lasted several days, and was resorted to by all classes of the people, and in great numbers. It was suppressed as a nuisance in the year 1709. I need scarcely add, that the fashionable district still known by the name of May Fair, occupies the space on which it was held. The "celebrated" Lady Mary was a girl greatly admired at the time for her beauty, shape, and agility.



Richard Savage at Lady Mason's

quence of which was, as I felt to my cost, that I got a more malignant drubbing on the next day, when my protector was from home, and unable, therefore, to interfere in my behalf.

When I was about nine years of age, an event befel in the family which, to one of the parties at least, was of no common importance. Freeman was apprized that entertainments of more than ordinary variety were about to take place at Hockley-in-the-hole.* Besides the usual entertainments of cock-fighting, prize-fighting, and bear-baiting, a bull was to be turned loose with fire-works all over him, and a mad ass was to be baited,—temptations which Ambrose felt himself under no necessity of endeavouring to resist. During a pause in these refined performances, Freeman casting his eyes around, descried a person against whom he had in his pocket a writ of long standing, and he accordingly—for even the delights of the bear-garden must give way to business—prepared to serve it upon the unconscious victim. In his endeavour to do so, however, his object got wind; and some unscrupulous enthusiasts in the cause of liberty, who either had reason to hold the class of which Ambrose was a worthy member in abhorrence, or who had adopted the common prejudice against the body in general, laid hands upon the specimen before them, and bore him away in triumph to a contiguous pump, where he underwent a cold bath; no novelty, indeed, but which transcended all former water-works of the same kind, whether in his experience as to himself, or in his remembrance as to others. From the effects of this ill-usage Ambrose never recovered. A cold settled upon his lungs, fever supervened, and he was carried off—the invariable case!—just about the time he felt he could be least spared, and precisely when he was most unwilling to depart.

I have hinted at Mrs. Freeman's inhumanity towards me. It must be said — but whether it extenuates the barbarity of the woman's conduct, or may be deemed an aggravation of it, is a question hardly worth the decision — that she really did not know who my parents were, — whether they were rich or poor, gentle or simple, living or dead. I had been committed to her care by her own brother, one James Ludlow, a man who had been for many years in the service of the Lady Mason, and who had constantly answered, if he did not satisfy, his sister's inquiries respecting my birth, by stating that I was under the protection of his mistress; that there were reasons why I should bear, as I had borne, the name of Freeman; and that if his

* There was a kind of amphitheatre here, dedicated originally to bull-baiting, prize-fighting, bear-baiting, and other amusements of that intense description; and it was not only attended by butchers, drovers, and great crowds of all varieties of mob, but likewise by dukes, lords, knights, squires, &c. There were seats particularly set apart for the quality, ornamented with old tapestry hangings, into which none were admitted under half-a-crown at least. Its neighbourhood was notorious for sheltering thieves, pickpockets, and other infamous characters, and for breeding bull-dogs.

sister was contented to restrain her curiosity till the proper time arrived, she would probably be made as wise in her generation, as to the secret in question, as any other of the children of men. Not one word of all which did Mrs. Freeman believe, she being one of that class of sagacious persons whose incredulity increases in proportion to the amount of information furnished, and who are never so certain of the falsity of a story as when there appears a degree of probability on the face of it.

This brother of hers, Ludlow, had never cultivated an intimacy with Freeman; on the contrary, an exceeding distaste of each other's company had manifested itself upon all occasions when chance brought them together. Ludlow, although twenty years younger than his brother-in-law, was as precise and formal as the other was irregular and diffuse; and as his predilections seldom led him to the alehouse, and, when they did, never carried him beyond one tankard, Freeman had long since abjured him, protesting that he was a solemn and sober noodle, upon whom it was not worth his while to waste his company.

Ludlow, accordingly, several years previously to the death of Freeman, had merely made a quarterly call upon his sister, for the purpose of paying into her hand the sum agreed upon for my *keep*, and of defraying the expenses of my school and clothing. When, however, the obstacle to his visits was removed, he came as often as his leisure permitted, and never appeared so happy, or so little miserable (for Ludlow was a very grave person), as when he was silently drawing from his pocket, and dispensing those palatable presents, which of all others are the most acceptable to children. It was not long before I became sensible of the kindness of my disinterested benefactor. I could perceive that he had gradually acquired an influence over Mrs. Freeman, which he exerted in my behalf with such success, as in a few months materially decreased the amount of punishment she had been wont to inflict upon me; and, for the purpose of doing away altogether with an odious and troublesome practice, which had nothing but custom to recommend it, I entered into a tacit compact with my mother (for so I had been taught to call her) that, in consideration of certain monies to be placed at her disposal, as I from time to time received them from Ludlow, she on her part was utterly to relinquish all further right of assault and battery upon my animal structure. Mrs. Freeman was not unwilling to fall into this arrangement; for, by the time I had attained my tenth year, I not only would not submit passively to her correction, but resisted lustily both with hands and feet; and whenever these combats took place, might more properly be said to be overmatched than conquered.

One day, Ludlow made his appearance with a very uncommon cheerfulness of aspect. His sister remarked it.

"I don't know," said he, "whether you will be pleased by what I am about to tell you; but I believe you are soon to lose little Richard."

Mrs. Freeman first held up her hands, and then darted a long finger towards me.

"And what, in mercy's name, are you going to do with the boy now?"

"He is to be sent to St. Albans to school."

"St. Albans!" cried Mrs. Freeman; "where 's that? As though he didn't get plenty of learning from Old Staines." And she pushed me, her erudite charge, out of the way. "He 's too much for me, with his books and his writing, already. I 've no notion of teaching boys so much."

"But somebody else has," said Ludlow, drily. "And Lady Mason wishes to see him to-morrow morning, and desires that you will accompany him."

"And this is to be the end of all my care and pains," complained Mrs. Freeman, "after all I 've done for him! I 'm sure I 've been more like a mother to him than anything else. Ha! you may grin, you graceless young villain!" and she held forth her menacing fist. "I 've only been too good to you."

"Well," said Ludlow, handing her a written direction, "don't be later than eleven."

"Her ladyship might come to me, I think," muttered Mrs. Freeman, placing the paper in a broken tea-cup on the mantel-piece, and then turning suddenly short round, "I 'll tell you what, James, I shall make so bold as to ask her ladyship who are the child's parents. I won't let him go without knowing—no, indeed."

"It will do you no good—that," returned Ludlow, hastily; "but much harm. If you ask any questions of the kind, Martha, Lady Mason, I know, will be greatly offended, and will do nothing for you. She *does* intend to give you something very handsome for your care of Richard."

Mrs. Freeman pulled out the sleeves of her gown, and twitching at the bosom of it, took a seat.

"Why," she said, "James Ludlow, you know I love the boy as my own, and—"

"And one day, perhaps, will be told to whom he belongs," interrupted her brother.

"Ah! one day!—a day I shall never see, I doubt," said Mrs. Freeman, with a forced sigh. "Come hither, Dick."

I approached. She tenderly took my head between her two hands, and leaning back in her chair, gazed at me, her head fondly jerked on one side. That done, she advanced her shaking visage towards me till her nose touched mine, and saluted me in a sort of rapture. "Bless you, my Dick, must I part with you?" and a stare and a gulp followed.

I had too much cause to doubt the sincerity of Mrs. Freeman's affection to be at all moved by this unwonted exhibition. Not so Ludlow, who, watery-eyed fellow! was deeply affected, and who, wringing his sister's hand, assured her that I was going where I would be well taken care of, and where I should be

made a bright man, and that hereafter she would see reason to be proud of me.

On the next morning, the woman and I—she arrayed in her best available apparel, and I combed out and soaped till my face was as stiff and shiny as a vizard-mask—held our important way towards the court-end of the town, and in due time found ourselves at the door of Lady Mason. We were received by Ludlow, who ushered us in silence up a broad flight of stairs, and thence into a magnificent apartment, telling us to wait there till he apprized his mistress of our arrival. Mrs. Freeman was not a little daunted by the splendour of the place; and, though ready to drop, as she said (and so was I), would not permit either herself or me to occupy one of those "Lawk ha' mercy! what heavenly!" chairs.

"What heaps of chany! Dick,"* she said, gazing wonderingly around. "I wonder where it all comes from! Tables covered with it—two beaufets full of it—mantelpiece crowded with it! Goggles! Dick," (a favourite word of hers, "goggles") "I wonder what they call those two green animals, one in each corner, holding up their heads, with their mouths open and their eyes shut,—to see what God will send 'em, I suppose. A poor chance, I doubt. Ugly beasts! Well, it 's good of 'em, if they have such ill-favoured creatures in foreign parts, only to send their likenesses here. Hush!—here she comes, I think."

The door opened, and a lady of venerable aspect entered the room, partly supported by a stick, and leaning on Ludlow's arm. He carefully led her to her seat, and declining his head, appeared to receive her commands.

"You may bring him to me now," I heard her say.

Ludlow took me by the hand. His own trembled as he whispered,

"Come to Lady Mason, my dear; she wishes to see you;" and he placed me by the arm of her chair.

"Good heavens! how like—how very like, Mr. Ludlow! Do you not perceive?" she exclaimed, shrinking, as it were, from me.

Ludlow, with glistening eyes, and bowing, silently assented.

"Oh! my sweet fellow! my poor dear child!" resumed her ladyship, "what a fate is yours!—and mine," she added, somewhat wildly, smoothing my hair back from my forehead, and gazing upon me intently. Tears presently gushed from her eyes, she clasped me fervently to her bosom, and her head sinking upon my small shoulder, she sobbed aloud.

* It would seem that Lady Mason had fallen in with the fashion that began about this time to be very prevalent, of collecting useless hoards of china. It was indulged for some years at great expense, and to an almost astonishing extent. Nothing was to be seen in a room but vast pyramids of the ware in beaufets, on chimney-pieces, and wherever they could be placed: insomuch that houses in those days looked more like shops full of this merchandise for sale, than habitations furnished with such things for use or convenience. Addison has ridiculed this absurd rage more than once in the Tatler.

This was so different a scene from any to which I had been accustomed, that my heart was melted. I lifted up my voice, and would have blubbered in right earnest, but was checked by the upraised fist of Mrs. Freeman, who, with hideous but intelligible grimaces, commanded me to desist.

Lady Mason after some time recovered her calmness, and wiped away my tears with her handkerchief.

"My love is a very good boy, is he not? I know he is," she said, with a faint smile.

My reply was such as may be expected: — I answered that I was.

"Our Richard *is* a very good boy?" inquired her ladyship, addressing Mrs. Freeman, who, thus appealed to, came forward with many bobs and curtseys.

"Why, your good ladyship," replied Mrs. Freeman, mincingly, "I can't but say he is in general a very good young gentleman, but—"

"But what?" said her ladyship.

"Why, ma'am, Master Richard is such a spirit—so passionate like, and won't bear control."

Lady Mason directed a glance at Ludlow, and shook her head with a slight shrug. "But he is going to school," she said, turning to me, "where he will learn how wicked it is to give way to his passions. He will be taught better there; for he is to be a gentleman one of these days."

"Do you hear that, Master Richard?" cried Mrs. Freeman. "I'm sure you ought to go down on your knees for such a goodness. Make your best bow to her ladyship."

I did so, and was withdrawn by Ludlow to the other end of the room. A long conversation ensued between Lady Mason and Mrs. Freeman, during which my ears detected the chinking of gold. When it broke up, the face of "my mother" shone luminously, and she came towards me and embraced me with an affectionate fervour, which I not only did not return, but tried my utmost to avoid.

When Ludlow led me towards his lady for the purpose of taking leave, she almost stifled me with kisses, — made me promise that I would be the best and cleverest boy in the world,— repeated her assurance that I was one day to be a gentleman,— and placed in my hand a guinea, with an injunction against spending too much of it at once. We were then taken down to Ludlow's private room, where refreshment was provided for us, and where Mrs. Freeman once more pressed her brother very hard for an explanation touching the mystery of my birth, but without success.

"Goggles, lad," said she, squeezing my ear, "you're somebody, at all events,—I see that plain enough; and may at last come to be the owner of this fine house, and all it contains—and there's plenty of one thing and another, I doubt."

I had my own thoughts upon the subject, and looked, I be-

lieve, at Ludlow as though I had. He was slightly disconcerted.

"You heard what Lady Mason told Richard," he said, addressing his sister. "I can say no more."

"You can, if you will," retorted Mrs. Freeman.

"I won't, then."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Freeman, rising; "obstinate as a pig."

"You will remember," said Ludlow, "that you are not to inform your neighbours where Richard is gone. *That* you faithfully promised her ladyship, you know; and on that depends—"

"I can keep a secret, I hope," exclaimed Mrs. Freeman, hastily. "When anything is to be kept secret, I 'm above letting it be known."

"Obstinate as a pig *then*, I suppose," returned Ludlow.

"You have me there," said his sister, with a sportive slap on the shoulder. "Well, her ladyship is very much of the lady, I must say that of her, and has done what 's handsome by me. Come along, Dick. You 're very like somebody, it seems: a pity any one should be like you; and there 's a secret for *you*."

Lady Mason's guinea was too fresh in my pocket to suffer me to take offence at any ill-conditioned jests at my expense. I contented myself, therefore, by making a wide-mouthed grin as she turned her back, and by a farcical imitation of her gait and gesture as she proceeded through the hall.

Ludlow accompanied us home in a coach, and in the afternoon took me to several shops, where such articles of clothing were ordered as were necessary to my genteel appearance at school; and it was arranged that on the following Wednesday he was to call for me, for the purpose of escorting me to St. Albans.

CHAPTER II.

Already I almost repent me of the task I have entailed upon myself. Altogether unused to this species of literary composition, I feel as though I should never kindle in it. A couplet that stings, or a verse that resounds, or even tinkles, delights the mind, or at least satisfies the ear. Poetry is a garden in which a man sets the best flowers he can procure; but this is downright hay-making. How I shall manage the "he saids" and the "she saids,"— as the vulgar say, — the *carte* and *tierce* of conversation, I know not. Nevertheless, I must on; so, with a large brush and a wide canvass, I resume my fresco painting.

Ludlow made his appearance punctually on the morning appointed for my departure, and tenderly released me from the affectionate gripe of Mrs. Freeman, who, now that I was about to leave her for ever, discovered agreeable qualities and social virtues in me, of which neither herself nor her charge had heretofore been conscious. We left her in tears, genuine or spurious, I know not; and making the best of our way to the inn,

took our seats in the coach, and were in due time conveyed to the place of our destination.

Ludlow ordered dinner at the Nag's Head, at which we had been set down, and a pint of burnt sherry for immediate consumption, and led the way to the coffee-room; and here, having first explained that the two fat elderly maiden ladies in the coach — sisters, he supposed — had so "gallowed" his brains with their incessant tattle, that he hardly knew what he ought to say, or how he ought to say it, the worthy creature earnestly, and with tears in his eyes, bestowed upon me an unaccustomed quantity of very good advice, which I gratefully received, and which, I am sorry to confess, went hand in hand with my very good intentions to the place appointed, time out of mind, for the reception of those moral superfluities.

Dinner being ended, and the afternoon drawing on apace, Ludlow went forth and secured the services of a round-faced rustic, upon whose impregnable skull my trunk was placed, and under whose guidance we found ourselves in a short time at the door of Mr. Burridge.

The pedagogue was at home, and at leisure,—for it was half-holiday,—and sent word out that we were to be admitted to his presence. When we entered the apartment, we beheld a gigantic figure reclined almost horizontally in a very large chair. He was smoking a pipe, and had, it would seem, recently divested himself of an enormous rusty periwig, which lay clutched in his huge fist upon the table. He regarded us in silence for some moments through the smoky veil by which he was surrounded, and then rising leisurely, he laid aside his pipe, and came towards us.

"This letter, sir," said Ludlow, "will explain for what purpose I wait upon you," handing it to him.

"A letter, eh!" said Burridge, whipping a pair of spectacles out of his waistcoat pocket, and jerking them on the bridge of his nose. "Let 's see—Francis Burridge, Esquire—Esquire!" and he gave a loud whistle. "Ah! well—very good—just so," he added, at intervals, as he hastily perused the letter.

"This tells me," said he, holding the letter from him, "that I am to take this little fellow — what 's his name? Richard Freeman—under my care, under my tuition."

"Yes, sir," said Ludlow.

"And that he is to remain with me during the holidays."

Ludlow bowed.

"That implies that the lad's parents are dead: is it so?"

"I believe they are," replied Ludlow, hesitating.

"Ah! not certain?" said Burridge. "Perhaps there 's more life than death in the matter, eh?"

"I really do not know," replied Ludlow, disconcerted.

"Ah! well!" returned Burridge. "Who is Henrietta Mason?"

"My lady," replied Ludlow, "the Lady Mason."

"The Lady Mason! Oh! I beg her pardon," cried Burridge, with a low bow, "that 's it: I always bow to a title." He rang the bell. "Bring some wine," as the servant entered.

Ludlow began to plead headache, but was stopped by the familiar hand of Burridge upon his mouth.

"Now, sir," said he, when the wine was put on the table, "I crave pardon—your name?"

"Ludlow, sir."

"Well, Mr. Ludlow," and he slapped his brawny leg, "let us drink to the speedy progress of our young student; and we 'll give him a glass too, to damp him down, as printers do their paper, before he goes into the press. Let us hope he 'll contain something good when he comes out of it."

"I hope so, indeed," said Ludlow, earnestly, setting down his glass. "Will you forgive me?" he resumed, after a pause, "but I trust—I feel no doubt—indeed, I know that he will be treated kindly. I am, sir," — and poor Ludlow smiled with a kind of mournful humility,—"I am greatly attached to him."

Mr. Burridge raised his black brows, and gazed into the meek countenance of the other. "Ah! well—you like him," he remarked, at length. "Why, yes, we shall treat him kindly enough, I dare say. We keep a school, Ludlow, not a slaughter-house; we are not cannibals, but Christians; men, not monsters. But, sir," and here he shook his finger in the air, "Mr. Shakspeare, an author strangely neglected in these our times, albeit the greatest genius that ever appeared in England, except Milton, and in all, save sublimity, he surpasses even that stupendous genius, — Mr. Shakspeare has proposed this question: 'Treat a man according to his deserts, and who shall escape whipping?' Now, sir, if that be true, and I believe it is," winking his eye knowingly, and pointing with his thumb over to me, "d 'ye think the boys ought to go scot-free, eh?"

"No, indeed," said Ludlow. "Do you hear what Mr. Burridge says, Richard? You must take care."

"So he will," cried Burridge, putting on his periwig. "The truth is, the temples of Greece and Rome are 'bosom'd high in tufted trees,' — birch-trees, Mr. Ludlow, — and I never knew a boy yet who could find his way to those temples without going through those trees. But come, Dick, take leave of your friend: he is anxious to go."

So saying, Mr. Burridge hummed the end of an old song, which I afterwards discovered was the only one ever committed to memory by that gentleman, and taking a turn or two, left the room.

"Not anxious to go, dear Richard," said Ludlow, slipping half a guinea into my hand, and kissing my forehead; "but if I stayed longer, I should not reach London to-night. God bless you! Remember me kindly, will you? It shall not be long before I see you again."

My heart was heavy when my only friend left me; and when I heard the street-door fairly close upon him, I began to weep. Burridge surprised me in this dismal plight.

"What! whimpering?" said he. "Cease wailing and gnashing, my young Heraclitus: we shall soon be very good friends, I dare say. Here, take heart, and another glass of wine, and leave crying to girls who have knocked their dolls' heads off, and can't put them on again. There! a laugh becomes you much better. Now, what do you say, my man?" and, my head between his hands, he lifted me on to a chair. "Who has been giving you the rudiments—where have you been to school?"

"With Old Staines," said I.

"Old Staines—ah! well—let 's see what hue your mind has acquired from Old Staines."

Here he put a variety of questions to me touching my advancement in English grammar, my answers to which were clearly far from satisfactory; for he knitted his brows, and shook his head in token of disapproval, and with a protruded lip stood for a while in meditation.

"Ah! well!—*well?* No—ill," he said, at length, "very ill—very ill, indeed. What was the name," he continued, suddenly turning to me, "of the Bœotian, eh? the blundering bumpkin—the brute who taught you all he knew, and couldn't help it, eh?"

"Old Staines," I repeated.

"Old Staines!" echoed Burridge, throwing up his arms; "Dicky Freeman, such old stains—old blots, rather—ought to be expunged from creation. But come with me; we 'll begin to-morrow to rub out these old stains."

So saying, he swung me with one arm from the chair in a volant circle, and taking my hand in his led me into the school-room.

"Metcalfe," said he, addressing a dingy old fellow, begrimed with snuff from nose to knees, who was seated at a desk mending pens, "call the boys out of the play-ground. Bid them come hither—all of them—instantly."

Metcalfe passed his hands along his shiny galligaskins, and then flapped his paunch vigorously, causing a cloud of dust to fly out of his waistcoat, and rising with a grunt made leisurely for a door at the other end of the room.

"Stand you here, Freeman," said Burridge, planting me at the foot of an elevated desk, which he ascended.

Presently in straggled a number of boys of various sizes, ages, and appearance, who, catching the master's eye as he stood towering before them, ranged themselves in something like order, and awaited his speech, which, prefaced by a terrific monitory smiting on the desk with a large wooden ruler, ran in pretty nearly these words:—

"Young gentlemen—ah! well! young gentlemen, for so you are, or rather, for so I mean to make you, — behold this young

fellow-student whom I here present to you. He is strange and shy, and, no doubt, not a little disconcerted at present; be it yours to console, to enliven, to encourage him. Cheer him, my brave fellows,— cheer him, my good lads. Be at once the rule and the example of good manners. He's but a little lad, you see, make much of him. (Pshaw! *little*—make *much*—very poor that!) In short, since I constantly inculcate kindness, humanity, and politeness, do show, though it be for the first time, that I have not laboured in vain."

This address being brought to a conclusion, Mr. Burridge descended from his desk.

"Go amongst them, Dick," said he with a singularly sweet and benevolent smile, patting me on the head, "and make as many friends as you can. Metcalfe, I want you. Follow me to my study," and he stalked away; the dingy usher, having gone through the same manual operations as before, following at a humble distance.

Burridge's speech, delivered, as it had been, in the most persuasive manner a remarkably sonorous voice could adopt, encouraged me greatly. I advanced, therefore, into the middle of the room, and proceeded to scan the countenances of my school-fellows, with a view of striking up a friendship with one or more of them. I had not stood long thus, however, when a pull of my hair from behind caused me to start round with indignant surprise. My eyes lighted upon a row of faces of singular gravity, with a hand over each mouth as of philosophical speculation. As I turned scowling from these grave Muftis, hopeless of detecting the delinquent, a second visitation of the same nature awakened my fury, and turning short upon my heel, with a rapid swing of my arm I prostrated a small wretch, upon whose upturned visage still lingered a slight vestige of mischievous glee, which was instantaneously succeeded by a look of woe. The lamentations of this victim opened the throats of the smaller fry. "He won't fight;" "He daren't fight;" "What's his name?" resounded on all sides.

"I say, you sir," cried a boy older and taller than myself, starting briskly up to me, "what's your name?"

"Go it, Sinclair! — that's it, Sinclair!" shouted the ingenuous youths.

(Boys *are* the generous, noble, high-minded beings their grandmothers inspire philosophers to call them.)

"What's your name, I tell you?" repeated Sinclair.

"Richard Freeman," said I, sturdily.

"Well—have you a mind to fight?"

"Any one of my own size," I answered; "and I should like to catch the coward that pulled my hair just now."

Although I said this readily and resolutely enough, a sense of my unfriended condition lay heavy at my heart, and mingled grief and rage rose into my throat. I would have averted my head to conceal the tears that sprang to my eyes; but at this

moment a tap on the shoulder engaged my attention. I looked up, and saw a boy about Sinclair's age. He kindly took me by the hand.

"I'm Gregory — Tom Gregory," said he; "never mind them—I'll stand by you."

In the meanwhile, Sinclair had been taking counsel with his companions.

"I'll see what he's made of," he observed as he broke from them, sagaciously nodding his head. Thereupon the young gentleman in a kind of dance, receded a few paces, and with his tongue between his teeth, and one eye cocked as though to enable him to take a surer aim, he advanced towards me in the same lively manner, and struck me across the face with his open hand.

Two boys, with very good intentions, instantly seized me by the arms. "You are no match for him;"—"Don't fight him," said they.

But, had he been the devil's own imp, I had flown upon him for that. Bursting from their hold, I rushed headlong upon my assailant, and dealt him such a blow upon the under jaw as, had he not withdrawn his insolent tongue, might perhaps have abridged it. As it was, he recoiled, with an expression of face almost pitiable.

"Enough," said Tom Gregory, interposing. "Well done, Freeman! Sinclair, you are a coward to strike a boy younger than yourself."

"I'll fight him," said I, going up to him. I remembered to have taken down such an ignoble swaggerer once before, who had interfered with my amusement in Lincoln's Inn Fields. "Have *you* a mind to fight?" repeating his words.

"Yes, I have," he replied.

No more. Two detachments of lads seized upon us severally, and hurried us into the play-ground, behind a large elm tree, and, set face to face, we began to bruise each other without ceremony.

Sinclair proved himself to be no coward, or, perhaps, shame did the work of courage; but he was utterly ignorant of the noble science to which the renowned Mr. Broughton,* before I left London, lent such additional lustre. He lacked also my activity and quickness of manual retort; so that, after a prolonged combat, in which many blows were exchanged, three black eyes were given, and much blood was shed, he gave in, and reluctantly proclaimed me the conqueror.

I have no wish to moralize over the instability of human friendship at this early stage of my history. I shall have abundant opportunities of doing so hereafter. Suffice it, nearly all Sinclair's friends now became mine; and they who had been most active in the unworthy purpose of urging him to tyrannise

* This redoubted prizefighter is frequently alluded to by Fielding. Particular of his life and behaviour must be sought elsewhere.

over an unoffending boy, hoping that he might succeed, were the first to desert him on the failure of his enterprise. Of such boys are the men made who have a hand in making misanthropes, and madmen, and philosophers; and who call me, and who will continue to do so till I am forgotten, a scurvy fellow, a vagabond, a villain; and who are very precise, and correct, and honest, and "all that,"—and all *this*, too—poor, rich, pitiful rogues.

When the battle was ended, we removed from under the elm-tree to a more open space, and our adherents bestirred themselves in fetching water from an adjoining pump to clear our disfigured faces, and ascertain the real amount of our respective injuries. While we were thus engaged, forming a mute but busy circle, a darkness suddenly, and for a moment, "overcame us like a summer cloud," and something, expanding as it descended, fell in the midst of us. It was the master's rusty periwig! A number of eyes were instantly cast upward towards a well-known window at the back of the house, at which the prodigious visage of Burridge was disclosed, with a cruel calmness upon it, brimful of a coming tempest. The major portion of boys forthwith dispersed themselves in all directions, assuming, as they went their ways, various airs of indifference, as though the matter in hand had only just before engaged their passing attention. The chief accessaries, however, stood fixed — spellbound.

"You," cried Burridge, addressing Gregory, who had constituted himself my second, — "you take up that," pointing to the portentous mass of hair, "and with Dixon, Sinclair, and Freeman, come instantly to my room." This said, the face was withdrawn.

"Don't be afraid, Freeman," cried Gregory, who had a spice of the wag in his composition, lifting the wig from the ground, and placing it on his own head, "we 're in the right, at all events. Come along!" And away we went, Sinclair and Dixon crawling ruefully behind.

Burridge looked plaguy gloomy as we came into his presence,—his elbow on the arm of his chair,—his cheek upon his hand, and his legs apart, stretched out to their full length.

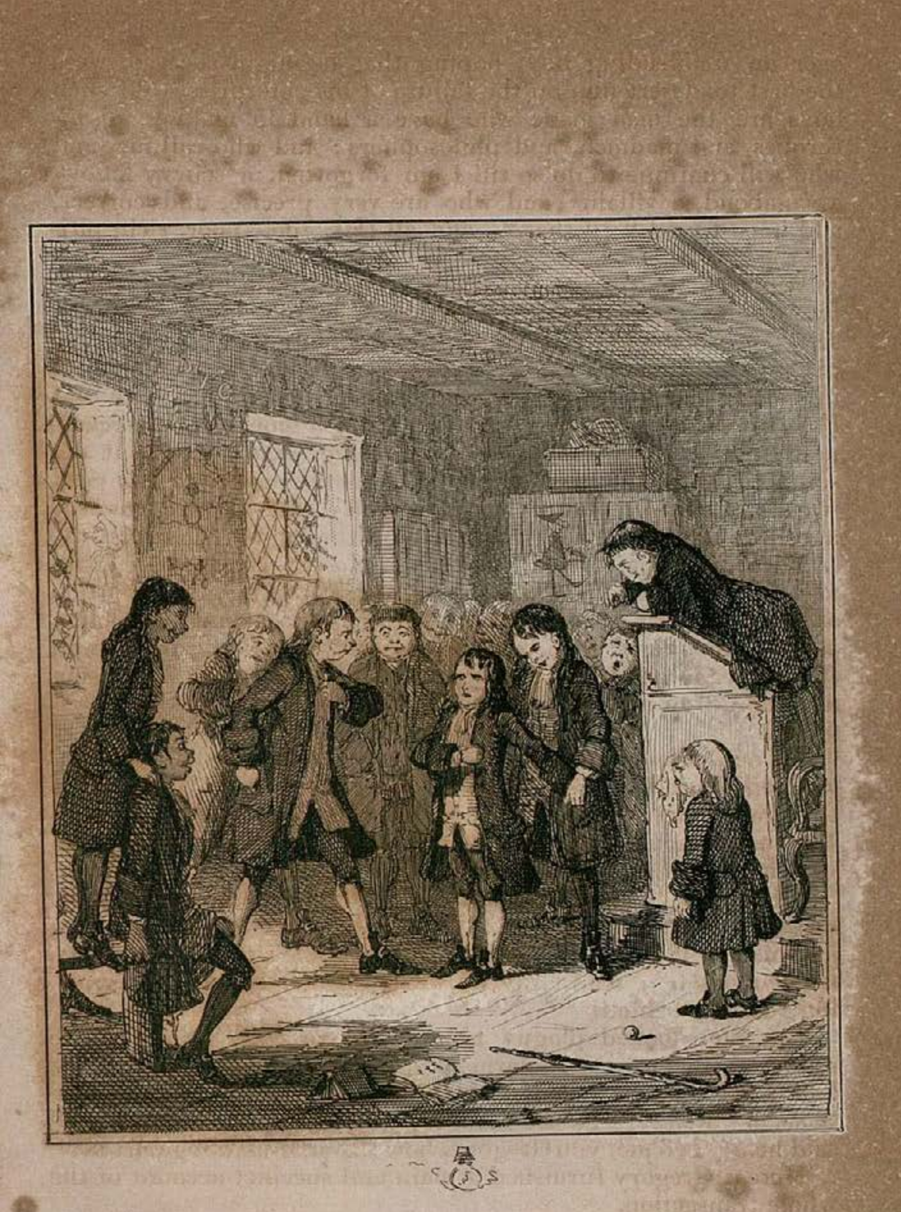
"Ah! well! these are doings—not pretty but ugly doings," said he. "Tell me, you Gregory, how this face-mauling fell out?"

Hereat Gregory furnished a plain and succinct account of the whole transaction.

"And why did you permit this great lad to fight this little one?" demanded Burridge, when the other had concluded.

"Because I hoped he would thresh him, and thought he could," answered Gregory, "and because if he hadn't, I would have done it for him."

The master pressed his lips together with his fingers. "Leave the room, sir!" he exclaimed in a stern voice; "I will speak to you another time."



The first day at School.

London: Richard Bentley, 184[illegible]

"And you," he continued, turning to Dixon,—"you go after him; but, slowly, and as much like a hound as you can. You'll improve at it in time. I shall *not* speak to you again. Speak to yourself: ask yourself which of the two is the greater poltroon, you or Sinclair;" and taking him by the ear, he guided him to the door. "As for you, Sinclair, what pains have you taken for a sound threshing! If Freeman hadn't given you a cuffing, Gregory would; or if Gregory hadn't, I should: you went upon three chances, and the first proved a certainty. Sneak hence; and when you can bear to look at your own face, perhaps you may be able to look into Freeman's; and then I hope you will beg his pardon. Go away—go away!"

Sinclair departed muttering a sentence, of which "I won't, *I* know," was all that reached my ear.

"But what is this?" cried Burridge, with an awfully severe look: "you are a fighter, are you, Mister Richard Freeman? a Dares, a mauler? an Entellus, a bruiser, eh?"

"I wouldn't have fought, sir," I replied, "only he struck me first."

"Struck you first!" exclaimed Burridge in a terrible tone.

"Yes, sir," said I, nothing daunted; "and wasn't I right? Wouldn't you have done the same, sir, if it had been you?"

Burridge walked to the window. "Yes, by G—, yes, I believe I should," he said between his teeth,—"I rather think I should." He turned quickly round. "Bless your black eye and your swollen nose," he cried, "you are a fellow of fire, Dick. That spirit of yours will either make or mar you. Go along to the schoolroom. You have laid the foundation of a lasting peace there, Dick."

And so I found I had. Thenceforth it was tolerably smooth water with me, ruffled at intervals by Sinclair, who could wrangle, and was an adept in the art of half-applicable bluster, and who maintained a servile crew of backers; but he never hazarded an open quarrel. Perfectly conscious of the advantage I had gained, I was at no pains to conceal my contempt and defiance of him; and upon all occasions bore myself as one who desired nothing better than an opportunity of repeating the chastisement I had inflicted upon him. In the meanwhile I made rapid progress in my studies, and secured the esteem and affection of Burridge, who descanted upon my qualifications to Ludlow, when he came to see me, which was usually once a quarter, with an earnestness and a warmth that made the tears trickle down the poor fellow's face.

Mrs. Freeman had died about two years after my establishment at St. Albans. This calamity (as I heard it was) to her, was but small grief to me. I had never loved, or even liked the woman. She had from my infancy impressed upon my mind the fact that she was no mother of mine; and her conduct towards me had rendered that impression indelible. She had never treated me like a mother. What have I written? She

had never treated me like *a* mother? Let it stand; although it is not altogether true. I proceed.

As I grew older, it was not unusual with me in my leisure hours to ponder over my future probable destination; but the one difficulty presented itself at the outset, and brought to nothing every conclusion at which I sought blindly to arrive. "Who am I?" was the constant question I proposed to myself, and the frequent inquiry I made of Ludlow, who commonly shook my hand and his own head in silence; or put me off with some vague answer, which increased while it baffled my curiosity. It is true I experienced none of those yearnings of the soul, but few of those palpitations of the heart which we read of in fiction, and which are indeed fictitious. I felt little of that mysterious and indescribable love towards the authors of my being, with which the gentry of romance are so expletively possessed. To be plain, I did not care a rush about persons whom I had never remembered to have seen, and who did not appear particularly anxious to give me an opportunity of seeing them; whom I had never known, and who clearly did not wish to know me. My pride, however, began to rise within me. Ludlow, I looked upon in the light of a factor between Lady Mason and myself. I had long been impatient of his solemn secrecy, for which I could find or furnish no sufficient reason. I was resolved to apply to him once more, and in the event of his contumacy, to appeal to Lady Mason. Burridge had set me upon this. He counselled prayers and entreaties. I designed, should these fail, to add threats.

I had been four years under the tutelage of Burridge, when, one day Ludlow made his appearance before him, with a mournful seriousness of aspect. I was called into the room.

"Come hither, Dick," said Burridge, beckoning me towards them. "Here's your friend — friend? ah, well! no matter — here's Ludlow come to take you away from me."

"At Lady Mason's command," interposed Ludlow, "but much against my will,—had I a right to express it."

"Humph!" grunted Burridge. "Why, sir, I haven't half done with him yet. I want to introduce him to a few Greek gentlemen of my acquaintance, very reserved people, who require much respect and attention before one can become intimate with them. I don't think I'll let him go. Look you, Ludlow; I designed him for Cambridge, by way of compensation for a certain blockhead they were troubled with some five-and twenty years since. I'll tell you what; I'll lend him — mark, I'll lend him to Lady Mason for one month; if, at the expiration of that period he be not forthcoming, look to it; or rather, look for me: to London up come I, trundling; whip him under my arm, and away with him, to be heard of once again"— here Burridge nodded his head significantly — "when his father appears, to claim him."

Ludlow was greatly distressed. "I am sure, Lady Mason,"

stammering,—" the friendly interest you take in Richard's welfare—the uncommon—a—a—the—but I *must* obey my orders." This last he brought out hastily, but with an effort.

"Ah, well!" returned Burridge, "*must*—ugly word; I never liked it. 'Can't' and 'must' are the two devils that claw out the eyes of 'will.' Sir," he continued in his natural tone, "you are, I doubt not, a very honest, good little man; but you *are* a little man. Now, what business has a little man like you to be lugging about a great secret, which, I see, is a vast deal too heavy for you?"

"A great secret, sir!" faltered Ludlow.

"Yes, sir, a great secret, that has outgrown its clothes, and soon won't have a rag to cover it. I was one of the close gentlemen myself once; and I brought myself to a fine pass with my closeness. Thus it was. I married a young and pretty woman, without a farthing; and I kept the marriage secret; but I was found out, nevertheless. Then my father disinherited me — that, also, I strove to keep *particularly* secret; but it got wind, and blew all over the town. Then my creditors hunted me in and out, and out and into all manner of lodgings, where I designed to be *very* secret. Next my wife, poor dear! died of a broken heart, — having kept that all along a *profound* secret. Then I fell into extreme poverty, and all my friends left me; but that is *no* secret. Never to confide or to harbour secrets—*that* is a secret worth knowing."

"That is very true, sir," returned Ludlow; "but servants are not free agents. They are *not*, Mr. Burridge," he repeated, almost vehemently, observing that the other shook his head.

"Ah! well—a pity!" said Burridge.

"Let me entreat," cried Ludlow, "as well for the sake of Lady Mason as of Richard, that you will take no steps at present to discover what it is so necessary should remain concealed. Why do I ask this? not for myself, but for his sake, first; for Lady Mason's, second; for my own, last."

"Glibly spoken," remarked Burridge. "What say you, Richard—Freeman?"

I answered, that I had the fullest confidence in Ludlow; that I was assured he meant all for the best; and I suggested that very likely Lady Mason had recalled me so abruptly, for the purpose of disclosing all she knew of my birth. I added, plainly enough, that I had a right to demand this piece of justice at her hands; and that, if necessary, I should do so.

This speech had a sensible effect upon Ludlow. He was embarrassed.

"It is but for a time," he said. "*I*, at least, design that all shall one day be explained."

"Enough of this perversion of the gift of speech,—a truce to this mysterious mouth-work!" exclaimed Burridge. "This boy will prove an Œdipus for your Sphinx, I doubt not. Should you require my assistance, Dick, you know where to

find me. I leave you to him, sir, for the present," turning to Ludlow, "and indeed it is no business — although I make it a concern—of mine. Go, and take leave of your friends, and of your enemies—for I suspect you have acquired both in this our microcosm."

Of Tom Gregory—between whom and myself an entire friendship had subsisted from the first hour of our acquaintance, — I took an affectionate leave; and bade a cordial farewell to some others, who might more properly be termed partizans than friends. Finally, I frankly offered my hand to Sinclair, assuring him—which was really the truth,—that I bore him no ill-will; and declaring that, since we should, perhaps, never meet again, it would gratify me to remember that we had parted on good terms. The awkward cub sullenly rejected my advances; determined, as it would seem, that I should retain to the last my advantage over him. I have reason to believe that he never forgot the contemptuous smile which his brutal folly called to my lips.

"Here, Dick!" exclaimed Burridge, as I re-entered his study, "Ludlow and luggage are waiting for you. Let me see: you are now upon fifteen years of age: four years have you and I been very good friends. Four times forty—one hundred and sixty. Surely I can spare you two out of one hundred and sixty guineas. Buy a Horace, Dick, with one of them. Horace! so easily construed — so difficult to translate! And, mark; don't listen to what the fools tell you about Sallust; his style *is* a fine one. And never believe that Virgil was so much greater than Ovid. Nosey had as much poetry in him as the Mantuan. And always think for yourself — and *do* think, and think of me sometimes. And——There, go!"

I kissed the good man's hand reverently, and gratefully expressed my obligations for his care, his kindness, and his affection.

"Pish!" said he, looking up at the ceiling. "Away with him, Ludlow. Dick, you take with you the last corner of my heart. You have a right to it, you dog! You found it when I thought I had none left. I shall see you when I come to London during the holidays."

He shook Ludlow warmly by the hand. "My honest friend, let this boy be fairly treated — fairly — openly. What the deuce! Who is his coxcomb of a father?"

"He will be treated well, sir," said Ludlow.

Burridge pointed to his heart.

"Upon my honour, all will be done for the best — all *is* for the best."

"Then I believe you," returned Burridge. "Here, thou man of strength," to the porter in the hall, "shoulder your burden. A heavy trunk, and a light heart, Richard, are good travelling companions."

And away we went to the Nag's Head. Ludlow all sadness and silence. I, all curiosity and impatience.

Merrie England in the olden Time;

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH the fullest intention to rise early the next morning, without deliberating for a mortal half-hour whether or not to turn round and take t' other nap, we retired to a tranquil pillow.

But what are all our good intentions?
Vexations, vanities, inventions!
Macadamizing what?—a certain spot,
To "ears polite" politeness never mentions—
  Tattoos, t' amuse, from empty drums.
Ah! who time's spectacles shall borrow?
And say, be gay to-day—to-morrow—
  When query if to-morrow comes.

To-morrow came; so did to-morrow's bright sun; and so did Mr. Bosky's brisk knock. Good report always preceded Mr. Bosky, like the bounce with which champagne sends its cork out of the bottle! But (there are two sides of the question to be considered—the *inside* of the bed and the *out!*) they found us in much such a brown study as we have just described. Leaving the Laureat to enjoy his triumph of punctuality, (an "alderman's virtue"!) and "Good morning to your nightcap," carolled under our window, we lost no time in equipping ourselves, and were soon seated with him at breakfast. He was in the happiest spirits. "'Tis your *birthday,* Eugenio! Wear this ring for my sake; let it be friendship's talisman to unite our hearts in one. Here," presenting some *tablets* beautifully wrought, "is Uncle Timothy's offering. Mark," pointing to the following *inscription* engraved on the cover, "by what poetical alchemy he hath transmuted the silver into gold!"

Life is short, the wings of time
Bear away our early prime,
Swift with them our spirits fly,
The heart grows chill, and dim the eye.
Seize the moment! snatch the treasure!
Sober haste is wisdom's leisure.
Summer blossoms soon decay;
"*Gather the rose-buds while you may!*"

Barter not for sordid store
Health and peace; nor covet more
Than may serve for frugal fare
With some chosen friend to share!

Not for others toil and heap,
But *yourself* the harvest reap;
Nature smiling, seems to say,
"*Gather the rose-buds while you may!*"

Learning, science, truth sublime,
Fairy fancies, lofty rhyme,
Flowers of exquisite perfume!
Blossoms of immortal bloom!
With the gentle virtues twin'd,
In a beauteous garland bind
For your youthful brow to-day,—
"*Gather the rose-buds while you may!*"

Life is short—but not to those
Who early, wisely pluck the rose.
Time he flies—to us 'tis given
On his wings to fly to Heaven.
Ah! to reach those realms of light,
Nothing must impede our flight;
Cast we all but *Hope* away!
"*Gather the rose-buds while we may!*"

With emotions that lie "too deep for tears," Eugenio pressed the birthday gift to his trembling lips, and treasured it in his bosom!

In due course we glided merrily on old Father Thames. Now a sail up or down the river has always been pleasant to us in proportion as it has proved barren of adventure. A collision with a coal-barge or steam-packet,—a sudden squall off Chelsea Reach, may do vastly well to relieve its monotony: but we had rather be dull than be ducked. We were therefore glad to find the water smooth, the wind and tide in our favour, and no particular disposition on the part of the larger vessels to run us down. Mr. Bosky, thinking that at some former period of our lives we might have beheld the masts and sails of a ship, the steeple of a church, the smoke of a patent shot manufactory, the coal-whippers weighing out their black diamonds, a palace, and a penitentiary, forbore to expatiate on the picturesque objects that presented themselves to our passing view: and, presuming that our vision had extended beyond some score or two of garden-pots "all a-growing, all a-blowing," and as much sky as would cover half-a-crown, he was not over profuse of vernal description. But, knowing that there are as many kinds of minds as moss, he opened his inquisitorial battery upon the waterman. At first Barney Binnacle, though a pundit among the wet wags of Wapping Old Stairs, fought shy; but there is a freemasonry in fun; and by degrees he ran through all the changes from the simple leer to the broad grin and horse-laugh, as Mr. Bosky "poked" his droll sayings into him right and left. He had his predilections and prejudices. The former were for potations drawn from a case bottle presented to him by Mr. Bosky, that made his large blue lips smack, and his eyes wink again; the latter were against steamers, the projectors of which he would have placed at the disposal of their boilers! His tirade against the Thames Tunnel was hardly less severe; but he reserved the magnums of his wrath for the Greenwich railroad. What in some degree reconciled us to Barney's anathemas were his wife and children, to whom his wherry

gave their daily bread: and though these gigantic monopolies might feather the nests of wealthy proprietors, they would not let poor Barney Binnacle feather either his nest or his oar.

"There's truth in what you say, Master Barney," observed the Laureat, "the stones went merrily into the pond, but the foolish frogs could not fish out the fun. I am no advocate for the philosophy of expediency."

"Surely, Mr. Bosky, you would never think of putting a stop to *improvement!*"

"My good friends, I would never have man become the victim of his ingenuity — a mechanical suicide! Where brass and iron, hot water and cold, can be made to mitigate the wear and tear of his thews and sinews, let them be adopted as *auxiliaries,* not as *principals.* I am no *political economist.* I despise the muddle-headed dreamers, and their unfeeling crudities. But for *them* the heart of England would have remained uncorrupted and sound.[1] Trifle not with suffering. Impunity has its limit. A flint will show fire when you strike it. In this harsh world ninety-nine persons out of one hundred must toil for their bread before they eat it; beg, implore, *ask leave* to toil,—some philanthropists say, even before they *hunger* for it. I have therefore *yet* to learn how *that* which makes human labour a profitless drug in the market can be called an *improvement.* The stewardships of this world are vilely performed. What blessings would be conferred, what wrongs prevented, were it not for the neglect of opportunities and the prostitution of means. Is it our own merit that we have more? our neighbour's delinquency that he has less? The infant is born to luxury;—calculate *his* claims! Virtue draws its last sigh in a dungeon; Vice receives its tardy summons on a bed of down! The titled and the rich, the purse-proud nobodies, the noble nothings, occupy their 'vantage ground, not from any merit of *their own;* but from that lucky or unlucky chance which might have brought them into this breathing world with two heads on their shoulders instead of one!"

We never knew Mr. Bosky so eloquent before; the boat became lop-sided under the fervent thump that he gave as a clencher to his oration. Barney Binnacle stared; but with no stupid, vacant expression. His rugged features softened into a look of grateful approval, mingled with surprise.

"God bless your honour!"

"Thank you, Barney! Some people's celestial blessings are plentiful as blackberries, because they save their earthly breeches-pockets. But a *poor* man's blessing is a treasure of which heaven keeps the register and the key."

Barney Binnacle bent on Mr. Bosky *another* inquiring look, that seemed to say, "Mayhap I've got a *bishop* on board."

"If every gentleman was like your honour," replied Barney,

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[1] We quite agree with Mr. Bosky. Cant and utilitarianism have produced an insipid uniformity of character, a money-grubbing, care-worn monotony, that cry aloof to eccentricity and whim. Men are thinking of "stratagems and wars," the inevitable consequence of lots of logic, lack of amusement, and lean diet. No man is a traitor over turtle, or hatches plots with good store of capon and claret in his stomach. Had Cassius been a better *feeder* he had never conspired against Cæsar. Three meals a day, and supper at night, are four substantial reasons for not being disloyal, lank, or lachrymose.

when his thoughts found utterance, "we should have better times; and a poor fellow wouldn't pull up and down this blessed river sometimes for days together, without yarning a copper to carry home to his hungry wife and children." And he dropped his oar, and drew the sleeve of his threadbare blue jacket across his weather-beaten cheek.

This was a result that Mr. Bosky had not anticipated. For, if any man found happiness in the happiness of others it was the Laureat of Little Britain.

"How biting," he remarked, "is the breeze! Egad, my teeth feel an inclination to be so too!"

The fresh air gave him the wind in his stomach; a sufficient apology for the introduction of a cold pigeon-pie, and some piquant etceteras that he had provided as a whet to the entertainment in agreeable perspective at Battersea Rise. Mr. Bosky, opining that the undulation of the boat was likely to prevent "good digestion," which — though everybody here helped himself — should "*wait* on appetite," ordered Barney to moor it in some convenient creek; and as Barney, not having been polished in the Chesterfield school, seemed mightily at a loss how to dispose of his hands, Mr. Bosky, who was well-bred, and eschewed idleness, found them suitable employment by inviting their owner to fall to. And what a merry party were we! How the little drysalter enjoyed to behold Barney Binnacle make no more bones of a pigeon than he would of a lark, swallow the forced-meat balls as if they had been not bigger than Morrison's pills, demolish the tender rump-steak and flaky pie-crust with a relish as sweet as the satisfaction that glowed in his own benevolent heart and countenance, and buzz the pale brandy (of which Barney could drink any *given* quantity) like sugared cream. The Laureat was magnificently jolly. He proposed the good healths of Mrs. Binnacle and the Binnacles major and minor; toasted old Father Thames and his Tributaries; and made the welkin ring with

MRS. GRADY'S SAINT MONDAY VOYAGE TO BATTERSEA.

Six-foot Timothy Glover,
Son of the brandy-nos'd bugleman,
He was a general lover,
Though he was only a fugleman;—

Ogling Misses and Ma'ams,
Listing, drilling, drumming 'em—
Quick they shoulder'd his arms—
Argumentum ad humming 'em!

Mrs. Grady, in bonnet and scarf,
Gave Thady the slip on Saint Monday,
With Timothy tripp'd to Hore's wharf,
Which is close to the Glasgow and Dundee.

The river look'd swelling and rough,
A waterman plump did invite her;
"One heavy swell is enough;
I'm up to your craft—bring a lighter!"

They bargain'd for skipper and skiff.
Cry'd Timothy, "This is a windy go!"
It soon blew a hurricane stiff,
And blue look'd their noses as indigo!

"Lack-a-daisy! we 're in for a souse!
The fish won't to-day see a rummer set;
Land us at Somerset House,
Or else we shall both have a summerset!"

They through the bridge Waterloo whirl'd
To Lambeth, a finer and fatter see!
Their shoulder-of-mutton sail furl'd,
For a shoulder of mutton at Battersea.

Tim then rang for coffee and tea,
Two Sally Luns and a crumpet.
"I don't like *brown* sugar," said he.
"If you don't," thought the lad, "you may *lump* it."

"To crown this delightful regale,
Waiter! your stumps, jolly boy, stir;
A crown's worth of oysters and ale,
Ere we give the sail homeward a hoister!"

"Of ale in a boiling-hot vat,
My dear daddy dropp'd, and was, Ah! boil'd."
"A drop I can't relish of that
In which your papa, boy, was parboil'd."

Fresh was the breeze, so was Tim:
"How pleasant the life of a Midge is;
King Neptune, my service to him!
But I 'll shoot Father Thames and his bridges!

His levee 's a frosty-faced fair,
When Jack freezes him and his flounders;
His river-horse is but a may'r,
And his tritons are cockney ten-pounders!"

"Tim Glover, my tale is a trite 'un;
I owe you a very small matter, see;
The shot I 'll discharge, my polite 'un,
You paid for the wherry to Battersea.

With powder I 've just fill'd my horn;
See this pocket-pistol! enough is it?
You 'll twig, if a gentleman born,
And say, 'Mr. Grady, *quant. sufficit.*'"

Mrs. Grady, as other wives do,
Before my Lord May'r in his glory,
Brought Thady and Timothy too.
Cry'd *Hobler*, "O what a lame story!

You cruel Teague, lest there accrue ill,
We 'll just bind you over, Sir Thady,
To keep the peace."—"Keep the peace, jewel!
Not that piece of work, Mrs. Grady!"

His Lordship he gaped with surprise,
And gave the go-by to his gravity;
His cheeks swallow'd up his two eyes,
And lost in a laugh their concavity.

Then Grady gave Glover his fist,
With, "Truce to the shindy between us!"
Each lad, when the ladies had kiss'd,
Cut off with his hatchet-faced Venus!

Ogling misses and ma'ams,
Listing, drilling, drumming 'em—
Quick they shoulder'd his arms—
Argumentum ad humming 'em.

The concluding chorus found us at the end of our excursion. Barney Binnacle was liberally rewarded by Mr. Bosky; to each of his children he was made the bearer of some little friendly token; and with a heart lighter than it had been for many a weary day, he plied his oars homeward, contented and grateful.

"Talk of brimming measure," cried the Laureat exultingly, "I go to a better market. The overflowings of an honest heart for *my* money!"

In former days undertakers would hire sundry pairs of sculls, and row to Death's Door[1] for a day's pleasure. Then it was not thought *infra dig.* (in for a dig?) to invite the grave-digger: the mutes were the noisiest of the party; nothing palled on the senses; and to rehearse the good things that were said and sung would add some pungent pages to the variorum editions of Joe Miller.[2] But undertakers are grown gentleman-like and unjolly, and Death's Door exhibits but a skeleton of what it was in the merry old times.

We were cordially received by their president, the comical coffin-maker, who, attired in his "*Entertaining Gown*" (a mourning cloak), introduced us to Mr. Crape, of Blackwall; Mr. Sable, of Blackman-street; Mr. Furnish, of Blackfriars; and Mr. Bluemould, of Black-heath: four truant teetotallers, who had obtained a furlough from their head-quarters, the Tea-Kettle and Toast-Rack at Aldgate-

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[1] "*The Search after Claret, or a Visitation of the Vintners,*" 4to. 1691, names the principal *London Taverns* and their *Signs*, as they *then* existed. But the most curious account is contained in an *old ballad* called "*London's Ordinary: or every Man in his Humour,*" printed before 1600. There is not only a humorous list of the *taverns*, but of the *persons* who frequented them. In those days the *gentry* patronised the *King's Head* (in July 1664, Pepys dined at the "*Ordinary*" there, when he went to Hyde Park to see the cavaliers of Charles II. in grand review); the *nobles*, the *Crown*; the *knights*, the *Golden Fleece*; the *clergy*, the *Mitre*; the *vintners*, the *Three Tuns*; the *usurers*, the *Devil*; the *friars*, the *Nuns*; the *ladies*, the *Feathers*; the *huntsmen*, the *Greyhound*; the *citizens*, the *Horn*; the *cooks*, the *Holy Lamb*; the *drunkards*, the *Man in the Moon*; the *cuckolds*, the *Ram*; the *watermen*, the *Old Swan*; the *mariners*, the *Ship*; the *beggars*, the *Egg-Shell and Whip*; the *butchers*, the *Bull*; the *fishmongers*, the *Dolphin*; the *bakers*, the *Cheat-Loaf*; the *tailors*, the *Shears*; the *shoemakers*, the *Boot*; the *hosiers*, the *Leg*; the *fletchers*, the *Robin Hood*; the *spendthrift*, the *Beggar's Bush*; the *Goldsmiths*, the *Three Cups*; the *papists*, the *Cross*; the *porters*, the *Labour in vain*; the *horse-coursers*, the *White Nag*. He that had *no money* might dine at the sign of the *Mouth*; while

"The *cheater* will dine at the *Checquer*;
The *pickpocket* at the *Blind Alehouse*;
'Till taken and try'd, up *Holborn* they ride,
And make their end at the gallows."

[2] Joe Miller's jests were first collected by the Rev. John *Motley*,—a name singularly appropriate.

pump. Messrs. Hatband and Stiflegig, and Mr. Shovelton, hailed us with a friendly grin, as if desirous of burying in oblivion the recent *emeute* at the Pig and Tinder-Box. The club were dressed in black (from Blackwell Hall), with white neckcloths and high shirt-collars, stiff-starched and double-blued; their clothes, from a peculiar and professional cut, seemed all to have been turned out by the same tailor; they marched with a measured step, and looked exceedingly grave and venerable. Dinner being announced, we were placed in the vicinity of the chair. On the table were black game and black currant-jelly; the blackstrap was brought up in the black bottle; the knives and forks had black handles; and Mr. Rasp, the shroud-maker, who acted as vice, recommended from his end of the festive board some black-pudding or polony in mourning. The dessert included black grapes and blackberries; the rules of the club were printed in black-letter; the toasts of the day were written in black and white; the pictures that hung round the room were in black frames; a well-thumbed Sir Richard Blackmore and Blackwood's Magazine lay on the mantel; the stove was radiant with black-lead; the old clock-case was ebony; and among the after-dinner chants "Black-ey'd Susan" was not forgotten. The host, Mr. Robert Death, had black whiskers, and the hostess some pretty black ringlets; the surly cook looked black because the dinner had been kept waiting; the waiter was a nigger; and the barmaid had given boots (a *ci-devant* blackleg at a billiard-table) a black eye. A black cat purred before the fire; a black-thorn grew opposite the door; the creaking old sign was blackened by the weather; and, to complete the sable picture, three little blackguards spent their half-holiday in pelting at it! The banquet came off pleasantly. Mr. Merripall, whose humour was rich as crusted port, and lively as champagne, did the honours with his usual *suaviter in modo*, and was admirably supported by his two mutes from Turnagain-lane; by Mr. Catchpenny Crambo, the bard of Bleeding-Hart-yard, who supplied "the trade" with epitaphs at the shortest notice; Mr. Sexton Shovelton, and Professor Nogo, F.R.S., F.S.A., M.R.S.L., LL.B., a learned lecturer on Egyptian mummies.

"*Our* duty," whispered Mr. Bosky, "is to

Hear, see, and say nothing,
Eat, drink, and pay nothing!"

After the usual round of loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. Merripall called the attention of the brethren to the standing toast of the day.

"High Cockolorums and gentlemen! 'Tis easy to say '*live and let live*'; but if everybody were to live *we* must die. Life is short. I wish — present company *always* excepted — it was as short as my speech!——*The grim tyrant!*"

Verbum sat.; and there rose a cheer loud enough to have made Death demand what meant those noisy doings at his door.

"Silence, gentlemen, for a duet from brothers Hatband and Stiflegig."

Had toast-master *Toole*[1] bespoke the attention of the Guildhall

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[3] This eminent professor, whose sobriquet is "*Lungs*," having to shout the health of "the three present Consuls" at my Lord Mayor's feast, proclaimed the health of the "*Three Per Cent. Consols.*"

grandees for the like musical treat from Messrs. Gog and Magog, we should hardly have been more surprised. Mr. Bosky looked the incarnation of incredulity. After a few preliminary openings and shuttings of the eyes and mouth, similar to those of a wooden Scaramouch when we pull the wires, Brothers Hatband and Stiflegig began (*chromatique*),

HATBAND. When poor mutes and sextons have nothing to do,
What should we do, brother?
STIFLEGIG. Look very blue!
HATBAND. Gravediggers too?
STIFLEGIG. Sigh "malheureux!"
HATBAND. Funerals few?
STIFLEGIG. Put on the screw!
HATBAND. But when fevers flourish of bright scarlet hue,
What should we do, brother?
STIFLEGIG. Dance fillalloo!
HATBAND. When blows the north-east, and grim death stalks abroad,
What should we do?
STIFLEGIG. Eat and drink like a lord!
HATBAND. When rages cholera?
STIFLEGIG. Sing tol lol lera!
HATBAND. Colds and catarrhs?
STIFLEGIG. Bless lucky stars!
HATBAND. When the bell tolls?
STIFLEGIG. Replenish our bowls!
BOTH. { Bleak winter to us is a jolly trump card,
And a fine hot May makes a fat churchyard!
STIFLEGIG. Should all the world die, what the deuce should we do?
HATBAND. I'll bury you, brother!
STIFLEGIG. I'll bury you!
HATBAND. I'll lay you out.
STIFLEGIG. No doubt! no doubt!
HATBAND. I'll make your shroud.
STIFLEGIG. You do me proud!
HATBAND. I'll turn the screw.
STIFLEGIG. The same to you!
HATBAND. When you're past ailing,
I'll knock a nail in!
Last of the quorum,
Ultimus Cockolorum!
When you're *all* dead and buried, zooks! what shall *I* do?
COCKOLORUMS *in full chorus.* } Sing High Cockolorum, and dance fillalloo!

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Merripall, again rising, "all charged? *Mulligrum's Pill!*"

Doctor Dose, a disciple of that art which is founded in conjecture and improved by murder, returned thanks on the part of Messrs. Mulligrum, Thorogonimble and Co. It was a proud day for the pill; which through good report and evil report had worked its way, and fulfilled his predictions that it would take and be taken. He would *not* ask the Cockolorums to swallow one. — Here the two mutes made horribly wry faces, and shook their heads, as much as to say it would be of *very little use* if he *did*. — It was sufficient that the pill bore the stamp of their approbation, and the government three-halfpenny one; and he begged to add, that all pills without the latter, and the initials of Mulligrum, Thorogonimble, and Dose, were counterfeits.

The table sparkled with wit. Mr. Merripall cracked his walnuts and jokes, and was furiously facetious on Mr. Rasp, a rough diamond, who stood, or rather sat his horse-play raillery with dignified composure. But Lumber Troopers[1] are men, and Ralph Rasp was a past colonel of that ancient and honourable corps. He grew more rosy about the gills, and discharged sundry short coughs and hysterical chuckles, that betokened a speedy ebullition. His preliminary remark merely hinted that no gentleman would think of firing off Joe Millers at the Lumber Troop:—Ergo, Mr. Merripall was *no gentleman*. The comical coffin-maker quietly responded that the troop was a *nut* which everybody was at liberty to crack for the sake of the *kernel!* A quip that induced on the part of Mr. Hatband a loud laugh, while the more sombre features of brother Stiflegig volunteered convulsions, as if they had been acted upon by a galvanic battery. Mr. Rasp coolly reminded Mr. Merripall that the grapes were sour, Brother Pledge having black-balled him. This drew forth a retort courteous, delivered with provoking serenity, that the fiction of the *ball* came most opportunely from a gentleman who had always *three blue ones* at everybody's service! The furnace that glowed in Mr. Rasp's two eyes, and the heavings of his bosom discovered the volcano that burned beneath his black velvet vest. His waistband seemed ready to burst. Never before did he look so belicose! Now Mr. Bosky, who loved fun much, but harmony more, thinking the joke had been carried quite far enough, threw in a conciliatory word by way of soothing angry feelings, which so won the Lumber Trooper's naturally kind heart that he rose from his seat.

"Brother Merripall, you are a chartered libertine, and enjoy the privilege of saying what you will. But — but you were a *little* too hard upon the troop — indeed you were! My grandfather was a Lumber Trooper — my father, too — you knew *my father*, Marmaduke Merripall."

"And I knew a right honourable man! And I know *another* right honourable man, my very good *friend*, his *son!* And—but——"

'Tis an old saying and a true one, that adversity tries friends. So does a momentary quarrel, or, what is more germane to our present purpose, a mischievous badinage, in which great wits, and small ones too, will occasionally indulge. Mr. Merripall had been wont—good naturedly!—to make Mr. Rasp his butt; who, though he was quite big enough for one, sometimes felt the sharp arrows of the

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[1] This club was originally held at the *Gentleman and Porter*, New-street Square, and the *Eagle and Child*, Shoe Lane. The members were an *awkward squad* to the redoubtable City Trained Bands. It being found double hazardous to trust any one of them with a pinch of powder in his cartouch-box, and the points of their bayonets not unfrequently coming in sanguinary contact with each other's noses and eyes, their *muskets* were prudently changed for *tobacco pipes*, and their *cartouches* for papers of right *Virginia*. The privileges of the Lumber Trooper are great and manifold. He may sleep on any bulk not already occupied; he may knock down any watchman, provided the watchman does not knock him down first; and he is not obliged to walk home straight, if he be tipsy. The troop are supported by *Bacchus* and *Ceres*; their crest is an *Owl*; the shield is charged with a *Punch Bowl* between a *moon*, a *star*, and a *lantern*. The *punch* is to drink, and the *moon* and *star* are to light them home, or, for lack of either, the *lantern*. Their motto is, *In Nocte Lætamur*.

comical coffin-maker's wit a thorn in his "too—too solid flesh." The troop was his tender point.

"And *who* has not his tender point?" said Mr. Bosky, "except the man that caught cold of his own heart, and died of it!"

The hand of Mr. Rasp was instantly stretched forth, and met more than halfway by that of Mr. Merripall.

"Brother," said the president, "let me make amends to the troop by requesting you will propose me as a member. Only," and he shot a sly glance from his comical eye, "save me from the *balls*, black and blue, of that Presbyterian pawnbroker, Posthumus Pledge of Pye-corner."

Mr. Rasp promised to comply, and moreover to set forth his friend's military prowess to the best advantage.

"I think," said he, "your division stormed the Press-yard, and captured the whipping-post, during the Loyal Aldersgate Street Volunteer campaigning in 1805."

"Right, brother Ralph," replied the comical coffin-maker; "and when the Finsbury awkward squad routed your left wing in the City Road, and you all ran helter-skelter into the boiled buttock of beef shop in the Old Bailey, we valiant sharp-shooters protected your flank, and covered your inglorious retreat!" And he entertained the company with this appropriate recitation:—

When all were in alarms,
(Boney threat'ning to invade us,)
And ("See the Conquering Hero comes!")
General Wheeler, general dealer
In coffee, treacle, tea, tobacco, plums,
Snuff, sugar, spices, at wholesale prices,
And figs—(which, 's life!
    At Fife
    He sold in drums!)—
Would up and down parade us,
And cry, "*Present!*" and "*Shoulder arms!*"

When pert apprentices, God bless us!
And tailors did address, and dress us,
With "*Stand at ease!*" (up to your knees
In mud and mire) "*Make ready! Fire!*"
Singeing the curls of Moses Muggs, Esquire—

A Briton, hot for fight and fame,
  Burning to give the foes of Bull
    Their belly-full,
Limp'd forth—but no admission!—he was *lame*.
"Lame!" cried the Briton; "zounds! I say,
I came to *fight*, and not to *run away!*"

"The red-coat," continued Mr. Merripall, "has no vision beyond '*eyes right!*' He would march till doomsday, unless commanded to halt, and everlastingly maintain the same poker-like position, if the word were not given him to stand at ease. He goes forth to *kill* at a *great* rate," (*Dr. Dose* pricked up his ears,) "and be *killed* at a *small* rate per diem," (the *mutes* looked glum,) "carrying into battle a heart of oak, and out of it a timber toe!"

"Our visiters" was the next toast.

"Gentlemen," said the President, "we cannot afford the expensive

luxury of drinking your *healths;* but we sincerely join in 'my *service* to you.'"

Here Dr. Dose passed over to us his *box*—not for a *pinch,* but a *pill!* which pill, though we might *drink,* we declined to *swallow.* Mr. Rasp was in high feather, and plied the four teetotallers very liberally with wine. Seeing the comical coffin-maker in committee with his two mutes, he chirruped joyously,

Mr. Chairman, I 'll thank you not
Thus to keep the wine in the pound;
Better by half a cannon shot
Stop than the bottle!—so push it round.

Summer is past, and the chilling blast
Of winter fades the red red rose;
But wine sheds perfume, and its purple bloom
All the year round like the ruby glows!

Fill what you like, but drink what you fill,
Though it *must* be a bumper, a bumper, or nil.
Water congeals in frost and snows,
But summer and winter the red wine flows!

Now, my Cockolorums, for a volley in platoons!

Chorus.
The blossoms fall, and the leaves are sear,
And merry merry Christmas will soon be here;
I wish you, gentles, a happy new year,
A pocket full of money, and a barrel full of beer!

A messenger arrived with a despatch for Mr. Merripall, announcing the demise of Alderman Callipash. There was an immediate movement on the part of the mutes.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "no such violent hurry; the alderman will wait for us. Our parting toast first—*The Dance of Death!* Come, brother Crape, strike up the tune, and lead the carant."

Mr. Crape practised an introductory caper, in the process of which he kicked the shins of one Cockolorum, trod upon the gouty toe of another, and then led off, the club keeping the figure with becoming gravity, and chanting in full chorus:

Undertakers, hand in hand,
Are a jovial merry band;
Tho' their looks are lamentable,
And their outward man is sable,
Who on this side Charon's ferry
Are so blythe as those that bury?

Hark! hark! the Parish Clerk
Tunes his pitch-pipe for a lark!
As we gaily trip along
Booms the bell's deep, dull ding-dong!
Freaking, screeking, out of breath,
Thus we dance the *Dance of Death!*

The cricket cries, the owl it hoots,
Music meet for dancing mutes!

When burns brightly blue the taper,
Sextons, 'tis your time to caper.
Now our song and dance are done,
Home we hasten every one.

Messrs. Crape, Crambo, Sable, Shovelton, Hatband, and Stiflegig joined a pleasant party outside of a hearse that had been doing duty in the neighbourhood; and an empty mourning-coach accommodated Mr. Rasp, Mr. Bluemould, Dr. Dose, and Professor Nogo. Mr. Furnish, and a few, heated with wine, took water; but as the moon had just emerged from behind a black cloud, and shone with mild lustre, we preferred walking, particularly with the jocular companionship of Mr. Bosky and Mr. Merripall. And Death's door was closed for the night.

CHAPTER XIX.

Had we been inclined to superstition, what a supernatural treat had been the discourse of Mr. Merripall! His tales of "goblins damned" were terrible enough to have bristled up our hair till it lifted our very hats off our very heads. His reminiscences of resurrection men[1] were extensive and curious; he knew their "whereabouts" for ten miles round London. We mean not to insinuate that Mr. Merripall had any share in bringing his departed customers to light again. He was a virtuoso, and his cabinet comprised a choice collection of the veritable cords on which the most notorious criminals had made their transit from this world to the next. He was rich in mendacious caligraphy. Malefactors of liberal education obligingly favoured him with autograph confessions, and affectionate epistles full of penitence and piety; while the less learned condescendingly affixed contrite crosses to any document that autographmania might suggest. The lion of his library was an illustrated copy of the Newgate Calendar, or New Drop Miscellany, and round his study its principal heroes hung—in frames! He boasted of having shaken by the hand — an honour of which Old Bailey amateurs are proudly emulous—all the successful candidates for the Debtors' Door for these last twenty years; and when Mr. Bosky declared that he had never saluted a dying felon with "*My dear sir!*" coveted his acquaintance, and craved his autograph, he sighed deeply for the Laureat's want of taste, grew pensive for about a second, and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, exclaimed,

"Gentlemen, we are but a stone's throw from the Owl and Ivy Bush, where a society called 'The Blinkers' hold their nightly revels: it will well repay your curiosity to step in and take a peep at them.

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[1] Two resurrection men stumbling over a fellow dead drunk in the kennel, *bagged*, and bore him away to a certain anatomist. The private bell gave a low tinkle, the side-door down a dark court opened noiselessly, the sack was emptied of its contents into the cellar, and the fee paid down. In an hour or two after, the same ceremony (the *subject* being really *defunct*) was repeated. The bell sounded a *third* time, and the anatomical charnel-house received another inmate. The tippler, having now slept off his liquor, began to grope about, and finding all dark, and himself he knew not where, bellowed lustily. This was just as the door was closing on the resurrection men, who being asked what should be done with the noisy fellow, answered coolly, "*Keep him till you want him!*"

Their president has one eye permanently shut, and the other partially open; the vice has two open eyes, blinking 'like winkin'; all the members are more or less somniferous; and though none of them are allowed to fall fast asleep at the club, it is contrary to etiquette to be wide awake. Their conversation is confined to monosyllables, their talk, like their tobacco, being short-cut. Their three cheers are three yawns; they sit round the table with their eyes shut, and their mouths open, the gape, or gap, being filled up with their pipes, from which rise clouds of smoke that make their red noses look like lighted lamps in a fog. To the Reverend Nehemiah Nosebags, their chaplain, I owe the honour of becoming a member; for happening to sit under his proboscis and pulpit, my jaws went through such a gaping exercise at his soporific word of command, that he proposed me as a highly promising probationer, and my election was carried amidst an unanimous chorus of yawns."

"Here," exclaimed Mr. Bosky, "is the Owl and Ivy Bush."

"No," rejoined Mr. Merripall, "'tis the Three Jolly Trumpeters. On the *opposite* side of the way is the Owl and Ivy Bush."

Mr. Bosky gazed at the sign, and then, with no small degree of wonderment, at Mr. Merripall. The Laureat of Little Britain looked signs and wonders!

"I 'll take my affidavit to the Owl!" raising his eye-glass to the solemn bird that winked wickedly beneath a newly-varnished cauliflower-wig of white paint; "and though the Ivy Bush looks much more like a birch broom, it looks still less like a Jolly Trumpeter."

"Egad, you 're right!" said the comical coffin-maker; "though, to my vision, it seems as if both houses had changed places since I last saw them."

The contents of a brace of black bottles flowing under Mr. Merripall's satin waistcoat, and their fumes ascending to what lay within the circumference of his best beaver, might possibly account for this phenomenon.

"Hollo!" cried the comical coffin-maker, as an uproarious cheer and the knocking of knuckles upon the tables proclaimed merry doings at the Owl and Ivy Bush, "the Blinkers were not wont to be so boisterous. What a riotsome rattle!—hark!"

And the following chorus resounded through the Owl and Ivy Bush:—

We 're jovial, happy, and gay, boys!
We rise with the moon, which is surely full soon,
Sing with the owl, our tutelar fowl,
Laugh and joke at your go-to-bed folk,
Never think—but what we shall drink,
Never care—but on what we shall fare,—
Turning the night into day, boys!

"What think you of *that*, Mr. Merripall?" said the Laureat of Little Britain.

We entered the room, and a company more completely wide awake it was never our good fortune to behold.

"Surely," whispered Mr. Bosky, "that vociferous gentleman in the chair can never be your one-eye-shut-and-the-other-half-open president, nor he at the bottom of the table, with his organs of vision fixed like the wooden Highlander's that stands sentry over 'Snuff and Tobacco,' your blinking vice."

Mr. Merripall looked *incredulus odi*, and would have made a capital study for Tam O'Shanter.

"Have the kindness to introduce me to the Rev. Nehemiah Nosebags," said Mr. Bosky, again addressing his mute and mystified companion.

"Why not ask me to trot out the Pope?" replied the somewhat crotchety and comical coffin-maker.

A peal of laughter and huzzas echoed from the twin tavern over the way, and at the same moment mine host, who was very like a China joss, puffed up stairs, looking as wild as "a wilderness of monkeys," with the astounding news that a trick had been played upon himself and brother publican by Lord Larkinton, Sir Frederick Fitzfun, and the Honourable Colonel Frolick, who had taken the liberty of transposing their respective signs. Hence a straggling party of the Peep o' day Boys, whose proper location was the Three Jolly Trumpeters, had intruded into the taciturnity and tobacco of the Owl and Ivy Bush. This unravelled the cross purposes that at one time seemed to call in question the "*mens sana in corpore sano*" of Mr. Merripall.

"Many men," addressing Mr. Bosky, as they jogged out of the Three Jolly Trumpeters, "like to enjoy a reputation which they do not deserve; but"—here Mr. Merripall looked serious, and in right earnest—"to be thought *tipsy*, my good friend, without having had the gratification of *getting so*, is,

'Say what men will, a pill
Bitter to swallow, and hard of digestion.'"

And the Laureat of Little Britain fully agreed with the axiom so pertinaciously and poetically laid down by the comical coffin-maker.

The three practical jokers now emerged from their ambush to take a more active part in the sports. With the Peep o' day Boys they would have stood no chance, for each member carried in his hand an executive fist, to which the noble tricksters were loth to cotton, for fear of being worsted. Lord Larkinton led the van up the stairs of the Owl and Ivy Bush, and dashing among the Blinkers, selected their president for his partner; Colonel Frolick patronised the vice; and Sir Frederick Fitzfun made choice of the Rev. Nehemiah Nosebags. The rest of the club were arranged to dance in pairs,—a very stout member with a very lean one, and a very short one with a very tall one,—so that there was variety, without being charming. Each danced with his pipe in his mouth. It was no pipe no dance.

They led off in full puff, dancing about, upon, and on all-fours under the tables. The fire-irons were confided to a musical brother, with instructions to imitate the triangles; and as the company danced round the room,—the room, returning the compliment, danced round them.

The club having been capered within an inch of their lives, Lord Larkinton begged Mr. Bopeep to favour them with Jim Crow, consenting to waive the *jump obligato*, in consideration of his previous exertions. But he must sing it *in character;* and in the absence of lamp-black and charcoal, the corks were burnt, to enable Sir Frederick Fitzfun and Colonel Frolick (my Lord holding his partner's

physiognomy between his palms like a vice—the vice and Mr. Nosebags looking ruefully on) to transform Mr. Bopeep into a negro chorister. His sable toilet being completed, the president opened with "*Jim Crow*;" but his memory failing, he got into "*Sich a gittin' up stairs.*" At fault again, he introduced the "*Last rose of summer,*" then "*The boaty rows,*" "*Four-and-twenty fiddlers all of a row,*" "*Old Rose and burn the bellows,*" "*Blow high, blow low,*" "*Three Tooley Street Tailors,*" "*By the deep nine,*" "*I know a bank,*" and "*You must not sham Abraham Newland,*"—all of which he sang to the same tune, "*Jim Crow*" being the musical bed of torture to which he elongated or curtailed them. As an accompaniment to this odd medley, the decanters and tumblers flew about in all directions, some escaping out at window, others irradiating the floor with their glittering particles. Colonel Frolick, brandishing a poker, stood before the last half inch of a once resplendent mirror contemplating his handiwork and mustaches, and ready to begin upon the gold frame. Every square of crown glass having been beaten out, and every hat's crown beaten in, Lord Larkinton politely asked the Rev. Nehemiah Nosebags to crown all with a song. The chaplain, looking as melancholy as the last bumper in a bottle before it's buzzed, snuffled in a Tabernacle twang,

"The-e bir-ird that si-ings in yo-on-der ca-age."

"Make your bird sing a little more lively," shouted my Lord, "or we shan't get out of the *cage* to-night!"

Many a true word spoken in jest; for mine host, thinking his Lordship's next joke might be to unroof, batter down, or set fire to the Owl and Ivy Bush, rushed into the room marshalling a posse of the police, when a battle royal ensued, and sconces and truncheons, scraping acquaintance with each other, made "a ghostly rattle." Disappointed of Mr. Nosebags' stave, and having no relish for those of the constables, we stole away, leaving Colonel Frolick beating a tattoo on some dozen of oil-skin hats; Lord Larkinton and Sir Frederick Fitzfun pushing forward the affrighted Bopeep and his brethren to bear the brunt of the fray; an intolerable din of screaming shouting servants, ostlers and helpers; and the barking of a kennel of curs, as if "the dogs of three parishes" had been congregated and let loose to swell the turmoil.

"The sons of care are always sons of night." Those to whom the world's beauteous garden is a cheerless desert hide their sorrows in its friendly obscurity. If in one quarter the shout of revelry is heard, as the sensualist reels from his bacchanalian banquet,—in another, the low moan of destitution and misery startles night's deep silence, as they retire to some bulk or doorway to seek that repose which seldom lights but "on lids unsullied with a tear." We had parted with our merry companions, and were hastening homeward, when, passing by one of those unsightly pauper prison-houses that shame and deface our land, we beheld a solitary light flickering before a high narrow casement, the grated bars of which told a mournful tale, that the following plaintive melody, sang with heart-searching pathos too truly confirmed:—

A wand'rer, tho' houseless and friendless I roam,
Ah! stranger, I once knew the sweets of a home;

The world promised fair, and its prospects were bright,
My pillow was peace, and I woke to delight.

Do you know what it is from loved kindred to part?
The sting of the scorpion to feel in your heart?
To hear the deep groan of an agonised sire?
To see, broken-hearted, a mother expire?

To hear bitter mockings an answer to prayer?
Scorn pointing behind, and before thee despair!—
To hunger a prey, and to passion a slave,—
No home but the outcast's, no rest but the grave!

To feel your brain wander, as reason's faint beam
Illumines the dark, frenzied, sorrowful dream;
The present and past!—See! the moon she rides higher
In mild tranquil beauty, and shoots sparks of fire!

The music ceased, the pauper-prison door opened, and a gentle tremulous voice, addressing another, was heard to say, "Tend her kindly—my purse shall be yours, and, what is of far higher import, though less valued here, God's holiest blessing. Every inmate of these gloomy walls, where, like the infernal regions, hope never enters, has a claim upon your sympathy; but this hapless being demands the most watchful solicitude. She is a bruised reed bowed down by the tempest,—a heart betrayed and bleeding,—a brow scathed by the lightning of heaven! I entered upon this irksome duty but to mitigate the cruel hardships that insolent authority imposes upon the desolate and oppressed. With my associates in office I wage an unequal warfare; but my humble efforts, aided by yours, may do much to alleviate sufferings that we cannot entirely remove. She has lucid intervals, when the dreadful truth flashes upon her mind. Smooth, then, the pillow for her burning brow, bind up her broken heart, and the gracious Power that inflicts this just but awful retribution will welcome you as an angel of mercy, when mercy, and *mercy only*, shall be your passport to his presence! Good night."

The door closed, and the speaker—unseeing, but *not unseen*—hurried away. It was *Uncle Timothy!*

Bulky as a walrus, and as brutal, out-frogging the frog in the fable, an over-fed, stolid, pudding-crammed libel upon humanity, sailing behind his double chin, and with difficulty preserving his equilibrium, though propped up by the brawny arm of Catspaw Crushem, Mr. Poor Law Guardian Pinch—a hiccup anticipating an oath—commanded us to "move on."

Addressing his relieving officer, he stammered out, *en passant*, "Hark 'e, Catspaw, don't forget to report that crazy wagrant to the *Board* to-morrow. We 'll try whether cold water, a dark crib, and a straight jacket won't spoil her caterwauling. The cretur grows quite obstroperous upon our *gruel*." (!!!)

O *England!* merrie *England!*
Once nurse of thriving men;
I 've learn'd to look on many things
With other eyes since *then!*

The Old Ledger.

No. V.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



THE BARBER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

IN the calm routine in which my life has passed, every succeeding morrow being the very counterpart of the preceding day, so few incidents and objects have occurred to mark the progress of time, that I still entertain but a very indistinct impression that I am an old man.

Transplanted from school to the counting-house, I have there taken root and (thank Heaven!) flourished; laid up, as it were, from the launch in smooth water, and never buffeted about by the "pelting and pitiless storm" which thousands encounter in the troubled ocean of the world, and where, alas! some are early wrecked, and many shattered and disabled.

I am, indeed, like a new guinea "laid up in lavender" by some careful spinster, the date of its mintage indubitably proving the age, which its perfect impression and pristine brightness almost belie.

To the same non-circulation in the world do I attribute my vague feelings of youthfulness; for I have passed through life without experiencing any of its "rubs;" and whatever years I may have numbered according to my baptismal register, I am only conscious of being an old boy.

My faith in these consolatory reflections was, however, rather rudely shaken by the receipt of a letter from my old acquaintance B——, (ten years my junior, Heaven save the mark!) wherein he

writes, "That old thief *Chronos* treats me as an Eastern despot doth his slave, mercilessly pulling out my hairs by the roots, knocking out a tooth now and then for his amusement, and *dimming* my eyes! I am growing very aged," &c. Now there was something impertinent, nay, personal in this effusion, and I was at once half resolved to refuse his invitation to a "rump and dozen" at the Mitre, the result of a *bet*, or, as he termed it, "the offspring of an abbreviated *Elizabeth;* and when I reflected for a moment upon the character of the cliques of tavern revellers with whom he consorted,—a jolly set who, like himself, had shortened their days by lengthening their nights,—I finally made up my mind to send an excuse, and escape a headach.

Poor B—— ! he was one of the wittiest, best-natured fellows I ever knew; but, as he confessed in his last illness, "he had had many a bout with Bacchus; and, although he had always manfully tapped his claret, and stood up to him until his legs became groggy, the wine-god had succeeded in flooring him at last!" And he died.

But, notwithstanding the pleasing melancholy I experience in recording these early reminiscences, I fear the digressional garrulity into which they have imperceptibly tempted me to indulge will betray that very senility which I have been so sedulous to conceal both from myself and the reader,—should these pages hereafter, by any chance be honoured by a perusal. I must likewise candidly confess, spite of my juvenile feelings, that Time hath not only "thinned my flowing hair," but mowed the summit of my head so close, that it presents the appearance of a monkish tonsure, or rather it resembles an ostrich egg adorned with a fringe of hair, slightly, very slightly tinged with an admixture of grey, which I attribute to the effects of a fever wherewith I was attacked some ten or twelve years ago! Small, however, as this capillary hedge is, it now and then requires pruning, and I had consequently commissioned Old Smith to summon the attendance of the operator. When he returned, I observed, although deeply engaged in my books, that he had some crotchet in his head which he longed to broach; for he was more than usually particular in his attention to the office-fire, battering the round coals and stirring them up so frequently, and repeating his visits so often and unnecessarily, that it was but too evident he was watching for an interval in my labours to thrust in a word.

"Well, Smith," said I, laying down my pen, and taking off my glasses, "have you seen the hair-dresser?"

"Yes, sir, I seed him," replied Smith, emphatically, "and he says he'll be partic'lar to his time. I never vos in his shop afore. Vot a place it is! all brass and glass, and gilt and finery. Vy, them 'ere vinders must ha' cost a sight o' money. And vot do you think, sir, if he ain't got a rale live bear a-maundering up and down in a wire cage. It's a werry little thing, howsomever, compared vith the vun as I remember a-going about the streets vith a monkey a-top of its back. As for hisself, I'm sure he's more like a hungry hover-grown gal than a man, vith his vite wristbands turned over his cuffs, and his hair all greased, and curled, and befrizzled, and his body screwed in as if he had tied his apron-string too tight and choked hisself."

"Fashion changes everything," said I. "The hair-dressers of the present day are indeed a very different race from the barbers I remember in my youth. They were fluttering and swarming about

the whole city of a morning, Sundays and working-days too, like so many butterflies, and their powder-besprinkled clothes made them appear almost as downy. Smith, why, you remember old Sam?"

"To be sure, sir," replied he, "and a decent respectable body he vos."

"Very," said I; "and he had fortunately acquired such an insight into the dispositions of his customers, that he knew when to talk and when to be silent. Poor Sam! I respected him very much."

"I know'd as how you did, or I should not have taken the liberty of telling him to call," said Smith.

"Who?—what, Sam! Is he alive?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Alive, and that's all," replied Smith; "for he has had a paralatic, and has got a asthma."

"Why, when did you see him?"

"Let me see," said Smith, closing one eye, and inclining his head towards his left shoulder,—"let me see; it vos last Ve'n'sday vos a veek. It vos a'ter I shut up. I vos a-going into Honey-lane market, ven I seed a man a-holding on by vun o' the postes at the corner, and breathin' partic'lar hard. 'Young man,' says he, in as civil a woice as a Christian could speak,—'young man,' says he, 'vill you jist pick up my stick?' In course I did it in a jiffy. 'Thank ye,' says he; and then, looking in his face for the fust time, I says, says I, 'Vy, goodness gracious me! you're Mr. Thorley's barber as vos.' And sure as a gun it vos him. And then he axed a'ter you, sir; and begged me to present his dootiful respects, and told me as how he vos on the parish, and they allowed him four shillin' a week; and a great deal more, poor fellow!"

"Well?"

"And I told him to call, as I vos quite sure as you'd not forgotten him. 'It's no disrespect,' says he; 'but I know beggars ain't welcome nowhere.'"

"That's just like poor Sam," said I. "He is not one to thrust his troubles upon his friends. I hope he will come."

On the evening of the third day after this communication, Smith opened the door of my room, and thrusting in his head and shoulders, inquired if I was 'at home.'

"Yes, to be sure," I replied. "Is the captain of the Miranda arrived?" for I had been hourly expecting him.

"Another guess person, sir," said Smith, and then added in an under tone, "It's the barber, sir, Old Sam."

I ordered him to be admitted immediately. The old man entered. I had not seen him for many years. Having gently upbraided him for keeping me in ignorance of his misfortunes, I ordered him a glass of generous wine, and the old man, warming gradually into conversation, gave me the following narrative of his life.

THE BARBER'S TALE.

I had the misfortune to be born handsome, and during my apprenticeship the ladies would have no one to dress their hair but me. This was a mortal offence to my master, and a fatigue to me. How often have I, when rushing from pole to pole, come in violent contact with a brother strap, and, much to the amusement of the passers-by, raised a cloud of powder large enough for the ambition of Jupiter.



My head was more profitable to him, however, than his original barber's pole. I was no sooner out of my time, than his daughter looking upon me with different eyes from the old shaver, actually offered me her hand—*fist* I should say, for she was the clumsiest creature you could meet with in a day's march—in fact, a chip of the old block, with a touch of brimstone, although I looked upon her as neither a match nor a catch. I met her overtures with a cutting air, and having told her that red hair was my abomination, she took affront, and looked more ugly than ordinary. This was "the head and front of my offending;" but her old father served me as he did the heads of his customers—he cut me!

I was not long in procuring another situation; but the tax being just then laid on, powder almost instantaneously exploded. This was a blow that completely annihilated our puffs! Finding that I was more likely to get the sack than to bag more game, I accepted the offer of one of the heads of the corporation (for I dressed nothing but the heads) to become his valet. My fortune I now considered made. I felt elevated, and regarded my patron as the *raiser* of my falling fortunes. But here, unfortunately, my good looks lost me his countenance.

His lady, twenty years his junior, and who I believe was not his lawful wife, unluckily looked upon me too favourably. I had not been a quarter in his service before she prevailed upon him to increase my wages—an advance to which I certainly had no objection; but the advances she made me on her own private account I could not conscientiously receive, however flattering they might be; for she was really a very pretty but vulgar young woman, having originally operated in his kitchen before she was elevated to the parlour; and, indeed, the servant continually peeped through the flimsy disguise of the—mistress!

Honesty, they say, is the best policy: I have lived to experience that the policy of assurance is much better. The sweetest wine turns the soonest to vinegar; and I soon found myself in a sad pickle, and unable to preserve my situation, for in declining a proffered freedom I lost my *livery*. By this sudden reverse I found myself, like a Bartlemy fair tumbler, on my own hands.

I thought of my old calling; but I had been nearly twelve months out of the line, and when a man has once lost his footing, it is a very difficult thing to get upon his legs again.

It was some consolation, however, that mine was not a solitary trouble, for I found an innumerable flight of juvenile shavers whom the iniquitous *poll*-tax, as we called it, had thrown out, and scattered in every direction—like a discharge of small shot. In fact, there were more blocks than wigs to cover them.

But I was not discouraged by the temporary want of success which my daily applications met with, although I saw others who could scarcely keep their chins above water, drink deep to drown their sorrows, and of course they sank. My spirits, however, were not to be damped or diluted by the cold water which was continually thrown upon my honest endeavours. I persevered; and after "fishing" patiently for a blue moon, I at last caught a place.

How diligently I worked! for labour after three months' idleness appeared an agreeable amusement. I did as much business as any two journeymen in the establishment; and having always a glib tongue and a ready wit, I soon ingratiated myself with the customers; and my governor having gumption enough to appreciate my merits, soon raised my wages.

I felt myself a made man: I had taken root! Had I only been born an ugly man my fortune would probably have been made. Not content with my excellent quarters, I must needs take unto myself a better-half. Yes! old Dimble had a niece — his adopted daughter. It was summer weather; the fires were out; and she obtained the appointment of purveyor of hot water to the shaving department. She was very interesting; and I was so struck when I first beheld her, that I carried away the curl of a customer in the hot tongs, and nearly singed his ear into the bargain. My fate was sealed. I had few opportunities of seeing her alone; but the dear girl did not keep me long in hot water. We got secretly married, and intended to keep her uncle in the dark, as he had promised to leave her all his property, and, as he was now become very old and infirm, there was a fair prospect of an early transfer of his real and personal estate. And the poor old man did die; and when his will was opened it enclosed a copy of our marriage certificate, extracted two months after it had taken place! We found he could keep a secret as well as ourselves. A former will was revoked. He bequeathed me his *Welsh wig*, and left a distant relative his *heir*.

This was the commencement of my misfortunes: time, sickness, and old age have done the rest.



TIM HOGAN'S GHOST.

BY J. S. COYNE.

"What in the world can keep Dermott away from me so long? 'Tis four days since I laid eyes upon the scapegrace. I wondher what mischief he's afther now. Fighting or coorting somewhere, I'll be bound. After all, though he's a quare devil, rollicking and taring through the country like a wild coult, he has a true and loyal heart to *me*. Isn't there Peggy Reiley would give her new yallow gown for one kind look from his two black eyes; but though she has a couple of pigs, and twenty guineas fortune, she can't coax him from his own poor Norah, that dotes down on the very ground he walks on."

Thus soliloquised Norah Conolly, the prettiest belle in the village of Ardrossan. Her spinning-wheel had for several minutes ceased to perform its revolutions, so deeply was she engrossed by her meditations. The object of her solicitude was a young fellow, who, by the proper use of a well-shaped leg, a pair of merry black eyes, and a tongue mellifluous with brogue and blarney, had "played the puck" with half the girls' hearts in the barony.

Dermott O'Rourke, or, to give him his more popular name, "Dermott the Rattler," was the handiest boy at a double jig or a faction-fight within twenty miles of where he stood. So notorious had he become for his wild pranks, that every act of mischief or frolic that occurred in the parish was laid at his door. Yet, with all this, Dermott's love for Norah Conolly sprang up green and beautiful, amidst the errors of an ardent and reckless disposition.

"There's no use fretting," continued Norah, after a long silence. "The blessed Mother will, I know, watch over and restore my dear Dermott to me."

"To be sure she will, *ma callieen bawn*;* and here I am safe and sound, come back to you like a pet pigeon," cried a well-known voice, and at the same instant a smacking kiss announced the return of the truant.

"Why, then, Dermott," cried the blushing Norah, "have done now, will you. Sit down, and tell me where you have been philandering this week past."

Dermott twirled his stick, looked puzzled and irresolute, and made no reply.

"Ah!" cried Norah, "you have been about some mischief, I know. Tell me, Dermott, what has happened?"

"Why, then, a mighty quare accident has happened to me, sure enough. I listed for a sojer at the fair," replied the Rattler.

"Listed for a soldier, Dermott!" cried Norah, growing deadly pale.

"The devil a doubt of it, Noreen," answered Dermott. "A civil-spoken gentleman, one Sergeant Flint by name, slipped a shilling into my hand, stuck a cockade in my hat, and tould me that he'd make me a brigadier or a grenadier, I don't well remember which."

"Oh! Dermott, dear, is it going to lave me you are, when you

* My fair girl.

know 'twill break my heart?" And the poor girl burst into tears, and threw herself into her lover's arms.

"Whisht, whisht, Noreen *asthore!* I 'll never lave you.—I have resigned. I threw up my grenadier's commission, and quitted the army, for your sake. I 'm determined never to go to heaven with a red coat upon my back."

"But if you are listed, Dermott—if you took the shilling—"

"Pooh! never mind—that 's nothing," he replied quickly. "I 'm above such mane considherations. Make your mind asy on that subject. But in the mane time, I 'd as lieve keep out of the way of that civil-spoken sergeant, by rason of the shilling which I forgot to return him, in my hurry coming away."

The fact was, that a recruiting sergeant had fallen in with Dermott at the fair, and, taking a fancy to his light active figure, had endeavoured to persuade him that fourpence a day, with the privilege of being shot at in a red coat, was the summit of human glory. Our hero, whose heart was softened by the spirit of the mountain-dew, listened to the sergeant's romances of woman, war, and wine with a greedy ear; and when the old crimp, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, whispered to him "List, list! oh, list!" Dermott's palm closed upon the shilling that purchased his liberty for life, and throwing his *caubeen* * into the air, he fancied himself already a victorious general, with a grove of laurel encompassing his brows. The party then repaired to the inn, where a gallon of hot punch was instantaneously ordered to celebrate the introduction of the new recruit to the —th regiment of foot. Several loyal toasts were proposed by the sergeant, to which Dermott did such ample honour, that he soon became oblivious of everything around him.

Consigned by his comrades to bed, our new hero dreamed a troubled dream "of guns, and drums, and wounds," until the first beams of a summer sun shining through a curtainless window full upon his face recalled him to a state of consciousness. Starting up, he rubbed his eyes, and gazed around him in indescribable amazement. One of the soldiers, who as well as himself had taken his share of the drink, was reposing in his full uniform upon a pallet beside him, with his mouth expanded in a peculiarly favourable manner for catching flies. The gaudy cockade which was fastened in his hat, together with some faint recollection of the events of the preceding night, produced in the Rattler some very uncomfortable sensations; and finding that his military enthusiasm had considerably abated, he resolved to make a hasty retreat, without any unnecessary ceremony. For this purpose, he arose softly, and tried to open the door, but discovered, to his mortification, that it was fastened on the outside. He next examined the window, and finding that it was only a single story from the ground, quietly opened it, and dropped from it on the roof of a friendly pig-sty beneath, leaving his friend the sergeant to catch him again when he could.

Norah being assured by Dermott that there was no chance of his being pursued to Ardrossan by the soldiers, brightened up, and laughed heartily at her lover's adventure.

"Well," said she, "that 's the funniest story I ever heard. What a pucker the sojers must have been in when they found you had

* An old hat.

given them the slip! Ah! Dermott, Dermott, I 'm afeard you 'll be always the same wild—"

"*Bathershin!*" exclaimed the Rattler, interrupting her, "never mind that. Do you know that this is the evening the cake is to be danced for up at Moll Doran's of the Hill, between the boys and girls of Ardrossan and Kilduff?"

"I heard them say so," answered Norah.

"Well," replied Dermott, "I mean to have a fling there, and you shall be my partner. There will be lashins of company there, and the grandest divarsion ever was seen. So come along—put on your bonnet and things—come along."

Norah, who was easily persuaded to appear at the rustic festival, was not long in completing her simple toilette; and with a light grey cloak flung over her graceful figure, and a smart straw bonnet tied under her chin by a pale blue riband, which contrasted charmingly with her fair neck and fresh complexion, set out, under the protection of her lover, for the village dance.

At the intersection of two remote and rarely-frequented roads stood the principal hostelrie of the village of Ardrossan, kept by the widow Doran, who announced to all travellers, by means of a sign-board painted black, in large white letters, that she supplied "ENTERTAINMT. FOR MAN AND HORS," with "GOOD DRY LOGINGS" to boot.

Adjoining to Mrs. Doran's hotel, a natural enclosure, presenting a favourable level of about two acres in extent, was the chosen spot where the candidates for dancing fame assembled annually to contend for the cake,* which, like the golden apple of old, was often the cause of feuds and heartburnings amongst the rival fair ones of Kilduff and Ardrossan.

At the further end of this plain, a primitive-looking tent was erected, where a plentiful supply of potteen was provided for the spiritually disposed. In front of the tent a churn-dash was fixed, with the handle thrust into the earth, and on the head, or flat end, the prize-cake was placed full in sight of the competitors. A tall, gaunt-looking man, in a rusty wig, and a coat which might once have been termed black, was standing in the midst of a group of attentive auditors, whom he was addressing in a solemn harangue, but with a countenance so full of dry humour, that the effect was irresistibly comic. This was Matt Fogarty, the village schoolmaster, not only venerated as the oracle of wisdom and learning, but also regarded as the unerring arbiter in all matters of etiquette and ceremony by the entire parish.

"And now, boys and girls," said he, elevating his voice, "as surveyor and directhor of this fantastic and jocular meeting, I direct the demonsthrations to begin. You all know the rules. The best couple of dancers win the cake. So take to your partners, and commence your flagitious recrayations."

* In the west of Ireland a custom exists somewhat similar to that of choosing the May Queen in England. On the eve of May day, the young people of a particular parish, or sometimes of two adjoining parishes, dressed in their holiday clothes, assemble at an appointed place, for the purpose of trying each other's strength and skill in the art of dancing. The fortunate girl who tires down all her competitors is declared the winner of a large prize-cake prepared for the occasion, and retains until the day twelvemonth following the envied title of *callieen a woiragh*.

A loud hurrah followed this pithy address, the fiddles began to squeak, and the bagpipes to scream in the agonies of being tuned; and Barney Driscoll, a young good-looking fellow, who divided the attention of the girls with Dermott the Rattler, stepped with a confident air into the circle, leading by the hand Peggy Flynn, the belle of the rival parish of Kilduff. A loud cheer from Barney's friends greeted his appearance; but before it had subsided, Dermott O'Rourke and Norah Conolly stood beside their competitors, and were hailed by a still more deafening cheer. The schoolmaster, seeing that both parties were prepared, thus addressed the musicians, who were elevated on a temporary dais of turf:—

"Now, ye vagabone sons of Orpheus, begin. Mike, your sowl, rosin your bow; — Terence, you divil, inflate your musical appendages, and strike up something lively."

Accordingly the musical pair struck up with an energy that, in the opinion of the hearers, more than counterbalanced any little discord observable in the harmony. The two couple of dancers, fired by a spirit of emulation, exerted themselves to the utmost; and as the mirth and music waxed loud and louder, the spectators, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, encouraged their respective friends by applauding shouts and vociferous support, until at length, after a severe contest, Peggy Flynn was compelled from exhaustion to give in, leaving Dermott and Norah undisputed victors of the field. A lofty caper, and a hearty smack on his partner's lips, testified the delight of the Rattler, who knocking the cake from the churn-dash, carried it in triumph to Norah.

Matt Fogarty now advanced, and waving his hand to procure a hearing, again addressed the assemblage.

"Neighbours all,—I announce and promulgate that the cake has been fairly won and achieved by Norah Conolly, *vi et armis*, — that means by force of legs and arms. So now, boys, give one cheer for our purty little Noreen, and then hands round for a fling of a dance altogether."

The words were hardly spoken when a hearty hurrah rent the air, a circle was formed, and every person who could shake a leg joined in a merry dance round the successful pair.

In the full tide of their mirth, a small military party was observed on the brow of the hill, approaching the village at a smart pace.

"The sojers are coming," cried an old woman, the first who had perceived them.

In an instant the hands that were grasped together in friendly union became unlocked, the joyous circle was broken, and the shouts of laughter which rang so cheerily amongst the hills died into solemn silence. Looks of suspicion and alarm were exchanged between the men, who conversed in whispers together; while the unmarried girls by their sparkling eyes showed the pleasure they felt at the sight of the soldiers.

Norah, who participated in this feminine predilection for a bit of scarlet, clapped her hands in ecstasy.

"Come, Dermott," cried she, half dragging her reluctant partner towards the road, "come and see the sojers. There — look at them marching down the hill, their swords and bayonets sparkling in the sun. Make haste, or you 'll lose the sight."

A single glance was sufficient to convince Dermott that the party belonged to the regiment which he had so unceremoniously quitted, and worse still, that his quondam friend, Sergeant Flint, was amongst them. Having no desire to renew his acquaintance with that facetious gentleman, he plucked Norah hastily back, and whispering in her ear, said,

"By the piper o' war, I'm sowld, Norah! There's that thief of a sergeant that listed me amongst the sojers. As sure as the Pope's a gintleman, 'tis hunting afther me they are! What in the world am I to do now?"

"Oh! Dermott, dear, run for your life afore he sees you. What a misfortinet girl I was to bring you into this trouble!" replied the now terrified girl.

"Never mind, Norah, darling; I'll get out of his way as fast as I can," cried Dermott.

"But if you go home, they'll be sure to find you," said she.

"Divil a doubt of that," replied the Rattler. "I'm too 'cute a fox to be caught that way. Is there not a wake down at Ned Haggarty's?"

"Sure there is," answered Norah. "Tim Hogan, the ould piper, died last night, and they're waking him in Ned Haggarty's barn."

"Devil a better!" cried Dermott, snapping his fingers. "I'll go down to poor Tim's wake: they'll never think of sarching for me there to-night; and I'll be off to my cousin Tom's in the mountain at cock-shout in the morning."

This plan appearing the most feasible he could hit on for avoiding his military friends, Dermott, accompanied by his sweetheart, slipped quietly out of the crowd, and hurried down a bye-path through the fields to the barn, where the remains of the defunct piper were laid out.

Meanwhile the officer in command of the little party, having seen his men disposed as comfortably as the limited accommodations of the village would allow, took up his own quarters in the Widow Doran's hotel, where, being ushered into a small earthen-floored whitewashed room, he threw himself into a chair, inwardly cursed the irksome duty that had devolved upon him, — which was, in fact, the very unromantic and harassing one of affording assistance to the excise-officers in an extensive "still hunt,"* through the mountains in the neighbourhood. His meditations were however shortly interrupted by the entrance of the landlady.

"Mrs. What's-your-name," said the young soldier, "I—a—suppose there's no kind of amusement to be found in this infernally stupid place?"

"Amusement!" cried the widow, bridling up. "Ardrossan beats the whole world for it. 'Tis a thousand pities yer honor wasn't here yesterday; we had a bit of the finest divarsion you ever seen."

"Indeed! Pray what was it?"

"Why, the boys cotch a bailiff, and gave him a steeple-chase, sir," replied Mrs. Doran.

* The officers of excise frequently scour the country in search of illicit distilleries in those remote districts where the *potteen* is manufactured. These forays are called by the peasantry "still hunts."

"Gave him a steeple-chase? I don't understand you."

"I'll insense your honour, then. You see, sir, a parcel of the boys cotch one of them vagabone bailiffs trying to sarve a writ upon the masther at the House* below. They said it was about some ould account he owed a tailor in Dublin, and that they wanted to make him pay it, which your honour knows, is contrairy to all sinse and rason, any way. Some of the tinants was for cutting off the bailiff's ears, and sending them in a letter to the sheriff, — more of them wor for ducking him in the mill-pond; but others were for giving him a steeple-chase across the country first. Well, they all agreed to that, and they started him from the gable-end of Shawn Ruagh's turf-rick, with his coat turned inside out; the boys giving him a good piece odds, to make the more fun for themselves; for it was settled that if the bailiff could beat them as far as the ould church of Kilduff, he was to be let off free; but if he was caught afore getting there, he should lose his ears; which of coorse he wished to keep if he could. Well, as I was saying, away they all started like greyhounds after the bailiff, and maybe he didn't run like mad, jumping over hedges and drains almost as smart as the best of them. Hows'ever there was a little fellow among the boys,—one Phil Donelly, a weaver; and though the crathur had legs like a spider, he ran better than any of the others. 'Twould have made yer honour laugh to see him splashing through the ditches like a fairy, till, bedad! at last he came up with the bailiff near Tom Delany's haggart, where an ould ancient goose and gander, with a dozen young ones, wor divarting themselves in the sun. Well, the weaver grips the bailiff by the neck as bould as brass, but though Phil had a powerful sperrit, he wasn't a match in strength for the bailiff, who cotch him, saving yer honour's presence, by the wisband of the breeches, and pitched him like a kitten over the haggart wall into the middle of the goslins. The ould gander, of coorse, wasn't a bit too well plased at Phil dropping in amongst them in such a promiscuous manner, and flew at him in a desperate rage. The poor weaver had no way of escaping but by jumping into a barrel of hogwash which happened to be near him. And there he stood up to his neck, roaring for the bare life, while the ould thief of a gander kept walking round the barrel, stretching out his long neck, and hissing, as much as to say, 'Come out of that, if you dare, and see what you'll get.' At last the rest of the boys came up; but when they saw the weaver in the washtub, and the gander keeping guard upon him, they were ready to drop with the dint of laughing. When they got tired, they pulled the weaver out, all dripping with wash, and almost frightened out of his seven sentences. But the delay gave the bailiff time to escape, and so they gave up the chase, and returned home. Wasn't it a murdher, sir, you warn't here to see the fun?"

The officer could not exactly perceive the fun of hunting an unfortunate devil for his ears, and was beginning to express his distaste for such amusements, when a single tap was heard at the door.

"Come in!" cried the lieutenant.

The door opened, and Sergeant Flint advanced into the room.

* The landlord is usually called "*the master*" by his tenants, and his residence is known par excellence as "*the house*."

As soon as the landlady had quitted it, the lieutenant turned to the sergeant to hear his news.

"We have found him, your honour," said Flint, touching his cap.

"Found whom?"

"The deserter, sir,—Dermott O'Rourke,—the fellow that gave me the slip last week at the fair of Ballintubber," replied the sergeant.

"Well; you have arrested him?" said the lieutenant.

"No, your honour," replied Flint. "I only caught a glimpse of him amongst the crowd a while ago; and then the fellow disappeared as if he had sank into the earth. However, I determined not to lose him so easily, and by a few careless inquiries amongst the villagers I have discovered that he has sneaked off to the wake of an old piper, a short distance from here."

"Well—aw—sergeant," said the officer, yawning. "You had better order out a corporal's guard, and take the rascal prisoner. We must make an example of him."

The sergeant brought his hand to his cap with a military sweep, and marched out of the room.

Meantime Dermott had reached the barn where they were waking the dead piper. It was a low thatched house, crowded with persons of both sexes, who were seated on rude benches and blocks of wood ranged on either side along the walls. Thick clouds of tobacco-smoke curled up to the dark roof, and partially dimmed the light of the candles, which, by means of tin sockets were stuck into the mud walls at respectful distances. The potteen circulated freely,—tales were told, and songs were sung; the old crones gossipped, tippled, and smoked apart from the others; the steady married folks talked of the crops, the markets, and the *Repale;* while the "boys and girls" carried on several prosperous courting-matches in remote corners.

In the general enjoyment, poor Tim Hogan, who lay stretched as stiff as old Brian Boru, in a small room, only separated from that in which the company were assembled by a thin partition and a slight door, was left "all alone by himself," forgotten by all his friends, except a knot of elderly ladies, who discussed the merits of the deceased and the quality of the whisky by turns.

"Have you seen the *corp* yet, Biddy Mulcahy?" inquired one of the hags of a visiter who had just joined their group, and was in the act of conveying the whisky-bottle to her face.

"Troth I have, Nelly, and straight and purty it looks. It's poor Tim would be proud, and well he might, if he could see himself lying there in his dacent white shirt, snug and comfortable, with the blessed candles lighted around him."

"But, is it true that when he was dying he charged them to bury his pipes along with him," inquired Biddy.

"The sorra word of lie in it," replied Nelly. "And more betoken he has his pipes laid on one side of him, and a full bottle of whisky on the other, within there, this very minnit."

"Blessed Saver! What 'll he want with whisky and music where he's going?"

"Lord knows! Maybe the poor crather was afeard of being lonesome on the road, and there's no better company than——"

The old woman's harangue was here interrupted by the sudden opening of the barn-door, outside which the scarlet uniforms and glittering arms of Sergeant Flint and his party were distinctly visible. The sergeant advanced, and addressing the people, bade them be under no apprehensions, as he was only in search of a deserter named Dermott O'Rourke.

"Dermott O'Rourke!" repeated twenty voices, and every eye was turned to the place where Dermott had been sitting beside Norah Conolly at the moment when the soldiers' appearance had thrown the assemblage into confusion. Norah was still in the same place, pale as a winding-sheet, but the Rattler had vanished no one knew whither.

"I am positive he was here," said the sergeant.

Every one present knew that the sergeant was right, but all remained silent, and anxiously waited the result of a rigorous search which the soldiers were making. Chairs, tables, and benches were overturned; still the runaway was nowhere to be found.

"What have we in here?" said Flint, approaching the door of the inner room.

"Only the *corp* of the piper, your honour," replied one of the old women.

The sergeant pushed the door open, and peeped in curiously. The room, which was small, had no windows, but narrow loopholes like the outer apartment. It was perfectly empty, excepting the ghastly corpse of the piper, (rendered still more ghastly by the light of three small candles falling on his rigid features,) which lay stretched upon a door, supported by a chair at the head and foot, and decently covered by a large winnowing-sheet, that reached the floor in ample drapery on either side.

Sergeant Flint, though a brave man where a living antagonist was opposed to him, had, like many other brave men, a mysterious horror of the dead; he therefore closed the door hastily, convinced that the defunct Tim was the sole occupant of the room. Dermott's friends, who were even more surprised than the sergeant at his sudden disappearance, now imagined that he had slipped off without being observed by the soldiers, and in order to afford him full time to escape, eagerly pressed Flint and his party not to go away until they had warmed their hearts with a drop, just to show that there was no ill-will between them. The sergeant, who never declined a liberal offer, consented; and the privates following the example of their officer, sat down with little ceremony, and began to make the punch disappear very rapidly. Jug after jug of the steaming beverage was mixed and emptied; and at every fresh brewing the sergeant found himself more loth to quit his present quarters. He was in high spirits, and in the fulness of his heart volunteered to sing a favourite song; but hardly had he begun to clear his throat, and pitch his voice, when he was interrupted by a discordant tuning of bagpipes. A general scream from the women followed, and the men started up in undisguised alarm. Sergeant Flint, the natural purple of whose nose had faded to a slaty blue, endeavoured to look unconcerned, and inquired in a faltering voice what had occurred.

"Don't you hear?" cried an old woman, who had grappled him firmly round the waist. "Sargint *avourneen*, 'tis Tim Hogan's ghost tuning his pipes."

"Nonsense! Let me go: there's no such thing. Who ever heard of a ghost playing the bagpipes? Zounds! I say, loose me, woman!" cried the sergeant, struggling hard to liberate himself. But while he spoke a figure enveloped from head to foot in a white sheet, and producing a variety of unmusical sounds from a set of pipes, appeared at the door of the inner room.

"The ghost!—the ghost!—Tim Hogan's ghost!" shouted the terrified people, who, without waiting to see more, rushed pell-mell, screaming, swearing, praying, and tumbling over stools and tables to make their escape.

In the *mêlée* the sergeant contrived to be one of the first out of the barn, and, without stopping to muster his men, took to his heels, and never cried "halt" till he had reached his quarters, leaving his party to follow him at their own discretion.

The wake-house being thus summarily cleared, no one would venture to return to it during the night; the following morning, however, a few of the boldest villagers summoned courage to revisit the scene of the preceding night's adventure; but great was their surprise on discovering the unruly piper lying quietly, with his pipes beside him, precisely as he had been disposed by the persons who had laid him out. Nothing appeared to have been touched except the bottle of whisky, and that had been drained to the bottom. Upon hearing which, Biddy Mulcahy was heard to exclaim,

"Ah! then, I wouldn't doubt poor Tim; dead or alive, he's not the boy to leave his liquor behind him."

Notwithstanding the frightful stories that circulated through the parish of the appearance of the piper's ghost, and the disappearance of the whisky at the wake, poor Tim was in due time put quietly under the sod in the little church-yard of Ardrossan, with his favourite instrument at his feet, and a full bottle of choice *potteen* at his head.

Some days after these occurrences the military party, with Sergeant Flint, quitted Ardrossan, and then Dermott O'Rourke, who had privately withdrawn from the neighbourhood, returned to the village, and explained the mystery of the ghost. He said that, in the confusion which took place on the unexpected entrance of the soldiers, he had, unperceived by any one except Norah Conolly (now Mrs. O'Rourke) slipped into the room where the piper was laid; but finding there no means of escape, and being hard pressed, he crept cautiously under the boards which supported the dead body; after a while he ventured to crawl out, and discovered the bottle of whisky, which he tasted so frequently that he became ready for any devilry. In this humour a droll thought struck him of masquerading in the character of the dead piper. With the help of the winnowing-sheet and the bagpipes, he succeeded, as we have seen, in raising a beautiful *ruction* amongst the villagers, and in effectually frightening away his unwelcome friend, the sergeant.

The truth of Dermott's story was, however, stoutly denied by the majority of those who had been at the wake. Ashamed of being alarmed so ridiculously, they maintained that they could not be mistaken, and that the appearance they had seen on that memorable night was no other than the genuine ghost of Tim Hogan, the piper.

AZENOR THE PALE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

In the year 1400, Ives, or Iwen, Lord of Kermorvan, married the heiress of the house of Kergroadez, whose name was Azénor. The legends of Cornouaille recount that the young lady had bestowed her affections on a younger son of the family of Mezléan, who was poor, and intended for the church. Her relations opposed the inclination of the lovers, and forced her to marry Iwen, whose alliance they were anxious to secure, on account of his power and wealth.

The vanity of their ambition, and the defeat of their projects, are illustrated in the following melancholy ballad, well known in Bretagne, and extant in the dialect of Cornouaille. The castles of Kermorvan and Kergroadez still exist: the latter was rebuilt in the seventeenth century. The fountain may yet be seen where Azénor the Pale sat to weave her garlands for "son doux clerc de Mezléan." The house of Mezléan is in ruins; one portal alone remains, defended by a battlemented gallery with machicoulis, and a few walls overgrown with wallflower.

The bard concludes his lay by stating that it was composed in the Château du Hénan, which is a few leagues from Kemperlé in Basse Cornouaille, and that a lady (perhaps one of the daughters of the Sire de Guer, to whom the château must then have belonged) had written it from his dictation. In descending the pretty river Aven to gain the open sea, this feudal tower may be observed on the right bank. It is light, graceful, and beautifully ornamented with stonework in the best taste of the fourteenth century.

PART I.

They've promised Azénor the Pale,
But not to him she loves so well;
The wedding-day they soon may hail,
But who the tale of love shall tell?
The bridegroom comes with pomp and glee,
The Clerk of Mezléan is not he!

The little Azénor one day
Beside a fountain sate alone;
The robe was silk of yellow gay,
And near her flowers of broom were strown,
Bright golden flowers, a wreath to make
For her young Clerk of Mezléan's sake.

She sat and wove her garland there,
When, on a fiery charger white,
Sir Iwen pass'd that fountain fair,
And saw her beauty with delight.
A furtive glance he cast, and cried,
"That maid alone shall be my bride."

PART II.

The young Clerk to his people said,
His heart with painful thought opprest,
"Will none this letter bear the maid,
The gentle maid I love the best?"—

"Oh! many on thy bidding wait;
But they will come, fond youth, too late!"

"My little maiden, tell me, pray,
What news this letter brings to me?"—
"Oh! how should I, dear mistress, say?
Unseal it, Azénor, and see."

She lays the letter on her knees,
She scarcely dares the seal to break,
And scarce the fatal words she sees
For tears that drown her snowy cheek!
"If this he writes be true," she cries,
"Even while I read the news he dies!"

Down the steep stair amazed she went—
"What mean these spits, the small and great?
What mean these fires? For what intent
Come all the ringers to our gate?
The ringers and the pages all
Come trooping from Kermorvan's hall!"

"Though nothing may to-night betide,
To-morrow thou wilt be a bride."—
"If I must be a bride so soon,
'Twere well betimes I sought my bed,
And when I rise to-morrow's noon,
'Tis to be buried—but not wed!"

PART III.

Next morning to her chamber lone
The little maiden softly hied,
Straight to the window is she gone,
And thus in falt'ring tones she cried:
"Lady, afar upon the way
A cloud of dust the air divides,
And horsemen prance all proud and gay,
And at their head Sir Iwen rides.
Oh! that his neck were broke in twain,
Spite of his gear and gallant train!
His snow-white courser deck'd with gold,
His cloak with many a velvet fold,
His harness and his housings bright,
And all his pomp of squire and knight!"—

"Accurst the hour that brings him here!
My curse be on them each and all!
My father, mother, once so dear,
On ye the heaviest shall fall!
Oh! never have I heard it sung
That happy were the fond and young—
Oh! never in this world of woe
Their hearts' desire may lovers know!"

PART IV.

How pale was Azénor that day
As she to church pursued her way!
And as by Mezléan she pass'd,
She turn'd her head, and spoke in haste:

"Oh, husband, let me enter there—
But for one moment grant my prayer!"—

"To-day, to-day, I tell thee, no:
To-morrow, if it please thee, go."

Poor Azénor in secret wept,
  And none was near to soothe her pain;
Her little maiden near her crept,
  "Oh! mistress dear, this grief restrain,
Good heaven has sure reward in store,
Then dry thine eyes and weep no more."

But Azénor shed many a tear,
  Even as she stood the altar nigh,
And those beyond the door might hear
  Within her sobs of agony.

"Approach, my child, this ring shall be
A pledge of happiness for thee."

"The task is hard—oh! ask it not,
How wretched is my wayward lot!
Will not my tears of anguish move—
I wed a man I cannot love!"—

"Hold, Azénor, 'tis sin and shame,
You wed a man of noble name,
Silver and gold are his I ween,
And Mezléan's clerk is poor and mean."

"With love like ours could we be poor,
Though forced to beg from door to door!"

PART V.

To Kermorven the bride is come:
Her husband's mother hail'd her home.
"Alas!" she said, in tones of woe,
"Where is my bed, good mother show."—
"I'll lead thee there, fair daughter mine—
The black knight's chamber joins to thine."

Then on her knees she fell, her hair
Flow'd wildly o'er her shoulders fair,
Cast broken-hearted on the ground,
She murmur'd forth with piteous sound,
"My God! my God! forsake me not—
Have pity on my hapless lot!"

"Where is my wife—dear mother, where?"—
"My son, go mount the turret stair,
She lies in sorrow, and demands
Perchance some comfort at thy hands."

Within her bower he sought his bride,
"All joy and bliss be thine," she cried—
"All joy, young widower, to thee,
Such as my heart may never see."—

"Now, by the Virgin, lady fair,
And by the sacred Trinity,
Such taunts a bridegroom ill may bear,
Thou know'st no widower am I."—

"Not yet, but soon thou shalt—now hold—
Take thou my bridal robe so brave,
It cost full thirty crowns of gold,
And that my maiden true shall have.

"For I have giv'n her care and pain,
And many letters bear did she—
Letters, alas! all lost and vain,
Between my own dear love and me!

"This mantle new my mother made,
That to the priests I give, to say
The masses that my soul shall aid,
And wash at length my sins away.
My cross and chaplet take, I pray,
In mem'ry of thy bridal day."

Why toll the bells so low and dread?
Why hush'd is all the village glee?
Young Azénor the bride is dead,
Her head upon her husband's knee!

Near Pont-Aven, in Hénan's hall,
His harp the bard in sorrow strung,
To teach this mournful tale to all,
And be for ever said and sung.
The old lord's minstrel touch'd the chords,
And a fair lady wrote the words.

The name of *kloer*, or *clerks*, is given in Britany to young men who are studying in order to enter the ecclesiastic state. The term exactly corresponds with that of the Welsh *kler*, and may be recognised as the same as the low Latin *clerus*, applied to learned men. It was given in early times to a minstrel or inferior bard, and a poet or *écolier-poëte*.

The Breton *kloer* belong in general to the class of peasants or small farmers. At Leon, Kemper, and Vannes they are most to be met with. They arrive in troops from distant parts of the country, in their peculiar and singular costume, wearing their long hair, and distinguished by their rustic *naïveté* and their accent. They are generally very young, and live together in the outskirts of the towns in the simplest manner, not being usually supplied with very extensive funds.

In summer they return to their villages, but their sojourn in the towns has always an effect on their minds, which rarely fails to alter their manners, and few escape a sentimental attachment which only serves to render them unhappy, as it is incompatible with their future prospects. It happens not unfrequently that, overcome by their feelings, they renounce the career they had intended to embrace, and throwing aside their books, return "to busy life again." But much oftener the church triumphs, and the scholar poet pours forth all his heart in verse, and confides his sentiments to his muse alone.

The *kloer* sing, but never write their compositions, relying rather on the memory of their hearers than on the fame which publication might confer, and which would preclude the necessity of their works being learnt by heart.

But when the clerk becomes a priest, he carefully forgets his former act, and professes to hold it in abhorrence; nevertheless, they contrive to avail themselves of what they formerly delighted in, and in their addresses to the Deity may be traced the fervour which inspired the profane songs formerly so much admired, and once their pride.

At the celebrated meetings called *Pardons,* so well known in Britany, the last evening belongs to the *kloer,* when they usually sing their newest love-songs, collected in groups beneath the antique trees which grow at the entrance of the cemeteries. In Tréquier and Vannes they often perform sacred dramas, which last several days.

The young clerk of Mezleán appears to have belonged to a class somewhat beyond the usual rank of the *kloer* of the present day.

L. S. C.

SPECIMENS OF MODERN GERMAN POETS.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

HEINRICH HEINE.

DEAR girl, we two were children,
  Two children young and gay,
When we crept into the hen's-house,
  And stretched us under the hay.

Then crowed we like to chanticleer,
  And people on the road,
Kikerekeh! all fancied
  It was the cock that crowed!

The chest within the court-yard,
  We papered it with care,
And there we dwelt together,
  And made a mansion fair.

A neighbour's ancient tabby
  Came to us from the roof;
We made her bows and courtesies,
  And compliments enough.

We asked of her well-being
  Again and yet again;—
We 've made the same profession
  To many old cats since then!

How often we sate and conversed
  Like the old with prudent tongue,
And mourn'd how things had alter'd
  For worse since we were young.

How love, and truth, and religion
  Out of the world were gone;
And how so dear was coffee,
  Whilst money there was none!

They are gone the plays of childhood,—
  They go the hopes of youth;
Money, the world, and time goes,
  Religion, love, and truth!



FASHIONS IN FEET;

OR,

THE TALE OF THE BEAUTIFUL TO-TO.

BY "T. T. T."

Now beat the drum and clatter the gong,
And let us upraise our voices strong,
And tell it aloud with music and song,
What praise may well to our dames belong,
That they 're sure to go right if they can't go wrong.

Ya-Hoo.

If any of our lovely country-women should meet a Chinese lady, they would deem her lot unblessed — at least, the first idea that would occur to them would be, that they would not stand in her shoes. Notwithstanding what has been said by Pope, the characters of women are very various; but in China, if we may judge them by their hoofs, we shall take the whole sex for a set (excuse the expression) of "regular little devils," and that is equivalent to their being women of "no characters at all."

The Chinese ladies do not understand "long measure:" at all events their table is peculiar, as they have but three inches to a foot. A curious fact in their anatomy is that their toes are bent, and twenty in number, being *doubled* under the sole; thus even though their feet move forward, their toes go backwards.

They are extremely contentious: they cannot meet without scuffling. Their walk is uneasy — they seem to move with pain; and how should it be otherwise when *nails* are under their feet?

Yet, though feet so diminutive are at present, and have been for many centuries, worn by the celestial ladies, this was not always the case. A French postilion has been described as all boots: the sage Ya-hoo, whom we have quoted at the head of this story, spoke of the softer sex in his time as *all slippers;* yet it is true that even this expression seems to set them upon a bad footing.

Their feet were not always so small. You shall find in Chinese histories that the Emperor Min-Te, who came to the throne in the thirty-first year of the sixty-first cycle,* had a beautiful Empress, To-To, whose feet in length rejoiced in their complement of exactly twelve inches. Her step, too, was exactly thrice a foot; and therefore whatever his ministers might recommend, he would adopt no measures but what she approved.

The Emperor loved his lady with imperial measure of attachment; indeed he regarded her single self with more affection than he entertained besides for any two of his handmaidens: and he would seldom absent himself from her society except when it was necessary for him to give audience,—that is, to smoke a quiet hooka in presence of his ministers,—in the celestial council-chamber. The custom of the country rendered it impossible that To-To should attend him there; but when the formal conference was over, he would frequently detain his favourite minister, Hum, in whose character and wisdom he had great confidence, and retiring to a more snug apartment, would invite his Empress to join them in a cosy pipe. On such occasions state business was sometimes a second time discussed; and the decisions of the lesser council often annulled and superseded those of the greater.

Min-Te was a lazy monarch, and was well pleased to have all troublesome questions of policy or justice arranged in a quiet manner, without his intervention: he did not like to be obliged to decide between the conflicting opinions of different ministers; but in these agreeable little after-councils, strange to say, though a lady was allowed a voice in them, there was always unanimity, and seldom a very lavish expenditure of words. No wonder that Min-Te should value a minister whose simple eloquence, and of course great argumentative powers, sufficed at once, upon whatever subject they were exercised, to carry conviction even to an Empress. To testify his great esteem for Hum, he ordered that he should be lodged in the palace, in chambers not far distant from the imperial apartments. He frequently employed him to instil into the lovely To-To a proper sense of all the duties she should aim at fulfilling as a woman and a wife; but above all, as the chosen lady of the Emperor.

The beautiful Empress received meekly and graciously the lessons of virtue thus imparted to her. Nothing, to her apprehension, could be more agreeable than the counsels given by Hum; and she delighted in the low and earnest voice in which they were uttered. The Emperor, looking on at a little distance, was overjoyed at seeing with how much attention she listened to the instructions of so excellent an adviser; and when at other times he heard her discourse of virtue and the duties of wifehood, "This is all Hum," thought he. Thus she gained still more of his affection, and Hum

* A.D. 934.

of his esteem; and the fame of both went abroad throughout all the celestial dominions. When Hum appeared abroad in the streets the people flocked about him. "A Hum! a Hum!" they cried, "the Emperor's favoured counsellor. Three cheers for a Hum!" Then they shouted aloud, and no sound could be heard except "A Hum!"

The Emperor was a sound sleeper; that is to say, he could sleep in spite of a sound. It is strange that a *sound* sleeper and a *quiet* sleeper should be nearly synonymous expressions; not quite, indeed, for one who snores may be a sound sleeper. The Empress was a sound sleeper also; a very determined sleeper; for she was addicted to somnambulism, and somnambulists must be very determined sleepers.

From being himself such a decided somnulist it was some time before the Emperor became aware of his lady's peculiarity. A little whisper, however,—no bigger than a musquito, which had for several days been fluttering about the palace, and buzzing into people's ears, one morning came dancing about his; and having awhile piped into it in a very small voice, gave it a sting which caused considerable irritation, then flew out at the window, and in a short time had treated every mother's son, and no less father's daughter, throughout the celestial dominions, in nearly the same way.

That little provoking noise kept ringing in his imperial music-box, and the smart continued, so that his majesty at night was quite unable to sleep; but, in the hope, no doubt, of bringing the customary drowsy influence upon him, he lay quite still (by his lady's side), and breathed hard, as though he had been in slumber. Unquestionably it must have been very trying to his feelings as a husband to know that his wife was all the while very comfortably reposing in the arms—nay, don't be frightened—in the arms of Morpheus.

He fell however into a sort of half-doze, a dreamy mood, in which the little tune of the small whisper seemed to split into two parts; the one consisted of a number of minikin figures made up of queer bars very strangely put together, which kept dancing about his closed eyes; the other still sounded in his ear, but its members assumed an articulate character, and the sounds and the figures mutually interpreted each other; whilst the tune was still discernible in the words, and the motions of the characters kept time to it. This was the song:

Min-Te, Min-Te, Min-Te,
Oh Emperor, bold and free!
Do as I bid,
Open your lid,
You 'd better be wise and see.
With a chee, chee, cheee, chee, chee, chee, chee.
Lest it betide (chee, chee,)
That your wife should creep (chee, chee,)*
Away from your side, (chee, chee,)
For she walks in her sleep (chee, chee).
With a chee, chee, chee, chee, cheeee, cheee, chee,
And a chee, chee, cheeee, cheee, cheee, chee, cheeeeeeee.

* I believe it is either Captain Marryatt or Captain Basil Hall who has given a specimen of the Mosquito language very closely resembling this.

Min-Te, Min-Te, Min-Te,
Lend the loan of your lug to me!
I 'd have you be wise,
And open your eyes,
And see what you shall see.
With a chee, chee, chee, chee, cheee, cheee, chee.
There 's Hum in his bed (chee, chee,)
At the end of the gallery, (chee,)
Best cut off his head, (chee, chee,)
Or at least his salary (chee).
With a cheee, chee, chee, chee, cheee, cheee, chee,
And a cheee, chee, chee, chee, cheee, cheee, cheeeeee.

And so the song was proceeding, like the moon, all made of *cheese*, when his imperial majesty (who lay *dos-à-dos* with his wife, for the greater convenience of dozing a doze,) was suddenly aroused to full consciousness by a gentle pull of the silken coverlet. He lay quite quiet, (though a gnat at the moment settled on his nose,) and soon perceived that the Empress was getting out of bed in her sleep, and evidently taking the greatest possible care not to awaken herself in so doing. Having no doubt at all—none whatever—not the slightest in the world—not the least possible—that she was altogether unconscious of what she was about, he thought, like a kind Emperor, that it would be right she should be looked to, lest she should break her neck down the stairs or out of window, the palace being two stories high; and, as he discovered that she moved towards the door, he rose from bed as quietly as she had done, and followed; she all the while treading as noiselessly as though she were a fly, and he as though he were a spider.

She proceeded along the gallery, and passed the stairs without accident; and she had arrived almost at the bottom of the corridor, when the Emperor, alarmed lest she might make a false step (a fox's paw, as the French express it,) seized her by throwing his left arm round her waist, at the same moment placing his right hand over her mouth, to prevent that natural utterance of alarm which might be expected from a lady suddenly awakened under such circumstances. Startled she was, and she certainly *would* have screamed had it not been for his precaution. Being quite in the dark, both as to where she was, and as to who had laid such violent hands upon her, you may imagine how greatly she was frightened. She struggled to get loose, though still without making much noise; for, upon a moment's reflection, it occurred to her that it would be unpleasant to rouse the whole house from their slumbers at that hour of night; and indeed that it would not be amiss if she could get back to her chamber as quietly as she came thence. But this was not to be; for the prime minister Hum, who, with what truth I cannot pretend to say, had the reputation of being at all times wide awake, was not asleep upon the present occasion; and hearing with his pair of very acute ears a little scuffling in the gallery, he opened the door of his apartment, which was close to the scene of action. He had apparently been deeply engaged in study; for he held in his hand a lighted lantern, the light of which he now directed upon the pair in the corridor. The instant he saw them, however, it dropped from his hand; and closing and fastening the door with all possible celerity, he jumped upon his bed, coiled himself into a circle less than his waist in diameter, drew the clothes over him in a heap, and lay

without moving, breathing, or letting his beard grow, till the morning light had filled his apartment.

During the moment that a gleam from the lantern had been thrown upon them, To-To became aware that it was only the Emperor who had frightened her so much in the dark; and of course much delighted at this discovery, and her fears all banished thereby, she immediately returned with him to the imperial apartment.

"My dearest To-To," said his imperial majesty, as they entered, "I was not till now aware that you were a somnambulist."

"Indeed, your majesty," replied the lovely Empress, "it is a very grievous affliction. Two steps more, but for your fortunate arrival, would have brought my head against the angle of that doorway."

"But why," he asked, "did you never mention to me that you were so afflicted? I would have had a gold collar made to surround your ankle, and a chain and lock to secure you to the bed. I myself would have kept the key, so dearly do I tender your safety."

"I had hoped," she replied, "that my attachment to your sacred majesty would always have exercised the counteracting influence which it has hitherto done, and have overcome entirely the infirmity to which I was formerly subject. I have no fear of another attack, and I think the gold chain therefore will be quite unnecessary."

"As, however, you are restless to-night," said the Emperor, "I will secure you for the present with this strap. Stay, let me pass it round you. There, that will do—nay, one pull more—uh, uh—you can't move now, I think. That 's just the thing—the lock is famous—so—and here goes the key. Don't be afraid; you can't roll down. And now, as I 'm rather of the sleepiest, good night, dearest madam. Indeed this sleep-walking is a terrible thing; but we 'll say no more about that till the morning."

He had scarcely finished speaking before he was fast asleep; but poor To-To couldn't get to sleep at all, for she was almost cut in two by the strap he had fastened round her.

In the morning the Emperor liberated his wife; but he did not revert to the subject of sleep-walking till after he had finished his morning devotions and meal.

He then sent for her; and when she came into his presence he asked if she remembered the circumstances of the preceding night. She confessed that she had some confused recollection of a dream, in which she had imagined that, after her beloved lord had been a long time absent from home, whilst pining for his return, she suddenly beheld him walking towards her, at a distance in the garden; and that in the affection of her heart she had gone forth to meet him, and to welcome him. That with these purposes she was hastening down the long walk, when a black dragon flew out of the canal by which it was bordered, and coiled suddenly around her. She was mortally frightened thereat, and, with the greatest presence of mind, made a resolve on the instant to utter a loud scream; but that the black dragon put one of its terrible paws upon her mouth, and rendered it impossible to carry a device so ingenious into execution. On partially awakening about that time, what was her satisfaction at discovering that the black dragon was no other than the Emperor himself.

His majesty then questioned her as to how long she had been subject to this affliction of somnambulism: and she replied, that ever

since she had first acquired the use of her feet it had occasionally seized her; and that sometimes she had hurt herself severely by walking against the wall. This was very hard, she said; but she supposed, if fate brought it upon her, she must endeavour to support it.

Her compassionate lord endeavoured to console her with the suggestion that some remedy might possibly be found for this unfortunate habit; and he questioned her as to whether there were any manner in which she could at all account for her being thus afflicted. In answer to this, she expressed a suspicion that her mamma had been partly concerned; and she told some long story to substantiate this view: but that I consider little worthy our attention, as she made the facts a few weeks older than herself, and might therefore be supposed to know but little of the matter. She afterwards, however, put the thing in a more philosophical light, when she said, that her habits being sedentary and her feet large, the latter, she thought, had not a proper proportion of exercise during the day; and thus made up secretly at night, when they knew that she was sleeping, and unable consequently to keep a look-out upon their motions.

Now here let it be mentioned that large feet in the days of Min-Te were as necessary to the ideal of female loveliness throughout the celestial dominions, as small feet have been ever since; and that Min-Te himself had chosen the delectable To-To as the wife of his bosom chiefly on account of her felicities in that department of the beautiful. Nevertheless, when his lady declared her conviction that with premeditation those her lovely members walked away with her in such an inexcusable manner, he could not restrain himself from uttering a malediction against them. This malediction was expressed in three words; but the nib of my pen turns this way and that, and refuses to write the first: "their soles" were the other two.

Min-Te then informed his lady that it had come to his knowledge that, though he doubted not she was quite unconscious of the fact, the little excursion she had taken the past night was by no means the first she had made in the same direction; and he considered that if she walked at all, that was the wrong way, and this he disapproved *in To-To.*

But To-To expressed great satisfaction at hearing this, as she said that actions done in sleep always went by a rule of contrary, and that her walking the wrong way in a dream was the most lucid of all possible proofs that her ways were always correct in her waking hours.

Could the Emperor do otherwise than bow to the force of such argument? He highly applauded his lady, and assured her of his perfect confidence in her waking excellence. Yet he confessed that his strong conviction of this was in itself a source of disquiet to his mind; for she had clearly demonstrated that it would be the occasion of her always going wrong in sleep. It was his wish, if possible, that this might be avoided; and the only mode which occurred to him of escaping from the dilemma was to prevent her from going at all. How to effect this? He wished heartily that her feet had not grown since infancy, as she then would not have taken to sleep-walking; but they *had,* and what was to be done? Min-Te was an inventive genius: he hit upon an admirable plan: he sent for a cook and a cleaver, and had these offending members chopped six inches

shorter. The cure was complete—it is confidently stated that To-To never more walked in her sleep; and I recommend all somnambulists to try the efficiency of Min-Te's invention.

The Emperor next wished a private conference with his prime minister. Hum had not yet arisen, and the messengers had to seek him in his chamber. They found him nearly in the attitude in which he lay when we wished him good night; but when they endeavoured to arouse him, they discovered that he had choked himself by swallowing his pig-tail.

A proclamation went abroad throughout the empire that the most honoured and exemplary Empress, the lantern of beauty and steelyard of ceremony, had set the fashion of short feet; and though it was not absolutely required that all the ladies of the land should conform to this *mode*, it was made imperative on all parents to wrap up the feet of their female children in such ligatures of cotton, silk, leather, or brass, as should effectually prevent the future growth of the pedal bones and ligaments, the toes being bent inwards towards the sole; "for," said the edict, "as the toes of women have a natural bias to go wrong, it is proper that they should be turned the opposite way."

This order was everywhere obeyed with great alacrity; and it is supposed that not less than six millions of ladies, wishing to be at the top of the fashion, voluntarily, and with their own hands, chopped off their feet at the instep.

Min-Te and To-To thenceforth lived ever happily. The wisdom of Min-Te is much spoken of in this day, and he is accounted one of the greatest benefactors of his country; for the Chinese are of opinion that their wives have walked much more steadily since they lost the use of their feet.



COUNTY LEGENDS.—No. IV.

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

A LEGEND OF WEST KENT.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him!
SHAKSPERE.

OUT and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,
"Come east, come west,
Come lance in rest,
Come faulchion in hand, I 'll tickle the best
Of all the Soldan's Chivalrie!"

Oh, they came west, and they came east,
Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,
And they hammer'd away
At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point,—
But he topp'd off head, and he lopp'd off joint;
Twenty and three
Of high degree
Lay stark and stiff on the crimson'd lea,
All—all save one—and he ran up a tree!
"Now count them, my Squire, now count them and see!"

"Twenty and three!
Twenty and three!—
All of them Nobles of high degree;
There they be lying on Ascalon lea!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
"What news? what news? come, tell to me!
What news? what news, thou little Foot-page?
I 've been whacking the foe, till it seems an age
Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free!
What news? what news from Ingoldsby Hall?
Come, tell to me now, thou Page so small!"

"Oh, Hawk and Hound
Are safe and sound,

Beast in byre, and steed in stall;
And the watch-dog's bark,
As soon as it 's dark,
Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall!"

"I do not talk
Of Hound or of Hawk,
Of steed in stall, or of watch-dog's bay;
Fain would I hear
Of my dainty dear;
How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay?"—
Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,
"What news? what news? thou naughty Foot-page!"

That little Foot-page full low crouch'd he,
And he doff'd his cap, and he bended his knee,
"Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me:
Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,
Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall;
She sits alone,
And she makes her moan;
Dance and song
She considers quite wrong;
Feast and revel
As snares of the devil;
She mendeth her hose, and she crieth 'Alack!
When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?'"

"Thou liest! thou liest, thou naughty Foot-page,
Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me!
There, in thy breast,
'Neath thy silken vest,
What scroll is that, false Page, I see?"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near,
That little Foot-page he blench'd with fear;

"Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie?
King Richard's Confessor, I ween, is he,
And tidings rare
To him do I bear,
And news of price from his rich Ab-bee!"

"Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page!
No learned clerk, I trow, am I,
But well, I ween,
May there be seen
Dame Alice's hand with half an eye;
Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,
From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news;
Although no clerk,
Well may I mark
The particular turn of her P's and her Q's!"

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,
By the back of the neck takes that little Foot-page;
The scroll he seizes,
The Page he squeezes,
And buffets,—and pinches his nose till he sneezes;
Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads
Which they used in those days 'stead of little Queen's-heads.
When the contents of the scroll met his view,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,
Backward he drew
His mailed shoe,
And he kicked that naughty Foot-page, that he flew
Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,
I may not say whither—I never knew.

"Now count the slain
Upon Ascalon plain,—
Go count them, my Squire, go count them again!"

"Twenty and three!
There they be,
Stiff and stark on that crimson'd lea!—
Twenty and three?—
Stay—let me see!
Stretched in his gore
There lieth one more!
By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and *four!*
Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,
But their heads and their limbs are no-body knows where!
Aye, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,
Though one got away, and ran up a tree!"

"Look nigher, look nigher,
My trusty Squire!"—

"One is the corse of a barefooted Friar!!"

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
"A boon, a boon, King Richard," quoth he,
"Now Heav'n thee save,
A boon I crave,
A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee;
A year and a day
Have I been away,
King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;
Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,
And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,
And tears like rain-drops fall from her eyes,
And she darneth her hose, and she crieth, 'Alack!
Oh, when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?'
A boon, a boon, my Liege," quoth he,
"Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,"
King Richard said right graciously,
"Of all in my host
That I love the most,
I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee!
Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon;
But—mind you make haste, and come back again soon!"

FYTTE II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,
Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,
And a belted Knight,
In armour dight,
Is begging a boon on his bended knee,
With signs of grief and sounds of woe,
Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.

"Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
In my fury and rage
A little Foot-page
I have left, I fear me, in evil case:
A scroll of shame
From a faithless dame
Did that naughty Foot-page to a paramour bear;
I gave him a 'lick'
With a stick,
And a kick,
That sent him—I can't tell your Holiness where!
Had he as many necks as hairs,
He had broken them all down those perilous stairs!"

"Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Rise up, rise up, I say to thee;
A soldier, I trow,
Of the Cross art thou;
Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee!
Ill it beseems that a soldier true
Of holy Church should vainly sue:—
Foot-pages, they are by no means rare,
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,
Well mote we spare
A Page—or a pair,
For the matter of that—Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
But stout and true
Soldiers, like you,
Grow scarcer and scarcer every day!—
Be prayers for the dead
Duly read,
Let a mass be sung, and a *pater* be said;

So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the little Foot-page shall rest in peace!"

"—Now pardon, O Holy Father, I crave.
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
Dame Alice, my wife,
The bane of my life,
I have left, I fear me, in evil case!
A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore;
'Twere bootless to tell how I storm'd and swore;
Alack! alack! too surely I knew
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,
And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew!
Dame Alice I found,—
She sank on the ground,—
I twisted her neck till I twisted it round!
With jibe and jeer, and mock, and scoff,
I twisted it on till I twisted it off!—
All the King's Doctors and all the King's Men
Can't put fair Alice's head on agen!"

"Well-a-day! well-a-day!
Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Why really—I hardly know what to say:—
Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,
Because she 's perhaps been a little too gay.—
Monk must chaunt and Nun must pray;
For each mass they sing, and each pray'r they say,
For a year, and a day,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray
A fair rose-noble must duly pay!—
So may his qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace!"

"Now pardon, O Holy Father, I crave,
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!
No power could save
That paramour knave;
I left him, I wot, in evil case!
There, 'midst the slain
Upon Ascalon plain,
Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,
His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,
And his head lies—I can't tell your Holiness where!"

"Now out and alas! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,
To hack and to hew
A champion true
Of holy Church in such pitiful plight!

Foul sin her warriors so to slay,
When they 're scarcer and scarcer every day!
    A chauntry fair,
    And of Monks a pair,
To pray for his soul for ever and aye,
Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay
    For plenty of lights
    To burn there o' nights—
None of your rascally '*dips*'—but sound,
Round, ten-penny moulds of four to the pound;
And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair
For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear!—
So may your qualms of conscience cease,
And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace!"

"Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay!
Less penance may serve!" quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray.
"No champion free of the Cross was he;
No belted Baron of high degree;
    No Knight nor Squire
    Did there expire;
He was, I trow, but a bare-footed Friar!
And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait
With his monks around him, and early and late
May look from loop-hole, and turret, and gate,
—He hath lost his Prior—his Prior his pate!"

"Now Thunder and turf!" Pope Gregory said,
And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head—
"Now Thunder and turf! and out and alas!
A horrible thing has come to pass!
What!—cut off the head of a reverend Prior,
And say he was '*only* (!!!) a bare-footed Friar!'—
    'What Baron or Squire,
    Or Knight of the shire
Is half so good as a holy Friar?'
    O, turpissime!
    Vir nequissime!
Sceleratissime!—quissime!—issime!—
Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*
    Had before 'em
    Such a breach of decorum,
Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,
And won't have again *sæcula sæculorum!*—
    Come hither to me,
    My Cardinals three,
    My Bishops *in partibus*,
    Masters *in Artibus*,
    Hither to me, A.B. and D.D.
    Doctors and Proctors of every degree!

Go fetch me a book!—go fetch me a bell
As big as a dustman's!—and a candle as well—
I'll send him—where good manners won't let me tell!"

—"Pardon and grace!—now pardon and grace!"
Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face—
"*Meâ culpâ!*—in sooth I'm in pitiful case!
Peccavi! peccavi!—I've done very wrong;
But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,
And I'll fight for holy Church all the day long;
And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,
And they're here, and they're there, and I can't tell you where,
And holy Church shall come in for her share!"

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,
And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,
And his Cardinals three they pick'd up his crown.

"Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,
And your heart is so stout, and your arm is so strong,
And you really will fight like a trump all day long;—
If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,
And holy Church shall come in for her share,—
Why, my Cardinals three,
You'll agree
With me,
That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,
And I think that the Penitent need not despair!
—If it be so, as you seem to say,
Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray!
An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,
Whose innermost wall's encircling bound
Shall take in a couple of acres of ground;
And there in that Abbey all the year round,
A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,
Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross-buns;
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Without delay
Shall hie him again
To Ascalon plain,
And gather the bones of the foully slain;
And shall place said bones with all possible care
In an elegant shrine in his abbey so fair,
And plenty of lights
Shall be there o' nights;
None of your rascally "*dips*," but sound,
Best superfine wax-wicks, four to the pound;
And Monk and Nun
Shall pray each one
For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon!
And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, so bold and so brave,
Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,

Nor adorn his body,
Nor drink gin-toddy,
Nor indulge in a pipe,
But shall dine upon tripe,
And blackberries gathered before they are ripe,
And for ever abhor, renounce, and abjure
Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and *liqueur!*"

(Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Here gave way
To a feeling which prompted a word profane,
But he swallow'd it down, by an effort, again,
And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a
Mere repetition of *O, meâ culpâ!*)

"Thrice three times upon Candlemas-day,
Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray
Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,
Subjecting his back
To thump and to thwack,
Well and truly laid on by a barefooted Friar,
With a stout cat o' ninetails of whip-cord and wire;
And nor he nor his heir
Shall take, use, or bear
Any more, from this day,
The surname of Bray,
As being dishonour'd, but all issue male he has
Shall with himself go henceforth by an *alias!*
So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,
And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace!"

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)
Is off like a shot away and away,
Over the brine
To far Palestine,
To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain
For the unburied bones of his victim slain.

"Look out, my Squire,
Look higher and nigher,
Look out for the corpse of a barefooted Friar!
And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,
And pick up his body, and pick up his head!"

FYTTE III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,
With right of free-warren (whatever that be);
Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,
All in full leaf at the right time of year;

About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,
And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear:
But it 's really delightful in spring-time,—and near
The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear.
Cobham woods to the right,—on the opposite shore
Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more,
Then you 've Milton and Gravesend behind,—and before
You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.*
So charming a spot,
It 's rarely one's lot
To see, and when seen it 's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,
And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,
And there they all stand each in their degree,
Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,
Two by two, in their regular mode,
While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,
Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,
Come marching in pairs, a holy band!
Little boys twelve, drest all in white,
Each with his brazen censer bright,
And singing away with all their might,
Follow the Palmers—a goodly sight;
Next high in air
Twelve Yeomen bear
On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,
A patent sarcophagus, firmly rear'd,
Of Spanish mahogany (not veneer'd),
And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.
Close by his side
Is a Friar, supplied
With a stout cat o' ninetails of tough cow-hide,
While all sorts of queer men
Bring up the rear—Men-
-at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bow-men, and Spear-men.

It boots not to tell
What you 'll guess very well,
How some sang the *requiem*, and some toll'd the bell;
Suffice it to say,
'Twas on Candlemas-day

* Alas! one might almost say that of this sacred, and once splendid edifice, *perierunt etiam ruinæ.* An elderly gentleman, however, of ecclesiastical cut, who oscillates between the Garrick Club and the Falcon in Gravesend, and is said by the host to be a "foreigneering Bishop," does not scruple to identify the ruins still to be seen by the side of the high Dover road, about a mile and a half below the town, with those of the haunted *Sacellum.* The general features of the landscape certainly correspond, and tradition, as certainly, countenances his conjecture.

The procession I speak about reach'd the *Sacellum ;*
And in lieu of a supper
The Knight on his crupper
Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum ;*—
That, as chronicles tell,
He continued to dwell
All the rest of his days in the Abbey he 'd founded,
By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,
And eschewing the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,
Dined on cabbage alone, without touching the buns ;
That year after year, having run round the *Quad*
With his back, as enjoin'd him, exposed to the rod,
Having not only kiss'd it, but bless'd it, and thank'd it, he
Died, as all thought, in the odour of sanctity,
When,—strange to relate ! and you 'll hardly believe
What I'm going to tell you,—next Candlemas Eve
The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night
Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,
Alarm'd by the bawls,
And the calls, and the squalls
Of some one who seem'd running all round the walls !

Looking out, soon
By the light of the moon
There appears most distinctly to ev'ry one's view,
And making, as seems to them, all this ado,
The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,
As black as if steep'd in that " Matchless ! " of Hunt's,
And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz ;
A barefooted Friar stands behind him, and shakes
A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes ;
While, more terrible still, the astounded beholders
Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,
But is holding his pate
In his left hand, out straight,
As if by a closer inspection to find
Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,
With the aid of a small " bull's-eye lantern,"—as placed
By our own New Police,—in a belt round his waist.
All gaze with surprise,
Scarce believing their eyes,
When the Knight makes a start like a race-horse, and flies
From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries,—
In vain,—for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,
" Running after him,"—so said the Abbot,—" like Bricks ! "

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight
Course round the Abbey as best he might,
Be-thwack'd and be-smack'd by the headless Sprite,
While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill,—
Then a whoop and a halloo,—and all was still !

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,
And at this time of day
One can hardly survey
Any traces or track, save a few ruins, grey
With age, and fast mouldering into decay,
Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray;
But still there are many folks living who say
That on every Candlemas Eve, the Knight,
Accoutred, and dight
In his armour bright,
With his thick black beard,—and the clerical Sprite,
With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,
Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,
And are seen in the neighbouring glebe-land and wood;
More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,
You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy;
And that once in a gale
Of wind, sleet, and hail,
They frighten'd the horses, and upset the mail.

What 'tis breaks the rest
Of these souls unblest
Would now be a thing rather hard to be guess'd,
Though some say the Squire, on his death-bed, confess'd
That on Ascalon plain,
When the bones of the slain
Were collected one day, and packed up in a chest
Caulk'd, and made water-tight,
By command of the Knight,
Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right,
And the body itself in a decentish plight,
Yet the Friar's *Pericranium* was nowhere in sight;
So, to save themselves trouble, they'd pick'd up instead,
And popp'd on to the shoulders a Saracen's Head!
Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had fail'd,
And the Pope's absolution, of course, nought avail'd.

Now, though this might be,
It don't seem to agree
With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me,—
I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine
Containing the bones brought from far Palestine
Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine
This *fact* with the reason these people assign,
Or suppose that the head of the murder'd Divine
Could be aught but what Yankees would call "genu-*ine*."
'Tis a very nice question—but be't as it may,
The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),
It is boldly affirm'd, by the folks great and small
About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,
Still on Candlemas-day haunts the old ruin'd wall,
And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.

So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,
My inference, reader, you 'll fairly forestall,
Viz.: that, spite of the hope
Held out by the Pope,
Sir Ingoldsby Bray was d—d after all!

MORAL.

Foot-pages, and Servants of ev'ry degree,
In livery or out of it, listen to me!
See what comes of lying!—don't join in a league
To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies! married and single, from this understand
How foolish it is to send letters by hand!
Don't stand for the sake of a penny,—but when you
Have one to send
To a lover or friend,
Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!

Reverend gentlemen! you who are given to roam,
Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!
But while you 're abroad lead respectable lives;
Love your neighbours, and welcome,—but don't love their wives!
And, as bricklayers say from the tiles and the leads
When they 're shovelling the snow off, "TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEADS!"

Knights! whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so strong,
Learn,—to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!
If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,
Rebuke them—but mildly—don't kick them down stairs!
To "Poor Richard's" homely old proverb attend,
"If you want matters well managed, *Go!*—if not, *Send!*"
A servant 's too often a negligent elf;
If it 's business of consequence, DO IT YOURSELF!

The state of society seldom requires
People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,
But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life;
Now—don't do that by proxy!—but choose your own wife!
For think how annoying 'twould be, when you 're wed,
To find in your bed,
On the pillow, instead
Of the sweet face you look for—A SARACEN'S HEAD!

T. INGOLDSBY.

Tappington Everard,
June 22, 1841.

THE BODY-COACHMAN.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

"Bless my soul and body!"

A STATE-COACHMAN is one of the most prominent embodyings of the national character that presents itself to the naked eye in the metropolis. John Bull, as formerly typified,—John Bull,—portly, rubicund, spruce, yet easy in his garments,—jovial, yet sober enough to avoid running against a post,—mulish, and apt to resent upon the animals under his lash, the wiggings he receives from his master or "missus,"—John Bull is scarcely to be met with at this present writing, in this land of anti-corn-law associations, unless seated in state upon a laced hammercloth. With lustrous, rosy, and whiskerless face, round as a Nonsuch apple,—a Falstaff in livery,—a waist beyond all bounds, and a pair of calves such as might belong to the dun cow of the Earl of Warwick,—the state-coachman of Majesty, or the Lord Mayor, often boasts a presence whose dignity might become the woolsack. We do not mean profanely to compare these heads of the coaching department with the speakers of the Upper House; or to opine how far in either case the wisdom may reside in the wig; but we must confess that if, according to a great authority, "Kings themselves are only ceremonies," we are apt to fall into the error of regarding lord chancellors and state coachmen as a portion of the pomp and circumstance of the British constitution.

In one respect, the assimilation holds especially good. No man is pre-ordained for a chancellor or a state-coachman. Lesser men are born great; but the greatness of *these* great men,—that is, the greatness of one of them, and the bigness of the other,—is an achievement of their own. The body-coachman, like the chancellor, is *fils de ses œuvres;* the works of the one consisting in stuffing,—the other, in cramming. The one imbibes ale,—the other Hale; and between repletion of body and fulness of knowledge, both swell into public distinction. It is worthy of Dogberry to assert that reading and writing come by nature, but that to be a personable man is the gift of Providence. The same dispensation that gives to the body-coachman the abdominal protuberance becoming his box,—assigns to the lawyer the crooked and crannyfied brain, qualifying him for the torture of the witness-box.

A thin coachman is as anomalous an object in nature as a dwarf generalissimo, or a thick rope-dancer. Unless his face be labelled to serve as a certificate of the merit of his master's home-brewed, and his figure emulate the form of the butt that contains it, he is unworthy of his cloth,—*i. e.* his hammercloth. The state-coachman should be a man above the world, in other respects besides his coach-box; care-proof, inaccessible to all diseases save gout or dropsy. He should be high as the Monument, and solid as St. Paul's.

It is clear, therefore, that such a vocation announces at once one of the happiest and best of mankind. The same qualities that ought to recommend a man to the attention of a chapter in a *congé d'élire* must clearly influence every discreet nobleman in the choice of a body-coachman. Though like other blades, valued for temper and sharpness, his real excellence consists in the almost holy serenity of soul which causes his face to shine like that of the sun in an almanack; and the crimson doublet buttoned over his paunch, to resemble a well-stuffed red velvet ottoman, bordered with gold.

Like other middle-aged men, I have seen many changes in my time; among them no transition more remarkable than that which has metamorphosed a certain Joe Tims, shoe-black to the preparatory school wherein I picked up my Ovid, into the twenty-stone Jehu of the beautiful Countess of ——; he whose snowy wig at the last drawing-room, emulated the snow-clad summit of Mont Blanc; and whose goodly legs describe the segment of an ellipsis whereof the bases are never less than two feet asunder. The Durham ox, seated on a hammercloth upon its beam-ends, arrayed in a livery by Stulz, would scarcely display a more substantial form and pressure. If, as it is asserted, the state-coachman of the Emperor of Russia must be always a general, our friend, Joe Tims—we ask pardon, *Mister* Tims—clearly deserves to be a field-marshal!

Who could have thought it!—I never look down upon him from my attic window as the natty *vis-à-vis* of her ladyship bowls along the street, with its lustrous panels and aristocratic decorations, its pair of noble horses before, full of spirit, action, and blood, and its pair of ignoble asses behind, all tags and lace, subjection and sauciness, with Tims, square and pompous, on his flowing hammercloth, with Atlantean shoulders, and toes pointed East and West,—like Old Spain, with a footing in either hemisphere,—without recalling to mind the little red-headed scamp who used to run my errands for a salary of lollypops; and whose *summum bonum* of human happiness, at that time, was to gnaw a raw turnip on a gate-post!

Yet let it not be supposed that Tims's ascent from *that* post to his present was by a hop, skip, and jump.

"Oh! who can tell how hard it is to climb" to the lofty prominence of a box of any distinction! "There are two ways," says the sage, "of attaining the apex of a pyramid,—that of the eagle, who stoops to it from the skies,—that of the reptile, who crawls up to it from the earth." Let the judgment of the public decide upon Joe Tims's mode of achieving Jehu-dicial greatness.

I shall never forget the ugliness of the boy Tims, father to the man Tims, at twelve years old: that is, not so much the ugliness as the diminutiveness. Those who wished to investigate his pigmy features felt disposed to promote him to the point of a needle, not as one of the dancing angels described by casuists, but in order to insert him under the reflection of a microscope. He was an orphan, charity fed; and we all know how the parochial "charity that feedeth the hungry" feedeth orphans. If the Providence that nourisheth the young ravens be equally sparing in their diet, it may account for the rarity of old ravens in the ornithological world. Joe was, in short, kept as near upon the boundaries of starvation as might set at nought a verdict of infanticide; and, accordingly, when I first remember him, he might have been weighed in the balance against a full-grown barn-door fowl (*not* fed on charity), and found wanting. The little fellow, however, was born for future greatness—or bigness; and lived on in despite of beadle and churchwardens.

It was while awaiting his apprenticeship that Joe became henchman to seventy other boys, nearly as ragged and as hungry as himself. He was what is called to "work for his victuals" till the chimney-sweeper had a vacancy; and I am ready to confirm Tims's opinion that these victuals were of even a lower nature than those commonly called "broken."—I suppose they must have been "smashed;"—for po-

tatoe-peelings and egg-shells had their share in the hell-broth brewed for the parish-boy.

At length Joe Tims did what any other sensible young man would have done in the same situation—he ran away. Hunger is said to eat through stone-walls. Hunger ate through the patience of poor Joe, leaving him nothing to eat in return. I don't know that he took much by the motion. Though it is proverbially said, that "he who runs may read," it does not follow that he who runs may eat. All that Joe Tims got by running was, thinner than ever. By his own account of himself, which I have recently had the pleasure of receiving from lips unctuous with the good things of this world, he must have arrived in London more of an "otomy" or atom than ever.

Arrived in the great Babylon, Joe Tims followed the example of Wisdom, and cried in the streets; and, as in the case of Wisdom, "no man regarded." Those who, seeing him seated on a door-step, with his exiguous frame manifested through the fissures of his garments, learned on interrogating the truant that he was "an unfortunate lad out of place," thought him very much out of place indeed; and bestowed upon him the gratuity proverbially said to be the allowance of a race to which, it must be admitted, he bore a strong family resemblance.

The wretched little morsel soon found that a place was as hard to find for a runaway parish apprentice, as for a sucking politician unbacked by parliamentary interest. Fair ladies do not, like Boz or Paul de Koch, take their Pages from the streets. Even the small genteel families in want of an odd boy to clean knives, seemed to consider little Joe a great deal *too* odd for them. After a week's experience as a gutterling of the fashionable world, poor Tims began to remember yearningly, not the flesh-pots of Israel — for flesh-pots he had never seen, — but the broth of egg-shells and potatoe-peelings, simmering so appetizingly over the kitchen-fire of the preparatory school!

There was very little left of the poor orphan but the bones, when one day a walking apothecary, much resembling him whom the facetiousness of managers usually causes to embody the outline of the needy poison-selling wretch drawn by Shakspeare in his Romeo, struck by the meagreness of the child, and perhaps conceiving that before long he might afford without much trouble of preparation a pleasing addition to his anatomical museum, proceeded to engage him as scrub, to carry about the oil-skin covered basket, the Pandora's box, from which magnesia and rhubarb flew out daily, to the great detriment of the invalided portion of society; leaving a small account, not like Hope, but Despair, at the bottom!—Pills above,—bills below.

Joe was enraptured. The sight of jars and phials in the apothecary's shop conveyed a vague idea of food; and though, on finding that the gallipots contained only leeches and electuaries, and the phials cathartics, the charming illusion vanished from his mind, the bare imagination of a feast had done something to restore his courage. Besides, his body was no longer as bare as his imagination. Mr. Senna, afraid perhaps of generating the cholera in his household by exposing that exiguous frame at the same moment to cold and hunger, had cut down one of his own threadbare suits into a covering for Joe;—cut it down, *bien entendu*, as the victims of the law are cut down, when all is over with them. Threadbare, however, as was the cloth, it served him as it does the gentlemen in black when quarrelsome in their natures,—as a protection.

For those who are fond, like a royal bulletin, of "progressive improvement," it is a good thing to begin where Joe Tims began, in the lowest mud wherein human clay may be compelled to roll. Every step in life taken by the orphan was necessarily an advancement. The household of Mr. and Mrs. Senna, from which so many home-reared errand-boys had fled in dismay, appeared a land of Canaan, overflowing with milk and honey, to poor Joe. Though, like a lady's album, fed with scraps, the fare appeared to *him* more luxurious than the venison and turtle of the Egyptian Hall on Lord Mayor's Day. It was curious to see how his slender limbs now began, like Hermione, to "round apace." The conversion of one of Pharoah's lean kine into one of his fat ones, could not have presented a more curious contrast. Mr. Senna's opposite neighbour, the parish-clerk, who took in day-scholars, and understood the difficulty of keeping boys in their teens sleek and well-looking, was heard to whisper to a brother-scholar of the ferule, that the apothecary's errand-boy, like Mithridates, seemed to possess the art of fattening upon drugs.

Luck, which impertinent people have defined as the providence of fools, soon threw the dapper little errand-boy in the way of preferment. One of Senna's professional avocations consisted in courting the mews adjoining his dispensary. Not that he administered to man *and* beast; those who were beastly enough to swallow his medicines being invariably bipeds. But he was a great man among coachmen's wives, labouring with small families; and not a parlour on the first floor over the stables, but had its chimney-piece adorned with his labelled bottles. He was, in short, the most a-*mews*-ing practitioner in the parish.

It follows that even as the boys of Dr. Caius followed his master to the field, the boy of Dr. Senna followed *his* to the rack and manger. By dint of carrying jalap and ginger to the little centaurs, Joe began to carry away a taste for horseflesh. He had commenced life by longing after a stalled ox, and was now beginning to cast eyes of covetousness upon stalled horses; the only provender which troubled his imagination being that which disturbed the mind of Nick Bottom, in the very arms of Titania,—*viz.* a sieve of corn, and a truss of good tender hay. He was always getting chidden by old Senna for mews-ing away his time; was apt to whistle while rubbing down ostler-wise his master's counter; and to exclaim "Wo ho!" to the still, instead of extracting the funnel, and suspending its operations.

One morning, when following his Houhnyhm propensities, he was as usual loitering near a stable-door, instead of proceeding with his oilskin basket up the ladder leading to the state-apartments of some body-coachman, a certain Captain Flashdragon, who had repaired to the fountain-head, or trough-head of coachmanship, to look out for a tiger for his cab, seized him by the shoulder, and inquired whether he knew anything of horses?

A *parvenue* ladyship of the West-end, startled by an inquiry whether she knew anything of the Patronesses of Almacks, could not have replied more deprecatingly that he "had not *much* the honour of their acquaintance; but that he was most anxious to improve it."

Captain Flashdragon's next interrogatory was of a still more alarming character, "And pray, my fine fellow, how would you like to be a tiger?"—

Joe Tims had often been accused in earlier days of being a wolf. It had never entered into his calculations to progress into a tiger.

The nature and attributes of tigerism, however, as set forth by the

gallant captain, were far from unsatisfactory. Joe, who possessed instincts of almost feline cleanliness, and whose very soul had rebelled against the filthy rags of his kittenhood, was sorely tempted by the description of the pair of snow-white tights, tops, and gloves, awaiting the legitimate tiger of a Captain Flashdragon. The natty dark-blue livery, with its short divergent skirts almost rivalling those of a beef-eater or fireman, completed the charm; and lo! he was induced to request the compounder of medicines would "provide himself," and to place himself under the measures of the captain's compounder of liveries.

In enumerating the advantages attached to the tigerhood of his establishment, the Captain had, of course, omitted to state that the fifteen guineas per annum were paid septennially; and that though the wages he gave were merely nominal, the cuffs were *not*. The tenderest plateful ever served at the Steaks could not have been more strenuously belaboured with the rolling-pin, than the flesh of poor Joe after jogging for a season at the rear of Flashdragon's cab. A more demoralizing service could not have been found for the poor little bottle-imp than that of a broken-down man about town, in times when policemen were not, and when the magistracy regarded rouge et noir as a legitimate recreation. But for a native simplicity of character, such as we have already described as leading exclusively to the wig Episcopal and Jehu-dicial, it would soon have been all dickey with the virtues of Joe! But the cat-like cleanliness of his inward man was equal to that of his outward. From a boy, he had been able to touch pitch—and even pitch and toss—without being defiled, and when at length Flashdragon bolted for Boulogne, leaving his cab and tiger at the mercy of society, no matter whether the Mendicity or the Zoological, Tim was still the same blameless individual who had eked out his early subsistence with sloes and crabs,—and at Senna's sweetened his dry bread with electuary, as with raspberry jam!

What a destiny!—At fifteen, on the wide world, without friends, and without a character!—For once, the stature of Joe Tims stood him in stead!—

He was too slight to be worth pressing into a gang of housebreakers, and too tall to be shoved in through a pane of glass. He was therefore allowed to starve on, untempted.

Instinct carried him back to the Senna-torial mews, in quest of employment; when lo! the first news that greeted him was, that at the close of an "unprecedently successful season," (as the theatres have it,) his quondam master was setting up a gig, which the *mews*ical families under his pestle and mortar did not fail to denominate "old Senna's influenza gig." A gig supposes a horse,—a horse, a groom; and poor Joe, sorely out of employ, and consequently out at elbows, judged it better to become once more the Lancelot Gobbo of the Old Jew. Senna was well satisfied to take him back. Joe could find his way blindfold to all his master's old patients. As mechanically as an undertaker's horse paces to the churchyard, could Tims impel the influenza gig to the doors of all the rheumatic spinsters and hypochondriac widows in the vicinity. At first, indeed, the apothecary, fired with the ambition of declaring "*l'état c'est moi!*" took it into his head to handle the ribands and brandish the whip; but a certain coachmaker's bill, which was the result of this wild exploit, reduced him to reason and a compound fracture at the same time; and it appeared to be no small relief to him to discover that "Cap'n Flashdragon's tiger had

been in the 'abit of driving the Cap'n's wehicle," and that the ragged caitiff he had enlisted as helper could even help to drive away the Influenza!

Poor Joe was now, as formerly the physic-basket, covered with oil-skin; oil-skin hat, — oil-skin cape, — oil-skin horse-cloth for old Peg, the influenza mare. And well for *him* the precaution!—For hours together was it his fortune to sit at the door of old ladies "long-a-dying," old gentlemen reluctant to go out of the world, or young ones deliberate in coming into it. For two whole years were he and Peg rained upon,—snowed upon,—hailed upon,—blown upon by winds from East, West, North, and South. He became as inured to storms as a weather-cock on a steeple; and it must be admitted that he looked almost as rusty.

He was now a lanky lad of eighteen, — neither man nor boy. To hold the ribands in a more elevated situation was, he knew, impossible, the very vocation of coachee presupposing the word MAN; — for who ever heard of a coach-boy, or coach-hobbledehoy?—Joe was consequently wise enough to stick, like an adhesive plaster, to the apothecary; albeit despising him from his soul, "as a feller wot knew no more of druving than if so be he'd never 'ad a vhip in his 'and!" Just as a Pombal or a Walpole may look down upon the sovereign he holds in subjection, did Joe Tims despise the inefficiency of the apothecary whom it was *his* business to drive!

A terrible event was the cause of his separation from Influenza Peg. Obadiah Senna, after passing for thirty years as an apothecary of unblemished reputation, a punctual payer of parish rates, an indefatigable vestryman, and active private of the Bloomsbury Volunteers, came, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, to be brought up by Crowner's Quest law, on suspicion of woman-slaughter,—even that of Hester Senna, his wife!—Though sufficiently lucky to satisfy twelve competent jurymen that the late Mrs. Senna had been removed from this vale of tears by "ACCIDENTAL DEATH," most of them, particularly those who were married men, could not help manifesting an opinion, that the accident which had caused tincture of opium to change places on the shelf with the bottle of tincture of rhubarb, from which the old lady was in the habit of administering to herself a daily dose, was a *very* lucky *accident* for the survivor! The old nurse, by whose enmity the nature of Mrs. Senna's last illness had been brought to light, was not the only person who shook her head on the occasion. Evidence was brought before the jury that, in domestic life, Senna was far from being mild as emulsion; and, though honourably acquitted of malice prepense in the act of delinquency, the feelings of the female portion of the population manifested themselves so vehemently at the interment of the victim, that the widower was recommended by the metropolitan police and others to withdraw from the neighbourhood.

New Zealand, or some other colony as nearly approaching to penal as possible, was just then in vogue; and poor Senna, with a cargo of agricultural and surgical implements, the Mechanic's Vade Mecum, and a London Pharmacopœia, — drugs from Apothecaries' Hall, and seeds from Minet's, — embarked as an emigrant for a *terra incognita*, where government promised a premium to all persons disposed to eat kangaroos, or be eaten by bush-rangers,— as the Act directs. Right glad would he have been could he have persuaded Joe Tims to accompany him, and drive his buffalo team, in a land where roads there are none. But though Senna was forced to admit that "needs must when

the devil drives," and to depart from a mother country so careful over its elderly ladies as not to admit of their being compelled to take the long nap by mistake of their husbands,—Joe saw no "needs must," because the apothecary wanted to drive.—He talked about his native country, in short, and preferred remaining in a land of XXX.

Again, therefore, was the poor whip precipitated from his driving-seat; and very soon became convinced that a character to be asked for in New Zealand, was as good, or rather as bad, as no character at all. It was now his ambition to drive a pair. He had outlived his giggish propensities. The remembrance of his chilly nights at the sick man's door was pain and Senna to him. But he was assured that "driving a gig and driving a chariot vos two;" that in matters of coachmanship it is more than *le premier pas qui coûte;* and that he wanted length, breadth, and thickness, bulk and experience, for a coachman.

Joe Tims was almost in despair. One only resource presented itself, and against that his spirit rebelled — to become a Jarvey! *He,* poor, innocent young man, was unadvised that his coadjutor of the Woolsack had in *his* adversityhood officiated as reporter to a daily paper. And lo! his spirit waxed proud, and he would not hear of a hackney coach. To be sure old Peg was not Peacock; but she was an animal of some merit in her way; and the influenza gig a creditable vehicle, and the harness new and wholesome; and after having presided in a creditable stable, to spend his life in tickling the lean ribs of two wretched brutes, as spare and miserable as himself, rained upon and snowed upon as if still an apothecary's drudge of all work, was a humiliation scarcely to be borne.

To this complexion, however, did he come at last. Joe Tims proud as old Coutts, of his rise in life, is far from unwilling (after a fourth tumbler of stiff punch) to allude to the days when "he druv' number three hundred and forty-five, and as neat a cutch as any on the stand." His enemies have been heard to advert unhandsomely to the wisp of straw which was then all round his old oil-skin hat; and other items of hackney-coachmanly costume, far from mentionable, more especially to a man clothed at this present speaking in purple plush and fine linen. But all this is invidious. The body-coachman has never been heard to deny having kept the stand; and it is probably to his experience in driving for several years a pair of quadrupeds, (to call them horses were too courtierly,) whereof one was a stumbler and the other a bolter, that he is indebted for his professional skill.

His fare was now harder than ever, — because dependent on his fares. The stand, too, was almost more than he could stand; and the perpetual badge of servitude to which he was condemned badgered him out of his life. More than once, in a fit of just indignation against Providence, he caused himself to be shaven and shorn, sand-papered and scrubbed into presentability, and having procured a proxy for the day, like some Parliamentary dandy bent upon making holiday at a ball, attempted to procure himself a more honourable post. But no one would abide the sight of him!—Meagre,—chap-fallen,—out of fashion, — out of favour, — the outline of a man, — the mere hint of a coachman,—with a waist like an opera-dancer's, and cheeks as lank as a black penitent's, how could he presume to pretend to the honours of a decent coach-box! He was told — as modern artists of their pictures, and fashionable novelists of their works—that he was much too slight. And lo! in the bitterness of his soul he returned once more to find

safety in numbers, and take his stand among his fellows, much marvelling by what process of stuffing his doublet with straw it might be possible for a poor Jarvey ever to become a man of substance!—

But promotion cometh neither from the east, nor yet from the west. The purple plush of Joe Tims came to him at last out of number three hundred and forty-five! It was his fortune, late one autumn evening, to translate, from a street corner in the vicinity of Charing Cross, to one of the dingy lunatic-asylum-looking square brick mansions of Bloomsbury Square, a tall perpendicular female, almost as spare as himself, and consequently nowise interesting to his feelings beyond the eighteenpence accruing to him from her transit. In the eyes of Joe Tims she was only "fare-ly fair."

But lo! on proceeding next morning to the brushing of the dusty cushions of his detested vehicle, he found, curiously inserted between them, a small parchment-covered pocket-book, mysterious-looking as that of William of Deloraine. To whom could it belong? Not to the flashy young gentleman he had conveyed from the cigar divan to his lodgings in Mary-le-bone; *such* people do not deal in parchment-covered pocket-books. Not to the decrepit man he had transported from the neighbourhood of the loan-office to his door at Brompton; *such* people do not deal in parchment-covered pocket-books. Not to the marine-store-keeping family whom he had conveyed pleasuring at per hour to the Zoological Gardens; *such* people do not deal in parchment-covered pocket-books. No! It was evidently the property of some person in particularly easy circumstances; for it contained a register of sums weekly deposited in the savings' bank, without any per contra of sums withdrawn therefrom.

At length, the insertion of a proper name served as some index to the proprietor. "Mistress Ursula Primrose" was the happy proprietor of the pocket-book, and the vested securities of which it treated. Mrs. Ursula Primrose sounded wonderfully like the perpendicular lady of Bloomsbury Square; at all events, it could be no offence to flog the bolter and stumbler thitherwards, and take her legal opinion upon the subject.

Number three hundred and forty-five reached the door. Joe Tims rang at the bell, and the fat footman who responded to the summons (and whose glazy eyes flashed like a horn lantern when at first he pretended to resent the intrusion of a hackney coachman coming to call, uncalled for, at a genteel residence,) was startled by the mere mention of the name of MRS. URSULA PRIMROSE into more than Chesterfieldian courtesy. He drew up — he tried to look sober — he almost bowed as he requested Joe to step in, without so much as a glance at his dirty boots, or a hint about the door-mat.

"He would let Mrs. Primrose know that a gentleman wished to speak with her. What might be his business?"

"His business was with Mrs. Primrose."

The body-footman saw that Jarvey was wide awake. He departed; and, after a pause, Mrs. Primrose made her stately *entrée* into the hall, just as Joe was beginning to feel that the smell of roast-beef in the house foretold a cruelly appetising two o'clock dinner for the Lower House; and to wonder why the fat footman's eyes should look so hazy, while that succulent meal was still in prospect.

But she was no longer the lady of the flowered shawl, patent silk front, and green ankle-boots of the preceding night. Mrs. Primrose was now as yellow as her name,—slatternly, cross, and unpropitious. A

portentous frown contracted her brows as Joe first presented himself to her acquaintance. But the sudden change operated in her physiognomy by his production of the parchment-covered pocket-book, would in other centuries have passed for magic! Reversing the old order of things on this occasion, it was the Gorgon's Head itself that became converted into stone.

After a momentary pause, consequent upon this singular petrifaction, she invited Joe to step into the parlour, in a whisper of more than mellifluous sweetness.

"*Did you say anything to John?*" was Mrs. Ursula's first mysterious inquiry, after closing the door.

Joe diplomatised. He could give no direct answer; for he knew not "John," and could by no means surmise what it was in his power to have communicated to him. He looked wise, therefore, and shook his head "dubersomely."

Mrs. Ursula's hand was already in her pocket. She had been on the point, like John Gilpin's wife, of "pulling out half-a-crown;" but this ominous gesture of the hackney coachman's, like the touch of Midas, converted what she had in hand into gold. She pulled out a sovereign.

"*Am I safe?*" said she, in the same mysterious whisper, fixing a terrified and tempting glance upon Joe, as she inserted the coin into his horny palm,—"*I say, am I safe with you?*"

"*Safe as the Bank!*" cried Joe, with a hackney-coachman-like wink; whereupon Mrs. Primrose, seeing significance and menace in the familiarity, staggered to a chair.

"*What* are your demands, then?" said she, in a faint voice. "Will *nothing* tempt you?"

Still blundering and wondering, Joe Tims observed that "he didn't vont no temptation, not he!"

"I know I am in your power," faltered the agonised housekeeper. "It is the first time as ever I took a glass of anything stronger than spring-water; and I suppose I shall repent it the longest day I have to live. However, I engage to make it worth your while to keep my counsel. What do you say to a comfortable sitivation? Thirty-five guineas a-year, two liveries, no night-work, liberal housekeeping, and a month's warning?"

"SAY!" cried Joe Tims, almost as much startled by the offer as Mrs. Ursula Primrose had been by the sight of the parchment-covered pocket-book,—"vy, I should say the lady vos a reg'lar trump vot procured it for me."

A bargain was soon struck,—a blind bargain on the part of Joe, still unable to conjecture what might be the state-secret in his keeping, which had every appearance of being worth a Jew's eye. Nor was it till long after the wisp of straw all round his hat had been exchanged, like Mrs. Primrose's half-crown, for gold,—and his frieze wrap-rascal for a livery as resplendent as consorts with the lustre of the Bloomsburian world of fashion, that he fully understood the dilemma of the maiden housekeeper of a prudish widow lady, relict of a K. C.—not only convicted of having been taken up at the door of a gin-palace, but agonised by discovery of the loss of her savings'-bank register, conveying in black and white to the least acute observer the exact amount of her weekly peculations! She had fancied herself lost, as well as the pocket-book. She had felt convinced that the terrible record would fall into the hands of the police, and be brought back to her lady, whose address it bore. Visions of arraignment,—of restitu-

tion,—had rendered her pillow sleepless! No wonder that she conceived the probity of the hackney-coachman to be beyond all praise, if not beyond all reward.

Joseph Tims—we no longer presume to abbreviate the coachMAN—had now abandoned number three hundred and forty-five, to think for the future only of number one.

Regarding him as master of her fatal secret, Mrs. Primrose had not only procured him the place of her lady, Mrs. Creepmouse, but took care to render it a place of pleasantness and peace. Her control over the household was absolute as the sceptre of the Medes and Persians; and not a slave therein had a right to look the new coachman in the face. The housekeeper doubled the quality of the ale,

"And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board!"

Had she been feeding up Joseph for a Smithfield prize, she could not have had tenderer care of his diet. Now Joseph, like the psalmist, was profane enough to find a divinity in his digestive organs; and his belly being his god, it was only natural that she who tended it so pamperingly should become his goddess. In the strength of the XXXX perhaps consisted his weakness; but by dint of seeing double, he Jehu-diciously ceased to regard Mrs. Ursula as a single woman too spare to become the rib of a thriving coachman. Whether the parchment-covered pocket-book were the Ovid in which he conned his art of love, or whether in the dulness of that dullest of dull households—the Lethe's wharf wherein his weediness lay rotting—he fancied his former fare into a fair,—certain it is that, two years after assuming Mrs. Creepmouse's livery, a clandestine marriage converted Ursula Primrose into Ursula Tims,—and the parchment-covered pocket-book into a partnership account.

Such was the origin of the comeliness which was the origin of Joseph's progress into Body-Coachmanship.

A long series of hard feeding and soft sleeping produced an expansion of the outward man of Joseph Tims, till, on the decease of the Bloomsbury widow, bequeathing a fat legacy to Mr. and Mrs. Tims, (whose merits and fidelity were set forth in five-and-twenty shillings' worth of legal parchment and engrossing,) the legatee was nearly as fat as his legacy.

From that period he adhered to his box as a mere matter of pride. He did not choose, not he, though independent, to fling down the reins, and retire into the hum-drum obscurity of private life. He could not abide the idea of levees and drawing-rooms, at which his ponderous person added no weight to the dignities of the court. He accepted office accordingly in Grosvenor Square, having a second coachman and two scrubs under him, to endure the odium of the screwishness of his government contracts, and to grease the wheels of his Jehu-dicial vocation.

Such is the well-wigged man in authority, to whom, amid the smash of panels, his brother whips of May Fair refer for arbitration. Mr. Tims is a great man, — a householder, — a sound Tory in all but the Corn question. It has been maliciously asserted that, like Lablache when giving tongue in the Puritani, he has an eye to the Royal Box. But we have his own authority to state, that so long as the lovely proprietress of the best-turned out equipage in town remains contented, her ladyship may reckon upon his faithful service as her BODY-COACHMAN.

THE STAGE-COACHMAN'S LAMENT.

Farewell to my tight little cutch!
Farewell to my neat four-inside!
Like a shabby old crack'd rabbit-hutch
They have treated the pet of my pride.

How she stood on her rollers so clean!
How she scuttled along like a doe,
Or a bowl on a close-shaven green!
Ah! warn't she a rum 'un to go!

But now all her claims are forgot,
And they 've pull'd out her in'ards so soft,
And they 've laid up her carcass to rot
In a hole of a cutch-maker's loft.

Farewell to my four iron greys,
And the rest of the prads that I drive!
In these selfish and steam-sniffing days,
'Tisn't fit for good hosses to live.

Your prime fast machiners in lots
To the hammer are shamefully led:
'Twere better, like so many stots,
To knock 'em at once on the head.

My face from such deeds turns awry—
Not so with your change-hunting swarm:
Here 's times for the knackers, says I;
'Tis the spirit, says they, of reform.

Some pretended to pity my case,
And they told me, the govenor chaps,
I might have in the railway a place,
To look arter the luggage and traps.

But I bowed, and I grabbed up my hat,
And shied off, as though stung by a bee;
Only think of an offer like that
To a slap-up swell dragsman like me!

Old notions now look like a dream,
By vapour and iron deranged:
The breath of the hoss yields to steam,
And mettle for metal is changed!

But railways, so taking while new,
Can't come in the end to good speed:
If running in freedom won't do,
Can running in irons succeed?

How this levelling system is spread!
All as I ever met with it flogs.
People's heads hardly stand where they did,
And consistency 's gone to the dogs.

Why prate of the "gineral weal,"
When our cutches are shoved by forlorn?
Why chaff about corn-law repeal,
When the hosses no more can eat corn!

'Tis your gallopin' *politics* makes
All the world for to hurry so fast,
To do all in a couple of shakes,
And improve, move, live, die, all in haste.

A plague on them leaders, the Whigs!
I 'm a given to think very much
That in runnin' their rascally rigs,
They 'll upset by and by the state-cutch.

EXCURSIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Englishmen, it may be safely said, are the most restless people on the face of the earth. The French are more mercurial, and the Americans have more of the "go-ahead" principle of business about them; but in his love of locomotion, in his ardent fancy for foreign travel, in his insatiable curiosity to explore strange and unfrequented districts, John Bull beats them both hollow. His fat, round, honest face gleams, like a full moon, in every quarter of the civilised and uncivilised globe. The Indian of the North Pole, and the Negro within two days' journey of Timbuctoo, are alike familiar with it; it is seen, corrugated with spleen, or expanding into a broad grin, beneath the tents of the wandering Arab, among the ruins of Palmyra or Babylon, the snows of Siberia, the wind-swept flats of Australia,—wherever, in short, it is possible to sustain life, no matter at what cost, or amid what privations, there is, or has been, or will shortly be, that most vagabondizing of animals—John Bull! Strange bundle of paradoxes is this same John! He tells you he is never so thoroughly happy as when at home, and yet—like Lemuel Gulliver or Robinson Crusoe — he is never so happy as when he has turned his back upon that home. He holds it as the main article of his social creed that no country equals his own; yet there are few countries with whose great natural beauties he is so little acquainted. He professes to be an idolater of comfort, yet he courts the horrors of a polar winter or a tropical summer; and boasts of his habits of cleanliness, while for days and weeks together he is "hail fellow, well met," with the vermin of some Russian or Turkish dormitory.

If the volumes in which John Bull has recorded his myriad peregrinations since the general peace in 1815 could be collected, they would fill the shelves of a larger library than is possessed by any Mechanic's Institute in the three kingdoms. Scarce a month has elapsed during the publishing season for the last twenty-five years but the press has teemed with Voyages and Travels — north, south, east, and west — which attests, if not the sagacity, at least the restless and enterprising character of Englishmen. How many dozen volumes on Russia only have we not seen advertised within the last twelve months! With how many descriptions of Circassia, and the wild tracts bordering on the Caspian, are we not acquainted! Who is not as familiar with the leading features of Constantinople as with those of London or Edinburgh! But four short years since, Affghanistan and the passes of the Himalayas were, comparatively speaking, untrodden ground; now, Englishmen traverse them by the score, and treat as the merest common-places the startling adventures, that half a century ago would have set their ancestors wondering through a life-time. In the year 1830, a new volcanic island suddenly started up in the Mediterranean. Hardly had its nose appeared above water, than off went John Bull to take a peep at it, and, as a matter of course, was the very first person to ascend its highest eminence. It has since vanished; but such was honest John's fidgetty curiosity to know what had become of it, that on the spot where it had once stood he actually went down in a diving-bell, slipping over the side of a merchant-ship! In one of his most

amusing works, Washington Irving relates that he came in contact at Terracina with an English alderman and his family, who were just packing up for a tour to the Holy Land; another author has assured us that he saw "Buy Warren's Blacking" chalked up in round text on the walls of the Temple of Theseus at Athens; and we all know that a Long-Acre-built omnibus, licensed to carry twelve, exclusive of its London cad, runs daily between the Pyræus and the Acropolis, and is chiefly patronised by English travellers! But not only is John Bull, like Ulysses, a wanderer over seas and lands, but the very skies come in for a share of his attention. It was but the other day that he took a balloon trip to Germany; and we do not despair of living to see the day when, acting on a recent astronomical theory, that the moon is inhabited, he will pop a clean shirt or two in his carpet-bag, and set forth on an expedition of discovery to that mysterious planet!

Though a love of enterprise is of course the chief incentive to these eccentric, adventurous movements of John Bull, yet fashion—to which he is proverbially a slave—has, we suspect, no slight share in prompting them; for, strange to say, particular countries come into and go out of fashion, just like dresses, wines, novels, drawing-room ballads, &c. During the run of the Scotch tales, the Highlands were all the rage, and awful was the rush of Englishmen across the border; some years later, Cooper's romances brought the American prairies into note, and off started John Bull to bivouac with the Pawnee Indians; Byron's Childe Harold sent him voyaging up the Rhine, and tearing across the plains of Troy; the late Russian campaigns precipitated him on the coast of Circassia; Captain Head's "Bubbles from the Brunens" inoculated him with a German spa influenza; and now, nothing excites his fancy so much as the idea of paying a visit to Acre, and exposing himself to the scorching heats of the Syrian desert!

These "Excursions Abroad" are all well enough in their way; but commend us—who are more domestic, and less adventurous in our tastes, and wholly unswayed by fashion—commend us, we say, to the soberer enjoyment derived from "Excursions at Home." A ramble through our own country, or some of the sylvan provinces of France, is quite enough to satisfy our moderate ambition and curiosity. Wherever we go, we like to bear about with us a snug, social impression of home. We are anxious to be within call, in case of unforeseen accidents at head-quarters. A letter informing us that our wife was given over by the physicians, or that our banker's name had just appeared in the Gazette that should find us at Constantinople or Damascus, would occasion us inexpressible remorse. Besides, as we travel, like Doctor Syntax, solely in search of the picturesque, and have no faith in the scenic attractions of distant countries, merely because they are distant, we feel persuaded that we need never quit the shores of Britain; or if we do quit them, that the western and southern districts of "La belle France" will fulfil our most sanguine expectations. To say nothing of the mountain magnificence of the Highland regions; the sylvan luxuriance of the midland counties; the teeming variety of the West; and the savage grandeur of the Welsh alps, with their hushed, secluded valleys carpeted with softest grasses, alive with the music of merry, tumbling brooklets, and fragrant with perfumed wild herbs;—to say

nothing of these picturesque localities, what think you, gentle reader, of the neglected banks of the Thames, which from Fulham to Oxford—a distance of upwards of sixty miles—exhibit every species of landscape that can delight the eye of taste? Flowing through stately, park-like grounds, and emerald-green meadows at Richmond, whose cheerful slopes and lawns have been immortalized by the poetry of Thompson, and the prose of Scott; spreading out into a clear, expansive lake at Henley; sweeping proudly past the royal towers of Windsor, the terraced steeps of Clifden, and the precipitous chalk-cliffs of Caversham; murmuring sweet music among the ruins of Reading Abbey; and reflecting as in a bright, unsullied mirror, the classic beauties of Oxford; this noble river displays throughout its course scenes of such Arcadian attraction as might have inspired the pastoral pen of a Theocritus, or the picturesque pencil of a Claude. Do we exaggerate in speaking thus? Let those who think we do, turn to Mr. Mackay's entertaining work, "The Thames and its Tributaries," and acknowledge the justice of our eulogiums. Here, for instance, is his sketch of this glorious stream at Richmond—a locality that has already been described a hundred times, but which may be described as many more without palling upon the reader's taste. We add the engraver's illustration, by way of completing the sketch.



"The first time we ever ascended the hill, the landscape was illumined by the rays of a bright noon-tide sun, and the waters of the Thames, stretching out right before us, were illumined with a long streak of light, and the far forests gleamed in the radiancy as their boughs were waved to and fro by a strong, but pleasant, south-west wind. Distant Windsor was visible; and hundreds of neat villas, and other pleasing objects, gratified the eye, to whichever side it turned;



Discovery of Garnet and Oldcorne at Hendlip.

London: Richard Bentley 1841.

the Thames freshening and enlivening the whole. As we stood, the sky became overcast; dark clouds arose upon the horizon; the wind blew colder than its wont; while a few large drops of rain gave notice of an impending storm. The Terrace was soon bare of its visitors: all sought shelter from the rain; but we remained to watch the tempest, and the changes it wrought upon the landscape. It was glorious to see how the trees waved, like fields of corn, as the storm blew over them, and the smart showers whirled around; now hiding one spot by the thickness of the rain, and now wheeling past another, and obscuring it in like manner. The distant heights were no longer visible, and we could just see the Thames winding at the foot of the hill, and curling itself into tiny waves under the breath of the storm. The blossoms of the wild chestnut trees fell thick around us, diffusing a more delicious fragrance through the air; and the very dust of the ground seemed odorous as the moisture fell upon it. Suddenly there was a flash right over Windsor Castle, and all its towers were perceptible for an instant, and then hidden again. Successive flashes illumined other spots; and while the rain was piercing through our garments, we had no other thought than a strong desire to become an artist by the inspiration of the moment, and at one touch of our pencil to fasten upon enduring canvass a faithful representation of the scene."

But Richmond, it may be said, is an exception to the general character of the Thames scenery; turn we then to Mr. Mackay's description of the view from the terrace of Windsor Castle, and the artist's appropriate accompaniment:—



"To the right of us lies Runnymead, still more renowned in the history of British freedom; beyond it, Cooper's Hill, sacred to the memory of Denham, and around it Windsor Forest, of which Pope has so sweetly sung, and where he passed his earliest years. And among all rise villas and noble mansions, thickly spread like stars on a frosty night.

"The view is universally admired, not only for its associations, but for itself. The beautiful diversity of hill and dale, of wood and water, of meadow and grove, of town and village, teeming with all the picturesque land-marks of civilization, and with these only, unobscured by the tall chimneys of gas-works, and

unspoiled in its pleasant ruralness by those huge square deformities, the manufactories, with which civilization is compelled to sprinkle its path, renders it a scene of loveliness, unsurpassed in England."

But, should a home excursion along the banks of the Thames be deemed too monotonous and insipid, the traveller has merely to cross over into France, to have all his ideas of the sublime and beautiful in scenery fully realized. Let him pursue the course of the Loire through the sylvan districts of the Bocage, and we will answer for it that he will be just as much delighted as with a steam-voyage up the Rhine, a ramble among the American prairies, or a sail through the Bosphorus into the Euxine Sea. Ruined abbeys, and castles of the most imposing appearance; rural villages embosomed in spreading forests, on whose verdant glades the sun lies, like a smile from Heaven; frowning rocks, cheerful dells, flower-enamelled meadows; everything, in short, that is requisite to perfect scenery, may be found along the banks, or in the immediate neighbourhood, of the Loire. We assert this without fear of contradiction; first, from the information received from travellers who have visited the localities, and who have assured us that in their search of the picturesque they have often gone further and fared worse; and, secondly, from an attentive perusal of Miss Costello's "Summer among the Bocages and the Vines,"— one of the most delightful works of the sort with which we are acquainted. Observe the enthusiastic terms in which this lady speaks of the ruins of an abbey in the vicinity of the Loire, and the landscape immediately contiguous to them!

"Of this once magnificent abbey the effect of the few remaining walls and windows is very fine. They appear from many points of view along the beautiful shores of the Rance, and form exquisite objects from the surrounding hills. Everywhere they are subjects for the painter; and artists are frequently met with, seated in the most attractive spots, busily engaged in transferring the magnificent scenery to their sketch-books. The exquisite bits discoverable at each turn might seduce an amateur of the sublime and beautiful to linger all day on this delicious shore, before him the ruins, amidst the most graceful and varied foliage, the gardens and meadows reaching to the water's brink, the bridge, with its back-ground of mountains in the distance, the little sails gliding along, the small islands, the gigantic hills clothed with wood, from whence are seen from distance to distance the ivy-crowned turrets of the castle of Beaumanoir; the huge blocks of grey granite scattered along the way, and the winding stream at their feet, with emerald grass and waving reeds close to the margin:— all this may well seduce a painter, or a wanderer, to spend all the shining summer day leaning on the short turf between the rocks, under the shelter of the groves at Lehon, as we did, and, regardless of fatigue, to climb the steep hill which, almost perpendicular, is cut into paths that serpentine sufficiently to suffer the passage, not only of the peasants, but of the dwellers who inhabit a charming villa, placed exactly on the peak of this elevation. It need hardly be said that these adventurous mountaineers are English, and delightfully they are repaid for the trouble of mounting so high."

Again, read this description of the caves of Chinon, and tell us, you who have wandered over Europe, or among the woods, and valleys, and mountains of the New World, whether you have ever met with a scene characterized by more striking or original features, or better calculated to make a lasting impression on your minds. That you may be able to form a decided opinion on the subject, we add to Miss Costello's sketch her engraver's pictorial illustration:—

"The objects of greatest interest after the castle of Chinon are the *caves*. These are situated beneath the coteau on which the town is built, and extend for many leagues; indeed the imagination sets no bounds to their extent. They are immense exhausted quarries, which for twelve centuries have supplied stone for all the required buildings in their vicinity. The castle, bridge, churches, &c. are all built from hence, and the foundations of those tremendous towers are carried down to the lowest depths of these caverns. We traced the cemented stones of the walls of Agnes Sorel's tower amongst the huge masses which lie in picturesque confusion, piled into fantastic shapes by the sport of nature. Occasionally basins of clear water are to be met with in these retreats, and some crystallizations are seen clinging to the dripping roofs; but it is rather from their strange forms, and enormous and awful extent, than from any positive beauty, that these painted caverns, as they are called, present a mysterious interest.

"Armed with lighted candles, and preceded by a guide bearing a long ladder, we threaded the mazes of numerous paths leading to cathedral-roofed chambers, rugged valleys of rocks, and wild-looking 'antres vast,' where the flashing lights showed fantastic figures on the walls *painted* by the gliding and dropping water which oozes through the sandstone. The adventurous may discover, by climbing into narrow apertures, numerous curiously shaped saloons and fine effects of shadow; we were obliged to be content with the most accessible, though we conceived our peril quite approaching near enough to the positive to be sublime."



We have next a plate representing a ruined mill, not far from the Loire, which, with its fine mountain back-ground, its silvery cataract in front, and its rustic bridge in the intermediate distance, presents just such an assemblage of objects as Turner would love to group on canvass:—



So much for "Excursions at Home,"—for France, with the facilities we now have for reaching it, may be considered as lying close at our elbow,—*versus* "Excursions Abroad." Fashion, or a love of enterprise will still continue to allure hosts of travellers to remote countries; but those who, like ourselves, have the organ of "stay-at-home-ativeness" powerfully developed on their craniums, will be quite contented with an occasional ramble through England, or its next door-neighbour, France, portions of which are as rich in picturesque effects as the eye of poet or painter could desire.

SPECIMENS OF MODERN GERMAN POETS.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THEY have to-night a party;
  And the house is lit up bright!
There, above, athwart the window
  Moves a shadow-image light!

Thou seest me not in the darkness,—
  I stand below, apart;
Yet still less canst thou see within
  My dark and hidden heart.

My hidden heart it loves thee,
  It loves and breaks for thee;
Yet how it breaks, pants, bleedeth,
  'Tis man shalt never see!

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER VII.

VIVIANA'S LAST NIGHT AT ORDSALL HALL.

On the evening of the third day after quitting Dunchurch, Viviana Radcliffe and her companions arrived at Ordsall Hall. They had encountered many dangers and difficulties on the journey, and were well-nigh overcome with fatigue and anxiety. Fearful of being detained, Garnet had avoided all the larger towns in the way, and had consequently been driven greatly out of the direct course. He had assumed the disguise which he usually wore when travelling, that of a lawyer, and as he possessed great mimetic talent, he sustained the character admirably. Viviana passed for his daughter, and his servant, Nicholas Owen, who was almost as clever an actor as his master, represented his clerk, while the two attendants performed the parts of clients. At Abbots'-Bromley, where they halted for refreshment on the second day, having spent the night at a small village near Lichfield, they were detained by the landlord, who entertained some suspicions of them; but Garnet succeeded in frightening the man into allowing them to depart. They underwent another alarm of the same kind at Leek, and were for two hours locked up; but on the arrival of a magistrate, who had been sent for by the host, Garnet gave so plausible an account of himself that the party were instantly set at liberty, and arrived without further molestation at their journey's end.

Viviana's last visit to the hall had been sad enough, but it was not so sad as the present. It was a dull November evening, and the wind moaned dismally through the trees, scattering the yellow leaves on the ground. The house looked forlorn and desolate. No smoke issued from the chimneys, nor was there any external indication that it was inhabited. The drawbridge was down, and as they passed over it, the hollow trampling of their steeds upon the planks vibrated painfully upon Viviana's heart. Before dismounting, she cast a wistful look around, and surveyed the grass-grown, and neglected court, where, in years gone by, she had sported; the moat on whose brink she had lingered; and the surrounding woods, which she had never looked upon, even on a dreary day like the present, and when they were robbed in some measure of their beauty, without delight. Scan-

ning the deserted mansion from roof to foundation, she traced all its gables, angles, windows, doors, and walls, and claimed every piece of carved work, every stone as a familiar object, and as associated with other and happier hours.

"It is but the wreck of what it was," she thought. "The spirit that animated it is fled. Grass grows in its courts — no cheerful voices echo in its chambers — no hospitality is maintained in its hall — but neglect, gloom, and despair claim it as their own. The habitation and its mistress are well matched."

Guessing from the melancholy expression of her countenance what was passing within, and thinking it advisable to turn the current of her thoughts, Garnet assisted her to alight, and committing the care of their steeds to Owen and the others, proceeded with her to the principal entrance. Everything appeared in nearly the same state as when they had last seen it, and the only change that had taken place was for the worse. The ceilings were mapped and mildewed with damps; the once-gorgeously stained glass was shivered in the windows; the costly arras hung in tattered fragments from the walls; while the floors, which were still strewn with plaster and broken furniture, were flooded with the moisture that had found its way through the holes in the roof.

"Bear up, dear daughter," said Garnet, observing that Viviana was greatly distressed by the sight, "and let the contemplation of this scene of havoc, instead of casting you down, inspire you with just indignation against enemies from whom it is vain to expect justice or mercy. How many Catholic mansions have been thus laid waste! How many high-born and honourable men, whose sole fault was their adherence to the religion of their fathers, and their refusal to subscribe to doctrines against which their consciences revolted, have been put to death like your father, nay, have endured a worse fate, for they have languished out their lives in prison, while their families and retainers have undergone every species of outrage! How many a descendant of a proud line, distinguished for worth, for loyalty, and for devotion, has stood, as you now stand, upon his desolate hearth — has seen misery and ruin usurp the place of comfort and happiness — and has heard the very stones beneath his feet cry out for vengeance. Accursed be our oppressors!" he added, lifting up his hands, and elevating his voice. "May their churches be thrown down — their faith crushed — their rights invaded — their children delivered to bondage — their hearths laid waste as ours have been. May this, and worse come to pass, till the whole stock of heresy is uprooted!"

"Hold, father!" exclaimed Viviana, "even here, beholding this miserable sight, and with feelings keenly excited, I cannot join in your terrible denunciation. What I hope for — what I pray for, is toleration, not vengeance. The sufferings of our brethren will not have been in vain, if they enable our suc-

cessors to worship God in their own way, and according to the dictates of their consciences. The ruthless conduct of our persecutors must be held in as much abhorrence by all good Protestants as our persecution of that sect when we were in the ascendant, is regarded by all worthy members of our own Church. I cannot believe that by persecution we can work out the charitable precepts inculcated by our Saviour; and I am sure such a course is as adverse to the spirit of religion, as it is to that of humanity. Let us bear our sorrows with patience, —let us utter no repinings, but turn the other cheek to the smiter, and we shall find, in due time, that the hearts of our oppressors will relent, and that all the believers in the True God will be enabled to worship him in peace, though at different altars."

"Such a season will never arrive, daughter," replied Garnet, severely, "till heresy is extirpated, and the false doctrines, now prevailing, utterly abolished. Then, indeed, when the Church of Rome is re-established, and the old and true religion restored, universal peace will prevail. And let me correct the grievous and sinful error into which you have fallen. Our church is always at war with heresy; and if it cannot uproot it by gentle means, authorizes, nay enjoins the employment of force."

"I will not attempt to dispute with you upon points of faith, father," returned Viviana; "I am content to think and act according to my own feelings and convictions. But I will not give up the hope that in some milder and wiser age, persecution on either side will cease, and the sufferings of its victims be remembered only to soften the hearts of fanatics, of whatever creed, towards each other. Were a lesson wanting to ourselves, surely it might be found in the result that has attended your dark and criminal enterprise, and in which the disapproval of Heaven has been signally manifested."

"Not so, daughter," replied Garnet. "An action is not to be judged or justified by the events attending it, but by its own intrinsic merits. To aver the contrary were to throw a doubt upon the Holy Scriptures themselves, where we read in the Book of Judges that the eleven tribes of Israel were commanded to make war upon the tribe of Benjamin, and yet were twice defeated. We have failed. But this proves nothing against our project, which I maintain to be righteous and praiseworthy, undertaken to overthrow an heretical and excommunicated monarch, and to re-establish the true faith of the Most High throughout this land."

"I lament to find that you still persist in error, father," replied Viviana; "but you cannot by any sophistry induce me to coincide with you in opinion. I hold the attempt an offence alike against God and man, and while I rejoice at the issue that has attended it, I deplore the irreparable harm it will do to the whole body of Catholics, all of whom will be connected, by the bigoted

and unthinking of the hostile party, with the atrocious design. Not only have you done our cause an injury, but you have in a measure justified our opponents' severity, and given them a plea for further persecution."

"No more of this, daughter," rejoined Garnet, impatiently, "or I shall deem it necessary to reprove you. Let us search the house, and try to find some habitable chamber in which you can pass the night."

After a long search, they discovered a room in comparatively good order, and leaving Viviana within it, Garnet descended to the lower part of the house, where he found Nicholas Owen, and the two other attendants.

"We have chanced upon a scanty supply of provender for our steeds," remarked Owen, with a doleful look; "but we are not likely to obtain a meal ourselves, unless we can feed upon rats and mice, which appear to be sole tenants of this miserable dwelling."

"You must go to Manchester instantly, and procure provisions," returned Garnet. "But take heed you observe the utmost caution."

"Fear nothing," replied Owen. "If I am taken, your reverence will lose your supper—that is all."

He then set out upon his errand, and Garnet proceeded to the kitchen, where, to his great surprize, he found the hearthstone still warm, and a few lighted embers upon it, while crumbs of bread, and little fragments of meat scattered about, proved that some one had taken a meal there. Startled by this discovery, he continued his search, but as fruitlessly as before; and though he called to any one who might be hidden to come forth, the summons was unanswered. One of the attendants had placed a few sticks upon the smouldering ashes, and on returning to the kitchen, it was found that they had kindled. A fire being thus obtained, some of the broken furniture was used to replenish it, and by Garnet's commands another fire was speedily lighted in Viviana's chamber. Night had now come on, and Owen not returning, Garnet became extremely uneasy, and had almost given him up, when the absentee made his appearance, with a large basket of provisions under his arm.

"I have had some difficulty in obtaining them," he said, "and fancying I observed two persons following me, was obliged to take a circuitous route to get back. The whole town is in commotion about the plot, and it is said that the most rigorous measures are to be adopted towards all the Catholic families in the neighbourhood."

Sighing at the latter piece of intelligence, Garnet selected such provisions as he thought would be acceptable to Viviana, and took them upstairs to her. She ate a little bread, and drank a cup of water, but refused to taste anything else, and finding it in vain to press her, Garnet returned to the

kitchen, where, being much exhausted, he recruited himself with a hearty meal, and a cup of wine.

Left alone, Viviana knelt down, and clasping a small crucifix to her breast, prayed long and fervently. While she was thus engaged, she heard the door open gently behind her, and turning her head, beheld an old man clothed in a tattered garb, with long white hair flowing over his shoulders, and a beard of the same snowy hue descending upon his breast. As he advanced slowly towards her, she started to her feet, and a brighter flame arising at the moment from the fire, it illumined the intruder's wo-begone features.

"Is it possible!" she exclaimed,—"can it be my father's old steward, Jerome Heydocke?"

"It is indeed, my dear young mistress," replied the old man, falling on his knee before her. "Heaven be praised!" he continued, seizing her hand, and bedewing it with tears; "I have seen you once again, and shall die content."

"I never expected to behold you more, good Heydocke," returned Viviana, raising him. "I heard you had died in prison."

"It was so given out by the jailers, to account for my escape," replied the old steward; "and I took care never to contradict the report by making my appearance. I will not distress you by the recital of all I have endured, but will simply state that I was confined in the prison upon Hunt's Bank, whence I escaped in the night by dropping upon the rocks, and from them into the river, where it was supposed I was drowned. Making my way into the country, I concealed myself for a time in barns and outbuildings, until, at length, I ventured back to the old house, and have dwelt in it unmolested ever since. I should have perished for want long ago, but for the kindness of Mr. Humphrey Chetham. He used to send my son regularly to me with provisions; and, now that Martin is gone to London, on business, as I understood, relating to you, he brings them to me himself. He will be here to-morrow."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Viviana. "I must see him."

"As you please," returned the old man. "I suppose those are your companions below. I was in my hiding-place, and hearing voices and footsteps, did not dare to venture forth till all was still. On approaching this room, which I have been in the habit of occupying lately, and peeping through the door, which was standing ajar, I perceived a female figure, and thinking it must be you, though I scarcely dared to trust the evidence of my senses, I ventured in. Oh! my dear, dear young mistress, what a joy it is to see you again! I fear you must have suffered much, for you are greatly altered."

At this moment, Garnet entered the room. He started on seeing the old steward. But an explanation was instantly given him.

"You, then, are the person by whom the fire was recently lighted in the kitchen?" he asked.

Heydocke replied in the affirmative.

"I came to bid you farewell for the night, dear daughter," said Garnet, "and to assure you that you may rest without fear, for we have contrived to make fast the doors. Come with me, my son," he added to the steward, "and you shall have a comfortable meal below."

Making a profound reverence to Viviana, the old man followed him down stairs.

Viviana continued to pace to and fro within her chamber for some time, and then, overcome with fatigue, flung herself upon the bedstead, on which a cloak had been thrown. Sleep soon closed her eyes, but it was disturbed by frightful and distressing dreams, from which she was suddenly aroused by a touch upon the arm. Starting up, she perceived the old steward by the side of her couch, with a light in his hand.

"What brings you here, Heydocke?" she demanded, with an accent of surprise and alarm.

"You have slept soundly, my dear young mistress, or you would not require to be informed," replied the steward. "There! do you not hear it?" he added, as a loud knocking resounded from below.

Viviana listened for a moment, and then, as if struck by a sudden idea, hurried down stairs. She found Garnet and the others assembled in the hall, but wholly unnerved by fright. "Hide yourselves," she said, "and no ill shall befal you. Quick! —not a moment is to be lost!"

Having allowed them sufficient time for concealment, she demanded in a loud voice who was without?

"Friends," was the reply.

"It is the voice of Doctor Dee," replied Heydocke.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Viviana. "Admit him instantly."

Heydocke obeyed, and throwing open the door, gave entrance to the Doctor, who was wrapped in his long furred gown, and carried a lantern. He was accompanied by Kelley and Humphrey Chetham.

"Your visit is singularly timed, Mr. Chetham," said Viviana, after she had saluted the party; "but you are not the less welcome on that account. I much desired to see you, and indeed should have sent for you to-morrow. But how did you know I was here?"

"The only explanation I can offer you is this," replied Chetham; "I was hastily summoned from my residence at Crumpsall by Kelley, who told me you were at Ordsall Hall, and that Doctor Dee was about to visit you, and desired my company. Thus summoned, I came at once."

"A strange explanation indeed!" replied Viviana.

"Close and fasten the door," said Dee, in an authoritative tone to Kelley, and as soon as his commands were obeyed, he took Viviana's hand, and led her to the further end of the hall.

"My art informed me of your arrival, Viviana," he said. "I am come to save you. You are in imminent danger."

"I well know it," she replied; "but I have no wish to fly from justice. I am weary of my life, and would gladly resign it."

"I would call to your recollection, Viviana," pursued Dee, "that I foretold the disastrous result of this plot, in which you have become unhappily involved, to Guy Fawkes, and warned him not to proceed in it. But he would not be advised, and is now a prisoner in the Tower."

"All I wish is to go thither, and die with him," rejoined Viviana.

"If you go thither you will die before him," said Dee.

"I would so," she replied.

"Viviana Radcliffe," returned Dee, in a compassionate tone, "I truly grieve for you. Your attachment to this heinous traitor completely blinds you. The friendship I entertained for your mother makes me anxious to serve you — to see you happy. It is now in your power to be so. But if you take another false step, your fate is decided, and you will die an early death. I will answer for your safety—nay, what is more, I will undertake that ere long you shall again be mistress of this mansion, and have your estates restored to you."

"You promise fairly, sir," she replied with a mournful smile.

"I have not yet done," pursued Dee. "All I require for the service is, that, when freed by the death of Guy Fawkes from the chain that now binds you, — for I am aware of your ill-starred union with him, — you shall bestow your hand upon Humphrey Chetham."

"It may not be," replied Viviana, firmly. "And if you could in truth read the secrets of the heart, you would know that mine would instantly reject the proposal."

"Think not it originates with me, Viviana," said Humphrey Chetham, who had approached them unobserved. "My previous experience of your character would alone have prevented me from becoming a party to any such proposal, had I known it would be made. Do not, I beseech you, sir," he added to Dee, "clog your offer with conditions which will effectually prevent its accomplishment."

"You are true to yourself, Mr. Chetham," rejoined Viviana, "and will not, therefore, wonder that I continue so. Were I to assent to Doctor Dee's proposal, I should be further from happiness than I am now, even if he could make good his words, and restore me to the station I have forfeited. I have received a shock from which I shall never recover, and the only haven of repose, to which I look forward, is the grave."

"Alas!" exclaimed Chetham, in a pitying tone.

"You will think I trespass too much upon your kindness," she pursued; "but you can render me a great service, and it will be the last I shall ever require from you."

"Name it?" cried Chetham, eagerly.

"I would beg you to escort me to London," she rejoined; "and to deliver me to the lords of the council. I would willingly escape the indignities to which I shall be exposed if I am conveyed thither as a prisoner. Will you do this?"

"I will," replied Chetham.

"Lest you should think I have offered more than I can perform, Viviana," said Dee, who had listened attentively to the foregoing conversation, "I will now tell you on what grounds I build my expectation of procuring your pardon. The conspiracy was first revealed by me to the Earl of Salisbury, though for his own purposes he kept it secret to the last. He owes me a heavy debt, and shall pay it in the way I propose, if you desire it."

"I will abide by what I have done," replied Viviana.

"You know, then, what fate awaits you?" said Dee.

"I shall not shrink from it," she rejoined.

"It is well," he replied. "Before I leave, I will give you another caution. Father Garnet is here. Nay, attempt not to deny it. You cannot deceive me. Besides, I desire to serve, not harm him. If he remains here till to-morrow, he will be captured. A proclamation has been issued for his arrest, as well as for that of Father Oldcorne. Deliver him this warning. And now, farewell!"

With this, he took up his lantern, and followed by Kelley, quitted the hall.

Humphrey Chetham only tarried a few moments to inform Viviana that he would return soon after daybreak with a couple of steeds for the journey. As soon as he was gone, Viviana communicated Dee's warning to Garnet, who was so alarmed by it, that he resolved not to delay his own departure a moment. Taking an affectionate leave of Viviana, and confiding her to the care of the old steward, he set out with his three attendants.

Faithful to his promise, Humphrey Chetham appeared at the appointed time. Viviana bade an eternal farewell to the old steward, who was overwhelmed with grief, and looked as if his sorrows would soon be ended, and mounting one of the steeds brought by the young merchant, they took the direction of London.

CHAPTER VIII.

HENDLIP.

Garnet proceeded at a rapid pace for some miles before he acquainted his companions whither he was going. He then informed Nicholas Owen, who rode by his side, that he should make the best of his way to Hendlip House, the seat of Mr. Thomas Abingdon, near Droitwich, in Worcestershire, where he knew that Father Oldcorne and Anne Vaux had retired, and

where he was certain to meet with a friendly reception and protection. Owen, who was completely in his master's confidence, agreed that no safer asylum could be found, and they pursued their journey with so much ardour, that early on the following night, they arrived within a short distance of the mansion. Owen was sent forward to reconnoitre, and returned in about half an hour with Mr. Abingdon, who embraced Garnet, and told him he was truly happy in being able to offer him a retreat.

"And I think it will prove a secure one," he added. "There are so many hiding-places in the old house, that if it is beset for a year you will scarcely be discovered. Have you heard of the fate of your confederates?"

"Alas! no, my son," replied Garnet; "and I tremble to ask it."

"It had better be told at once," rejoined Abingdon. "Catesby, Percy, and the two Wrights, have been slain in the defence of Holbeach, while Rookwood, Grant, and Thomas Winter, all of whom were severely wounded in the siege, have been made prisoners, and are now on their way to the Tower."

"A fearful catalogue of ills!" exclaimed Garnet.

"It is not yet complete," pursued Abingdon. "Sir Everard Digby has been defeated, and made prisoner in an attempt to bring additional force to his friends, and Keyes has been arrested in Warwickshire."

"These are woful tidings truly, my son," returned Garnet. "But Heaven's will be done!"

He then dismissed his two attendants, to whom he gave a sum of money, together with the steeds, and attended by Nicholas Owen, repaired to the house with Mr. Abingdon, who admitted them through a secret door.

Hendlip House, which, unfortunately for the lovers of picturesque and storied habitations, was pulled down a few years ago, having been latterly used as a ladies' boarding-school, was a large and irregular structure, with walls of immense thickness, tall stacks of chimneys, turrets, oriel windows, and numberless projections, contrived to mask the labyrinths and secret chambers within. Erected by John Abingdon, father of the proprietor at the period of this history, and cofferer to Queen Elizabeth in the early part of the reign of that princess, it was filled with secret staircases, masked entrances, trap-doors, vaults, subterranean passages, secret recesses, and every other description of hiding-place. An immense gallery surrounded three sides of the entrance-hall, containing on each side a large chimney-piece, surmounted by a shield displaying the arms of the family—*argent*, a bend *gules*, three eaglets displayed *or*. Behind each of these chimney-pieces was a small cell, or "priest's hole," as it was termed, contrived in the thickness of the wall. Throughout the mansion, the chambers were so sombre, the passages so numerous and intricate, that, in the words of one who described it

from personal observation, the whole place presented "a picture of gloom, insecurity, and suspicion." Standing on an elevated situation, it commanded the country on all sides, and could not be approached during the day-time without alarm being given to its inmates.

Thomas Abingdon, the owner of the mansion at the period in question, and the eldest son of its founder, was born at Thorpe, near Chertsey, in Surrey, in 1560. He was educated at Oxford, and finished his studies at the Universities of Paris and Rheims. A man of considerable taste and learning, but of a plotting disposition, he became a willing tool of the Jesuits, and immediately on his return to England, connected himself with the different conspiracies set on foot for the liberation of the imprisoned Queen of Scots. For these offences he was imprisoned in the Tower for the term of six years, and only escaped death from the fact of his being the Queen's godson, coupled with the estimation in which she had held his father. On his liberation he remained perfectly tranquil till the accession of James, when he became a secret plotter against that monarch. His concealment of the two priests, about to be related, occasioned his being again sent to the Tower, and if it had not been for the intercession of Lord Mounteagle, whose sister he had espoused, he would have been executed. He was pardoned on condition of never stirring beyond the precincts of Worcestershire, and he employed his retirement in compiling an account of the antiquities of that county, which he left behind him in manuscript, and of which Doctor Nash, its more recent historian, has largely availed himself.

With a habitation so contrived, Mr. Abingdon might fairly promise his guests a safe asylum. Conducting them along a secret passage to a chamber of which he alone possessed the key, he left Garnet within it, and taking Owen with him to another place of concealment, returned shortly afterwards with Anne Vaux and Father Oldcorne. The two priests tenderly embraced each other, and Oldcorne poured forth his tears on his superior's shoulder. Garnet next turned to Anne Vaux, between whom and himself, as has before been mentioned, an affectionate intimacy subsisted, and found her quite overcome by her feelings. Supper was now served to Garnet by a confidential servant, and after a few hours spent in conversation with his friends, during which they discussed the disastrous issue of the affair, and the probable fate of the conspirators, they quitted him, and he retired to rest — but not before he had returned thanks to Heaven for enabling him once more to lay down his head in safety.

On the following morning, he was visited by Mrs. Abingdon, a lady of considerable personal attractions, and Anne Vaux, and when he had recovered from the fatigue of his journey, and the anxieties he had recently undergone, he experienced great delight

in their society. The chamber he occupied was lighted by a small loop-hole, which enabled him to breathe the fresh air, and gaze upon the surrounding country.

In this way, nearly two months passed on, during which, though rigorous inquiries were made throughout the county, no clue was found by the searchers to lead them to Hendlip; and the concealed parties began to indulge hopes that they should escape detection altogether. Being in constant correspondence with her brother, Lord Mounteagle, though she did not trust him with the important secret of the concealment of the priests, Mrs. Abingdon ascertained all that was done in reference to the conspirators, whose trials were now approaching, and communicated the intelligence to Garnet.

On the morning of the 20th of January, and when long quietude had bred complete fancied security in Garnet, Anne Vaux and Mrs. Abingdon suddenly entered his chamber, and with countenances of the utmost alarm, informed him that Mr. Abingdon's confidential servant had just returned from Worcester, where his master then was, and had brought word that Topcliffe, armed with a search-warrant from the Earl of Salisbury, had just passed through that city on his way to Holt Castle, the residence of Sir Henry Bromley.

"It appears," said Mrs. Abingdon, "that Humphrey Littleton, who has been apprehended and condemned to death at Worcester for harbouring his brother and Robert Winter, has sought to procure a remission of his sentence by betraying your retreat. In consequence of this, Topcliffe has been sent down from London, with a warrant addressed to Sir Henry Bromley, to aid him in searching Hendlip. My husband has given particular orders that you are to be removed to the most secure hiding-place without delay; and he deeply regrets that he himself cannot return till evening, for fear of exciting suspicion."

"Take me where you please, daughter," replied Garnet, who was thrown into great perturbation by the intelligence. "I thought myself prepared for any emergency. But I was wofully deceived."

"Be not alarmed, father," said Anne Vaux, in an encourageing tone. "Let them search as long as they will, they will never discover your retreat."

"I have a strong presentiment to the contrary," replied Garnet.

At this moment, Oldcorne made his appearance, and on learning the alarming news, was as much dismayed as his superior.

After a short consultation, and while the priests were putting aside every article necessary to be removed, Mrs. Abingdon proceeded to the gallery, and contrived on some plausible pretext to send away the whole of the domestics from this part of the house. This done, she hastily returned, and conducted the two priests to one of the large fire-places.

A raised stone about two feet high occupied the inside of the chimney, and upon it stood an immense pair of iron dogs. Obeying Mrs. Abingdon's directions, Garnet got upon the stone, and setting his foot on the large iron knob on the left, found a few projections in the masonry on the side, up which he mounted, and opening a small door, made of planks of wood, covered with bricks, and coloured black, so as not to be distinguishable from the walls of the chimney, crept into a recess contrived in the thickness of the wall. This cell was about two feet wide, and four high, and was connected with another chimney at the back, by means of three or four small holes. Around its sides ran a narrow stone shelf, just wide enough to afford an uncomfortable seat. Garnet was followed by Oldcorne, who brought with him a quantity of books, vestments, and sacred vessels used in the performance of the rites of the Church of Rome. These articles, which afterwards occasioned them much inconvenience, they did not dare to leave behind.

Having seen them safely bestowed, Mrs. Abingdon and her companion went in search of provisions, and brought them a piece of cold meat and a pasty, together with some bread, dried fruit, conserves, and a flask of wine. They did not dare to bring more, for fear of exciting the suspicion of the household. Their next care was to conduct Owen, and Oldcorne's servant, Chambers, to a similar retreat in one of the other chimneys, and to provide them with a scanty supply of provisions and a flask of wine. All this was accomplished without being noticed by any of the domestics.

As may be imagined, a most anxious day was passed by all parties. Towards evening, Sir Henry Bromley, the sheriff of the county, accompanied by Topcliffe, and attended by a troop of soldiers, appeared at the gates of the mansion, and demanded admittance. Just at this moment, Mr. Abingdon rode up, and affecting to know nothing of the matter, saluted Sir Henry Bromley, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, and inquired his business.

"You are charged with harbouring two Jesuit priests, Fathers Garnet and Oldcorne, supposed to be connected with the late atrocious conspiracy against the King, Mr. Abingdon," interposed Topcliffe; "and I brought a warrant from the Earl of Salisbury, which I have delivered to Sir Henry Bromley, commanding him to search your house for them."

"I was loth to accept the office, Mr. Abingdon," said Sir Henry Bromley, who was a handsome, middle-aged man: "but my duty to my sovereign allows me no alternative. I trust, though a Catholic, that you share my own detestation of this diabolical plot, and would not shelter any of its contrivers or abettors."

"You judge me rightly, Sir Henry," replied Abingdon, who, meanwhile, had received a private signal from his confidential

servant that all was safe, "I would not. I am just returned from Worcester, where I have been for the last two days. Enter my house, I pray you, and search every corner of it; and if you find a Jesuit priest concealed within it, you shall hang me at my own gate."

"You must be misinformed, sir," observed Sir Henry, who was completely imposed upon by Abingdon's unconcerned demeanour; "they cannot be here."

"Trust me they are," returned the other, "and I should like to take him at his word."

Giving directions to the band to environ the house, and guard all its approaches, so as to prevent any one from escaping from it, Topcliffe took half a dozen men with him, and instructed them how to act. They first repaired to the great dining-chamber, where, in accordance with the instructions received from the Earl of Salisbury, Topcliffe proceeded to the further end of the room, and directed his men to break down the wainscot. With some difficulty, the order was obeyed, and the entrance to a vault discovered, into which Topcliffe descended. But he found nothing to repay his trouble.

Returning to the dining-chamber, he questioned Mr. Abingdon, who secretly enjoyed his disappointment, as to the use of the vault, but the latter professed entire ignorance of its existence. The searchers next proceeded to the cellar, and bored the floors with a broach to a considerable depth, to try whether there were any vaults beneath them, but made no discovery. Meanwhile Topcliffe hurried up stairs, and examined the size of the rooms to see whether they corresponded with those below, and wherever any difference was observable, he caused the panels to be pulled down, and holes broken in the walls. In this way, several secret passages were discovered, one of which led to the chamber lately occupied by Garnet.

Encouraged by this discovery, the searchers continued their operations to a late hour, when they desisted for the night. On the following day, they resumed their task, and Sir Henry Bromley took a general survey of the house both externally and internally, noting the appearances outside, and seeing that they corresponded with the rooms within. The three extraordinary chimney-pieces in the gallery attracted Topcliffe's attention; but the contrivances within were so well managed, that they escaped his notice. He even got into the chimneys, and examined the walls on either side, but could detect nothing. And lastly, he ordered large fires to be lighted within them, but the experiment proving fruitless, he turned his attention elsewhere.

Mr. Abingdon had attended him during this part of the search, and, though he preserved an unmoved exterior, he was full of apprehension, and was greatly relieved when it was abandoned. In the course of the same day, two other hiding-places were found in the thickness of the walls, but nothing was discovered

within them. In order to prevent any communication with the concealed persons, Topcliffe stationed a sentinel at the door of Mrs. Abingdon's chamber, and another at that of Anne Vaux.

On the third day, the search was continued more rigorously than ever. Wainscots were taken down; walls broken open; the boards of the floor removed; and other secret passages, vaults, and hiding-places discovered. Some priests' vestments and articles used in the Romish service were found in one of these places, and shown to Mr. Abingdon. He at first denied all knowledge of them; but when Topcliffe brought forward the title-deeds of his property, which had been found in the same place, he was obliged to confess he had put them there himself. Still, though these discoveries had been made, the searchers were as far from their aim as ever; and Sir Henry Bromley, who began to despair of success, would have departed on the fifth day, if Topcliffe had not prevented him.

"I am certain they are here," said the latter, "and have hit upon a plan which cannot fail to bring them forth."

The prisoners, meanwhile, suffered grievously from their confinement, and hearing the searchers knocking against the walls, and even within the chimney, felt certain they should be discovered. Not being able to stand upright, or to stretch themselves within the cell, the sitting posture they were compelled to adopt became, after a time, intolerably irksome. Broths, milk, wine, and other nutritious fluids, were conveyed to them by means of a reed from the adjoining chimney; but after the fifth day this supply was stopped, as Mrs. Abingdon and Anne Vaux were compelled by Topcliffe to remove to a different part of the house.

They now began to experience all the horrors of starvation, and debated whether they should die where they were, or yield themselves up to their enemies. Wretched as their condition was however, it was not so bad as that of their domestics, Owen and Chambers, whose wants had not been so carefully attended to, and who were now reduced to the most deplorable state. Nor were their friends less uneasy. Aware that the captives, whom there was no means of relieving, for the searchers were constantly on the watch, could not hold out much longer, Mrs. Abingdon consulted with her husband whether it would not be better to reveal their hiding-places; but this he would not permit.

By this time, every secret chamber, vault, and passage in the place, except the actual retreats of the conspirators, had been discovered by Topcliffe, and though nothing material was found, he felt assured, from the uneasiness displayed by Mr. Abingdon and his wife, and above all by Anne Vaux, that it could not be long before his perseverance was rewarded. Though he had narrowly watched the two ladies from the first, he could never detect them in the act of conveying food to the captives; but feeling

convinced that they did so, he determined to remove them to a different part of the house, and their unwillingness to obey the order confirmed his suspicions.

"We are sure of our prey," he observed to Sir Henry Bromley. "They must be half-starved by this time, and will speedily surrender themselves."

"Pray heaven they do so!" returned the other. "I am wearied to death with my long stay here."

"Have a few hours' patience," rejoined Topcliffe, "and you will find that your time has not been thrown away."

And he was right. Soon after midnight, a trooper, who was watching in the gallery, beheld two spectral-looking figures approach him, and appalled by their ghastly appearance, uttered a loud cry. This brought Topcliffe, who was in the hall below, to his aid, and instantly perceiving what was the matter, he ran towards the supposed phantoms, and seized them. The poor wretches, who were no other than Owen and Chambers, and were well-nigh famished, offered no resistance, but would neither confess where they had been hidden, nor who they were. As the trooper had not seen them come forth, though he affirmed with a tremendous oath that they had issued from the floor, the walls were again sounded, but with no result.

Food being placed before the captives, they devoured it voraciously; but Topcliffe forbore to question them further that night, feeling confident that he could extract the truth from them on the morrow either by promises or threats. He was, however, mistaken. They continued as obstinate as before, and when confronted with Mr. Abingdon, denied all knowledge of him, neither would they explain how they got into the house.

Sir Henry Bromley, however, now considered himself justified in placing Mr. Abingdon and his lady under arrest, and Topcliffe redoubled his exertions to discover the hiding-place of the two priests. He examined every part of the gallery most carefully,—took down one of the chimney-pieces, (singularly enough, it was the wrong one,) but was still unable to discover their retreat.

Meanwhile, the poor wretches inside found it impossible to endure their condition longer. Anything seemed preferable to the lingering, and agonising death they were now enduring, and they resolved to delay their surrender no longer. Had they been able to hold out a few hours more, they would have escaped; for Sir Henry Bromley was so fatigued with the search, and so satisfied that nothing further would come of it, that he was resolved, notwithstanding Topcliffe's efforts to dissuade him, to depart on the morrow. Of this they were ignorant, and having come to the determination to surrender, Garnet opened the entrance to the chimney, and hearing voices below, and being too feeble to get out unassisted, he called to the speakers for aid. His voice was so hollow, and had such a sepulchral

sound, that those who heard it, stared at each other in astonishment and affright.

"Who calls?" cried one of the troopers, after a pause.

"One of those you seek," replied Garnet. "Come and help us forth."

Upon hearing this, and ascertaining whence the voice came, one of the men ran to fetch Sir Henry Bromley and Topcliffe, both of whom joyfully obeyed the summons.

"Is it possible they can be in the chimney?" cried Topcliffe. "Why, I myself have examined it twice."

"We are here, nevertheless," replied Garnet, who overheard the remark; "and if you would take us alive, lose no time."

The hint was not lost upon Topcliffe. Casting a triumphant look at Bromley, he seized a torch from one of his attendants, and getting into the chimney, soon perceived the entrance to the recess.

On beholding his prey, he uttered an exclamation of joy, and the two miserable captives, seeing the savage and exulting grin that lighted up his features, half repented the step they had taken. It was now, however, too late, and Garnet begged him to help them out.

"That I will readily do, father," replied Topcliffe. "You have given us a world of trouble. But you have made ample amends for it now."

"Had we been so minded, you would never have found us," rejoined Garnet. "This cell would have been our sepulchre."

"No doubt," retorted Topcliffe, with a bitter laugh. "But a death on the scaffold is preferable to the horrors of starvation."

Finding it impossible to remove Garnet, whose limbs were so cramped that they refused their office, Topcliffe called to the troopers below to bring a ladder, which was placed inside the chimney, and then with some exertion he succeeded in getting Garnet down. This done, he supported him towards Sir Henry Bromley, who was standing near a small table in the gallery.

"I told you your time would not be thrown away, Sir Henry," he observed; "here is Father Garnet. It is well you yielded yourself to-night, father," he added, to Garnet, with his customary cynical chuckle; "for Sir Henry had resolved to depart to-morrow."

"Indeed!" groaned Garnet. "Help me to a chair."

While this was passing, Oldcorne was brought down by two of the troopers, and the unfortunate priests were conveyed to an adjoining chamber, where they were placed in a bed, their stiffened limbs chafed, and cordials administered to them. They were reduced, however, to such extremity of weakness, that it was not judged prudent to remove them till the third day, when they, together with their two servants, Owen and Chambers, who were as much enfeebled as themselves, were conveyed to Worcester.

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

THE GOOD LESSON.

There is nothing in the world more thoroughly tedious and annoying than having the charge of a treasure-party; yet he who enters the Company's service, and is unlucky enough not to have been appointed a staff-officer, is tolerably sure of having to escort specie from place to place during some eight months in every year. Without an English person to speak to, sleeping nightly under canvass, obliged to start every morning at about three o'clock, to avoid the heat of the day, the wretched subaltern is forced to trudge some twelve miles per diem through ugly jungles and sandy plains, during more than half the time he continues to be a lieutenant.

I was myself an officer of this rank when I was in India. Consequently I often partook of the above unpleasant duty. It was when thus employed that I one evening caused my tent to be erected near Augherdeep, and had already ordered my Bobichi to cook my dinner, when a party of natives from the neighbouring bazaar called me from my tent. To my no small surprise, I found they acted as an escort to a young European, who had evidently committed some heinous crime, as they had tightly and strongly bound him with cords. To the unhappy prisoner I turned for an explanation; but his manner was so incoherent, so violent, that I could learn but little from him, and I sought the solution of the mystery from a quiet, respectable Baboo, who appeared to be the chief of the party.

"The unhappy gentleman," said the old man, "while sleeping on the deck of his boat, which is fastened to the shore a little below our village, was struck by a *coup de soleil*, and instantly went raving mad. His servants, who appear much attached to him, put him on shore, and have placed him under our care, with strict orders to prevent him injuring any one, as they feared to keep him on board."

The captain, who by this time seemed partly to have recovered his senses, asked in a tone of suppressed passion, "What do the rascals say?"

"Don't you speak Hindostaunee?"

"Not a word—not a word, or they dare not treat me thus. But by all that is sacred I'll trounce them yet for their conduct. In the meantime be good enough to order them to take off these cursed cords, and then tell me what they say."

He was instantly released, and I began to explain what the Baboo had told me. Before it was half done he started off in a tangent so violent that the men again attempted to put on the cords; when, before I could interfere, the furious young man had knocked down the old chief, and three of his principal followers. I instantly directed two of my sepoys to advance, to whom the apparent madman quietly submitted himself.

"Oh! sir," addressing himself to me,—"oh! sir, it is all very well. If *you* choose to join these robbers, and take their part, who doubtlessly would have murdered me had you not come up, it is all very well. You have the might on your side, and consequently the right; but, as

sure as I stand here, so sure will I report you, and ask for a court-martial on you as soon as I arrive at Berhampore, where my father commands."

I confess he startled me. General Gaskell, the commandant at Berhampore, was my oldest and my best friend and patron. I therefore motioned to the soldiers to stand back, and asked him whether he was in earnest in this assertion.

"Earnest, sir; of course I am."

"You mean to say you are the boy I have so often nursed in my arms, and who is expected in India by the next fleet?"

"I am Tom Gaskell, if that is what you want to know; and, as I suppose I must submit to a regular cross-examination, I had perhaps better tell you who and what I am at once. I am a cadet going up to do duty with the Tenth Native Infantry. I came out by a single ship, instead of waiting for the winter-fleet; and here is my commission as an ensign," and he handed me the said document.

The black people around us seemed to be surprised at the prisoner's mildness; and I really began to feel that I had been rather hasty, and sought a still farther explanation from the young ensign, who now began to recover his good-humour.

"Upon my life I cannot tell anything about it, except that yesterday I thrashed my crew and servants all round for having awoke me by their cursed noise at six in the morning, and that they soon afterwards told me the man who had gone on shore for provisions had returned, and said there was famous shooting near the village. Upon which I landed; but no sooner did I get to the spot that they had pointed out, than I was seized, and carried to an infernal go-down, where I lay all last night, and was marched up and down all the morning through the native bazaar, while every one kept salaaming to me in mockery."

"You mistake; they meant to worship you. A maniac with them is a being worthy of adoration."

"But, my dear fellow, I'm not a madman."

"Perhaps you were delirious for a short time after the stroke of the sun you received."

"Hang it!" cried Gaskell, again beginning to lose his patience, as the Baboo and his satellites jumped back; "hang it! how can you be so stupid? I tell you I never had one. It is all a falsehood from beginning to end."

For a moment I felt perplexed; then dismissing the native escort, I undertook to take charge of the supposed lunatic myself, taking care, however, to make this explanation in Hindostaunee, for fear of hurting the young man's feelings; and then proposed to walk with him down to his boat. This we did; but on our arrival nothing of the kind was to be found. This puzzled us, and we were about to return, totally at a loss to unravel this strange mystery, when we were met by an official messenger, who came trotting on foot, at a rate far beyond that at which these letter-bearers usually travel, who was making up for the house of the principal Baboo. When I stopped him, and asked what despatches he bore, he instantly delivered a packet to me addressed, to my no small surprise, to my youthful companion, who seemed equally astonished at thus receiving a missive in his father's hand-writing, more particularly since the General could scarcely have had time to hear of his arrival.

He anxiously read it, and then gave it to me. Its contents were as follows:—

"Dear Tom, — Thank Heaven, you are safe, though you scarcely deserve it. One of your runaway crew has just arrived here in breathless haste, to tell me that your passion has been so ungovernable that you have severely maimed several of your servants, and that, fearful of consequences, they have been forced to land you; and through a well-invented deceit, have caused you to be detained as a madman in the house of the principal Baboo at Augherdeep. Though I affected anger at their thus deserting you, and apparently pardoned them with reluctance, yet I heartily rejoice at the good lesson they have given you, and feel grateful to them that they did not retaliate on you more severely. Always remember a man is a man, whether he be black or white; and that every native is protected by British laws. Drop these foolish passions, and fancied ideas of superiority; and bear in mind that the most feeble, and those who appear most quietly to submit, are the most sure to repay an unkindness. I will myself be with you with a spare palanquin in an hour after you receive this. Till then, God bless you, and mend your temper.

"Your affectionate father, J. Gaskell."

My crest-fallen friend, the General, and myself, had a merry evening of it, though, I confess, wholly at the expense of the former, who has since become one of the best-tempered fellows and mildest masters in Bengal.

FIRE AND WATER.

Our legislators have wisely drawn the widest distinction between murder and manslaughter: — the plotted malice, or fore-planning of crime being the real vice of the act. The mere deed of taking life is justifiable in many cases. The distinction between these two crimes is so nice as to be often mistaken; so Jerry Jackson was perfectly right in never relating the following story, of which I was a witness, and consequently in the eye of the law a "particeps criminis."

Jerry and I were on our way down to Calcutta from Cawnpore, having received leave of absence for four months. We had left that station about six days, and had been amusing ourselves the whole morning shooting the ill-omened birds that hover over the river, and occasionally float down the stream, perched on the dead body of some deceased Hindoo, who (as all the world knows) is after death piously burnt by his sorrowing relatives, or thrown into the river to become the meal of the carnivorous prawn, or the flesh-feeding birds, that never lack the most dainty fare in the Ganges; for he who travels on that stream will not fail to meet with twenty or thirty putrid corses floating on its rapid surface daily!

As I said before, we had been amusing ourselves trying to hit these despoilers of the dead with a rifle-ball, and, when tired of the sport, had entered the cabin to take our tiffin, leaving our guns loaded on the deck of the budgerow, which, by the by, is a far more comfortable boat than either the Lord Mayor's barge, or the Rotterdam treckshuyt. Going up the stream, a vessel of this kind will travel little more than fifteen miles in a day; coming down, we often skimmed over three times that distance. At the moment I have selected for the opening of

this sketch we were, however, floating about thirty yards from the one side of the river, to avoid the strong current which runs in the centre at the rate of about five miles an hour. Our dandies (boatmen) were coolly swallowing their rice and ghee, allowing us to drift along, when we were suddenly alarmed by the distant but violent screams of a female. We instantly rushed out to discover the cause of these sounds, to which, however, our black servants appeared to lend no attention.

The group whence they proceeded were on the opposite shore, about two hundred yards off. We could distinctly see them. An old female was lying on a bedstead close to the edge of the water, tightly held down by two men, while a third male and a young girl were apparently pouring cold water in large quantities over the struggling woman.

Of course we supposed it some practical joke, and turned to our head dandy for an explanation.

"Make die old woman," answered he, without the slightest emotion.

For a moment Jerry thought the boatman misunderstood him, and he repeated the question: the same reply was given.

"What! do you mean to say they are murdering the woman?"

"No, sahib, no. Those old woman children make die mother."

We stood petrified — puzzled; totally at a loss to comprehend the scene, considering it wholly impossible that children could thus publicly be murdering their own parent, or that such an act could thus be perpetrated in noon-day, while a party like ours stood looking on with apathy. We therefore made further inquiries, and learnt the following facts.

The old woman, having been given over by the doctors and priests, had been brought down by her family to the water's edge, at the time when the tide was lowest, in order that, with the returning rise, the waters might carry her off, and the god of the stream receive her into everlasting life. The better to secure this, the more effectually to shorten her pains, those who had thus exposed her to (what they considered) certain death, had stopped her nose and eyes with mud, leaving her mouth only open, that she might the better supplicate the river deity. But alas! the best schemes sometimes fail, and this pious plan of ensuring immortal bliss to a parent had miscarried. The tide, by some accident, had omitted to carry her away, and the old woman was discovered by her affectionate children alive and kicking, just when they ought to have found her swallowed up by the god of the Ganges. This was a disgrace not to be borne. Not only was it a slur on the unhappy female, whom the waters had refused to receive, but on her whole family; in fact, on the whole tribe. To evade this stigma, her own children were now drowning her on the pallet where she lay, blessing her all the time they kept suffocating her with water.

"Good God!" cried Jackson, "this is downright murder. Cross directly to the spot."

"What for?" replied the dandy, who steered. "It is probably too late to save her; and besides, sahib, why should you do so? Her fate is come."

"Not so; she may yet live many happy years," chimed in our friend Jamieson.

The native, who was really an intelligent man, with a smile of compassion at our total ignorance of Indian habits, instantly replied,

"Happiness, sahib, is no more for that old woman. You save her

life,—what then? She is a Hindoo; she will be worse off than a dog; none will receive her; none will know her; her own children will fly from her. Cursed by all, she will wander a stranger, despised by all good men. She will envy the pariah dog that the Englishman shoots for pleasure; for she will know less kindred than the wild animal that forages amidst the carrion for his meal."

"Never mind that," cried I; "cross the stream: she shall at least have the choice of life."

"The river runs too fast. To go over is impossible."

Jerry Jackson joined in the general murmur we set up, and the menaces with which we threatened our crew, if they did not instantly make the attempt we desired.

An Indian is silent, sullen, and submissive when opposed. We could get no answer. The boat steadily glided on.

We now began to shout; but all seemed equally futile, for the wretches went on in their work of murder, heedless of our cries, or the prayers of the poor doomed creature. We saw her once struggle so fiercely against death, that she rolled off the pallet. The man and woman again lifted her on it, and held her tightly down, while a third approached her with a pot of water. She screamed; he applied it to her mouth; we could distinctly hear her almost unearthly screech; he put it to her lips, and thus began to stifle her.

Jerry Jackson could bear no more. He seized his rifle, and in a minute the proposed murderer rolled over, — whether dead or not, I have never heard to this hour. We hurried on, fearful of the consequences. If that shot was mortal, say, reader, was Jackson a murderer, or a justified avenger?

PASTORAL SONG.

BY ZACHARIAS LUNDT.*

Haste to yonder grassy vale,
   Where the gentle zephyrs blow,
Pretty flock, seek yon green dale,
   Where the dearest streamlets flow;

Where the cool refreshing spring
   From the mossy bank doth run,
Hasten thither gamboling,
   Shun the burning mid-day sun.

Go, dear flock, in freedom stray;
   Go, where Joy and Fancy lead,
Fear no savage wolf to-day,
   No unwelcome spoiler heed.

O'er the meadows roam secure,
   On sweet clover richly dine;
Phylax will your lives ensure,
   He will thwart your foe's design.

Yet, dear flock, remember me,
   Nor your milky store deny;
While ye wander blythe and free,
   Plenteously my wants supply.

* Born April 5, 1608. Died January 8, 1667.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER III.

Richard Savage, after much ado, suffers himself to be put to an art and mystery; but does not remain long enough to make himself master of his calling.

When we reached Tyburn turnpike, Ludlow proposed that we should get out of the coach; and telling the driver that my trunk was to remain at the inn till called for, he motioned me to take his arm, and we proceeded towards the house of Lady Mason. He had been more than usually taciturn during our journey — a circumstance which I attributed to the presence of other passengers; but now that we were released I took it for granted that he would open to me without reserve the cause of my abrupt removal from school. No. He would tell me, he said, when we reached home.

"Home?" said I; "and is Lady Mason's house to be my future home?"

"Oh no; it is a manner of speaking," he replied; "I meant, after we had got there."

We pursued our way in silence for many minutes.

"Look at that house," he said, at length; "it is the residence of Earl Rivers."

"Indeed! It is a very noble mansion."

"It *was*, I should rather say, his residence, for he is dead — lately dead."

I had no reply to make. Be it so. I had never heard, nor had I the slightest desire to hear, of his lordship. At present I was solicitous about the living, not the dead.

When we were got "home," Ludlow conducted me to his own room, where he left me for more than an hour. He returned, apparently more crest-fallen than before, bringing with him a servant, who began to set forth the table for dinner. I viewed these preparations in silence, inwardly resolved to await with patience any communication he might be pleased to make. It was not till long after the cloth was withdrawn that Ludlow opened his lips for a vocal purpose; and when he did, it was somewhat tremulously. At length he said,

"You are very anxious, Richard, to know the reason of your sudden removal from school: *that* I am forbidden to tell. It will be enough to say—" he paused. "You were going to say something, Richard?"

"No, indeed, sir, I was not."

"Do not call me 'sir,' Dick," said Ludlow reproachfully. "It will, *perhaps*, be enough to say that a very unlooked-for change of affairs—affairs affecting you very nearly—has made it absolutely necessary that you should no longer continue at St. Albans."

"I had concluded as much," answered I; "but I want to know — and I think it only reasonable I should be satisfied — what this unlooked-for change may be."

"I am sure you will not think that I shall answer that inquiry," returned Ludlow, as though he wished to carry the matter with a high hand. "I have already informed you that I am forbidden to tell you."

"Come — come, Mr. Ludlow," said I in a heat, "I am no longer to be put off."

"Put off, Richard?"

"Put off, sir. I am no longer a boy," swelling, as I spoke, in all the dignity of fifteen, "and what *you* are forbidden to disclose, *I*, methinks, should be permitted to know."

"You ought to know this," said Ludlow after a pause, during which he had been gazing at me with alarmed astonishment, "that I have been ever studious of your interest and happiness. My kindness to you during so many years—have I not been always kind to you?"

"Past kindness to cover present cruelty, perhaps," I retorted, not a whit melted by this appeal: "but, I see, I cannot hope to learn anything from you. I shall apply, therefore, to Lady Mason."

As I said this I moved towards the door.

"O—h!" exclaimed Ludlow, with a long-drawn sigh, as of agony, taking my arm. "Sit down, Richard, and hear me. Lady Mason must not be intruded upon. Recent events have so flurried her spirits that she is very ill. She is unable to see you."

"She cannot be more unable to see me," I replied, "than I am unable to see the drift of this mystery. But, tell me, what do you propose to do with me? Whither will you take me? Where am I to go?"

Another "O—h!" as long as before, and a wretched shake of the head.

"If you knew all," said he, "you would pity us; and me more than my lady. And one day you *shall* know all," he continued hurriedly, rising, and holding up his fist, "and we'll — eh?—we'll one day do such things——"

"Great things, I dare say," said I laughing, for Ludlow had talked in this strain before. "But what are we to do now?"

"That's it—that's it," said Ludlow,—"at present—only for the present, mind: Lady Mason wishes—but it is not my wish —that you should be put to a business, upon liking, as they

call it, for a short time; we have applied to a person who will take you. He will be very kind to you, Dick; he shall be. I 'll take care of that."

"My education, such as it has been," said I, "has not prepared me for business. But what is it?"

"You are to—now do look upon it in the proper light,—it is all for the best,—indeed it is,—you are to be put apprentice," Ludlow blushed as he spoke it, "to—a shoemaker."

Ludlow's blush was nothing, I suspect, to the deep suffusion that overspread *my* countenance. I felt my cheeks burn with it.

"A shoemaker!" I ejaculated at length,—"what! a shoemaker!—a cobbler!—a botcher of boots and shoes!—a fellow in a leathern apron, perpetually pulling two strings through a piece of leather! Ha! ha! ha!"

The prolongation of my laugh, which I believe was hysterical, alarmed Ludlow not a little.

"For Heaven's sake, Richard, stop that laugh,—you frighten me,—indeed you do," cried he, following me about the room as I paced up and down. I recovered myself after a while, and turned upon him to vent my contempt and disgust, which were well-nigh choking me. There was a meek piteousness in his face that disarmed my anger. I was moved by it.

"This is no laughing matter—true," said I, taking his hand, "had not my heart played me false, I had burst into tears, Ludlow, — tears, not of sorrow, but of shame and indignation. I know what your face says: you *have* been kind to me, and I thank you, and am grateful. You have been as a father to me —much more so than the detestable person, whoever he may be, who is playing this fast and loose game with me. Tell me," I continued, after a minute's thought; "is it *necessary* I should be thrust into this shoe-hole, or some as abject place?"

"Oh! it is—it is!" exclaimed Ludlow.

"Enough: I will go there—for a time; just long enough to mark my obedience. Treat me as they will, or as they please, they shall find that one day a dear account must be rendered me."

"You consent, then?" said he.

"I do. When is my disgrace to commence?"

"Don't call it so," replied Ludlow. "No situation in life can——"

"Oh! I know all that, my dear friend," said I; "it is, as Mr. Burridge often said, the sop to Cerberus. But I was wrong. It is *heir* disgrace, not mine."

"You will stay till to-morrow, of course?" he inquired.

The question implied, as I thought, a desire that I should not.

"Why? what is this place to me?" said I. "At once, and once more, I am at your disposal: next time I shall be at my own."

Ludlow would have folded me in his arms. He was delighted at my acquiescence; but he looked grieved, too.

"No, no," he said; "to-morrow morning will be early

enough. It would be too bad if you might not rest one night under this roof."

I have observed during my life, that a proud, if it be at the same time a generous nature, is in many cases an instrument more easily played upon by the crafty and the designing, than are the mean, the abject, and the subservient. I was born proud—proud as a prince, as the old women say ; and to this hour —I confess it—I remain as proud as the prince of darkness himself. Now, I had no reason to think that there was any kind intention towards me in banishing me to a cobbler's stall ; nor did I believe that any necessity existed for the disposal of me in so contemptuous a manner. My pride, however, seconded the views of those who had it in hand, as I believed, to persecute me. I was resolved upon showing them that, do what they would with me, they should not break my spirit, or compel me to relax my claims. I had Ludlow sure—I was certain of that. Every successive occasion upon which I had seen him confirmed my influence over him. I could see that he had no strength of mind, or stability of purpose. That *he* was in no wise connected with me he had often told me; that Lady Mason had no right to exercise a direct control over me, I had also gathered from him. I smiled to think what a laying of heads together in general, and what a scratching of Ludlow's head in particular, when the cobbling scheme was set at nought, and I came to exact full disclosures !

And yet, when I retired to bed, and began to reflect, I almost repented me of my facility in falling in with the proposal Ludlow had been instructed to make to me. I could by no means bring myself to be reconciled to the notion of wearing, or rather, of bearing, those outward marks and shows that denote a votary of St. Crispin. How it would tell in after years, or how I could submit to be told, that I had once followed the occupation of a cobbler — the thought was excruciating, and is by no means agreeable, even now. Let me hope, my submission in this instance may at least tell in my favour with that class of worthy parents who account obedience in children so great a virtue, that they are always devising occasions for them upon which to exercise it ; and who are so solicitous lest it should grow musty or rusty by disuse, that they will create those occasions, even should they set reason, humanity, and nature at defiance ; and who are so desirous that their offspring should go in the right way, and to Heaven, that they themselves go in the wrong way, and to—the other place.

On the next morning Ludlow had me once more under his guidance, and telling me that Holborn was our destination, we set out. My companion endeavoured to cheer me as we walked along by ringing the changes upon his " all for the best " philosophy ; but I had long since grown weary of that senseless chime, and I told him so.

"Fulfil your orders," said I, sullenly; "take me to my den, and leave me."

Ludlow sighed and hemmed, and scrubbing his chin, said no more. At length he stopped, and, retreating from the pathway, surveyed a house, then looked towards me as if to ascertain how I liked its appearance. It was better than I had expected.

"This is the place," said he, knocking at the door.

There were two persons in the shop—a man and a great lubberly boy; and certainly two more ill-favoured specimens of humanity never clubbed faces together to keep the animal creation in countenance.

"Well, Mr. Short, I have brought my nephew to you," said Ludlow.

"Very good," answered Short, gazing upon me, his teeth, as it were, on edge, and his *chevaux-de-frise* eyebrows knitted together. "What is the lad's name?"

"Richard Freeman," replied Ludlow, and they talked together in a low tone for some time.

"I shall take care of all that," said Short, breaking up the conference; "he will be treated, sir, like one of the family—like one of the family," he repeated, pointing to the lubberly boy, who had been staring at me since my entrance with his monstrous mouth half, but as I thought at the time, wide open.

"Treated like one of the family—yes," said the boy with a most odious snuffle, "I know he will. I'm sure, since I've been 'prentice, I've been treated much better than I ever deserved, that I have."

Short directed an oblique but complacent glance at his hideous apprentice.

"Do you hear him?" said he, turning to Ludlow, "that boy has a notion o' gratitude I never saw the like on since I was born into the world."

"I ought to," snuffled the boy; "I know I don't deserve such goodness as is showered down upon me here," rubbing his elastic countenance with his sleeve.

"That'll do!" cried Short. "Haven't I told you not to be always talking about that? Let the gentleman out, will you?—let him see how handy you are."

"Oh, sure!" cried the boy, rising on a sudden, and rushing to the door, and when he had lifted the latch, bowing to the ground.

Ludlow would have taken leave of me, and tendered some money; but I rejected his hand and its contents—a proceeding that astounded the apprentice, whose eyes, when they alighted upon the silver, protruded from their sockets most awfully.

I saw Ludlow the minute after looking through the window. He nodded his head, and smiled,—and a dismal smile it was; but as I disdained to notice these greetings, he turned slowly, and went away.

"There—sit down there, young fellow," said Short, pointing

to a vacant seat, "and I 'll soon set you about something. If I know what my duty is rightly, it is to make you a thorough good master of your trade, and that 's what I mean to do. I 'll make you, in time, as good as I am—you can't be better."

"Oh! no, sir, that's impossible, I know," said the apprentice.

"Hold your tongue, Joe, when I 'm a speaking," cried Short. "You talk very sensible; but you will put your words in when there ain't occasion."

"I fear I do sometimes; but I 'll try to mend," said the boy.

"I know you will, Joe," cried his master. "Now, you Freeman, look at me."

I examined his atrocious visage with minute attention.

"When you see me," resumed Short, "you see one, as a man may say, who has risen out of the ground to what I am now; and how, do you suppose? why, by honesty, industry, and steadiness."

"That 's good for the ears, that is; that's real wisdom: oh! *do* hear that!" cried Joe in a kind of nasal rapture.

"Joseph Carnaby, you 've broken the thread of my argument; can't you admire what I say without interrupting of me? Where was I? Oh! this was it: that when you once know Ishmael Short, you know him for ever after."

Here the speaker paused, and looked towards me, as though awaiting a reply.

"Well?" he said at length, "ain't I right?"

"I dare say you are," said I.

"Say 'sir' to master when he asks you a question," cried Carnaby. "Pray, sir, isn't your name a name in Scripture?"

"Ishmael? it is," said Short.

"Oh! what a thing it is!—what a blessed thing to have had religious parents!" sighed Carnaby.

"So it is," coincided Short; "but that wasn't the reason why I was christened Ishmael."

"Indeed, sir," snuffled Carnaby. "What was?"

"I 've told you often; but you 've such a head," said the other.

"So I have, sir; I'm very stupid, I know," said the apprentice.

"Well," began Short, with an important "hem," "when I was a infant, I was as cross-grained a infant as ever was born into this world. I'd let nobody be, and nobody 'd let me be. And so, because Ishmael's hand was against every one, and every one's hand was against Ishmael, they called me after him."

"Dear! dear! but you 've altered since then, haven't you, sir?" said Carnaby.

"That reminds me," cried Short, who had been casting sundry malignant glances towards me during his speech, enraged, I suppose, that I evinced no extraordinary interest in his recital, and laying hold upon a strap as he spoke, "that I mustn't let young fellows have too much their own way while

they 're under my care. You 've felt this before now, haven't you, Carnaby?"

"I have, indeed, sir," responded the apprentice, "and I am thankful for it. It has corrected many of my errors, I hope and trust. Punishment, I 've heard you say, is good for youth; and so it is, sir."

"Mind you don't catch it, Freeman, that 's all!" cried Short, brandishing the thong in the air. "Eh? what? that savage look again, and I 'll ——"

"Do what?" said I, rising; "you dare not, sir, without cause. When I shall deserve it ——"

"Oh, Freeman!" began Carnaby; but he got it smartly across the shoulders.

"Hold your tongue, fool!" exclaimed Short, and Carnaby's mouth, just before horribly distended, collapsed like lightning.

"When you *do* deserve it," continued Short, more mildly, "you shall have it; that 's all."

At this moment, before I could return an answer of defiance, which was at my tongue's end, the door opened, and a robust woman of vast proportions entered, a basket in her hand.

"Ah! he 's come, is he?" said she.

"Yes,—look at him,—that 's him," replied Short.

"Let 's have a look at you," said Mrs. Short,—for so it was,—"lift up your beak," and laying one hand on the back of my head, and seizing my chin with the other, she looked into my face and Carnaby's alternately, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"What 's the matter now, Mrs. Short?" said her husband.

"Why, I 'm thinking they wouldn't pair very well," she replied,—"they wouldn't do for chimbley ornaments."

"Chimbley ornaments!" cried Short.

"Oh! mistress!" said poor Carnaby, "you 're always making game of me; I can't help my face."

"That 's a pity," she returned, "it wants some help, I can tell you;" and then, having asked my name, and given me an encouraging chuck, she retired into the back room.

"That 's your mistress, Freeman," said Short. "There; wax these threads. Joe 'll teach you presently how to fix these bristles to the end of 'em."

"And a most excellent mistress she is to *me*," cried Carnaby,—"I know she is. I thank my happy fortune, I 'm sure."

"I hope *he* 'll have grace to do so," said Short, pointing his awl at me.

"Oh! it is to be hoped, sir," coincided the other with an aggravated snuffle.

An hour had not elapsed before I could perceive plainly that Short and I would never be likely, as the vulgar say, to "set our horses together." A short scene at dinner confirmed my conviction.

"What!" cried he to his wife, "are you going to help him

again? He's had enough, I'm sure. Give that to Joe: he's had scarce any."

"You had a mind to tell a round one when you were at it," answered Mrs. Short, "Joe has been served twice, and Freeman but once. Isn't that true, Joe?"

Carnaby's mouth was too full for utterance. He nodded assent. Short looked vengeance and hatred, as I handed my plate. His wife observed it.

"A pretty thing," said she; "and you'd stint the lad, would you? That's what you took his uncle's thirty guineas for, is it?"

"Thirty guineas!" ejaculated Carnaby, with perpendicular knife and fork, "and was there thirty ——"

"There, now; that's not meat for your porridge-pot," interrupted Mrs. Short; "hold your peace, or you'll get no pudding. Hand the beer this way, Short. Do you want any more?"

"I only know," said Short, pushing forward his plate, "that to over-feed boys ——"

"Is not the way to starve 'em," cried his wife, "that's all you know about it. Never mind, Freeman; don't cry, lad."

"Cry, ma'am?" said I, hastily. "I never do that."

"I know you don't," she answered, laughing, "you're a good steel for a flint, I see. You'll strike some sparks out of him. Won't he, old fellow?" to her husband.

"Oh! Mrs. Short!" remonstrated Carnaby, with a mouth like a horse-shoe.

"And oh! Master Long!" returned his mistress, and down came the gravy-spoon upon his head.

In the evening, Carnaby having closed the shop, was despatched to various places with completed orders; and Short betook himself to the alehouse for an hour. When we were left to ourselves, my mistress took me into unreserved confidence.

"I like the look of you," said she; "but how you'll like us—that's a poser. There's Short — he was always an awkward one to manage; but since that carneying Carnaby has been with us, it's as much as I can do to keep him under. That Joe—that Joe's as deep a put as here and there one. There — he flatters up that fool of a husband of mine, that he makes him believe he's one of the seven wise men; when, if the truth must be told, he's no more brains than a broomstick. I wish we could get shut of him; but he's bound for five long years. That fellow 'ud make a milestone believe that the coach couldn't run without it, and 'ud flatter a donkey's hind leg off—he would!"

Carnaby came in to supper shortly after; having eaten which, he expressed a desire of retiring to bed; and taking off his shoes, he scrutinized the soles closely.

"How boys *do* wear out their shoe-leather!" he observed, shaking his head, "and yet, ma'am, I take the utmost care, and

never go upon the kibbling-stones, I don't;" and so saying, and sighing, he deposited them on end in a convenient corner.

"Is Freeman to go along with me?" he resumed, lighting a candle.

I arose, and prepared to accompany him.

"Oh! Mrs. Short," said he, with what was intended for a seductive smile, "I shall be quite happy now I've got a fellow-'prentice."

"Shall you?" cried his mistress. "I thought you were quite happy before; you've said so often enough."

"Have I?" cried he, "and so, sure, I have. But I'm very young yet, ma'am, and youths never know their own hearts. None rightly do, I have heard say. Good night, ma'am," and he retired slowly, with a very low bow.

"Oh, Freeman!" he said, impressively, when we were got into a back attic, containing two small beds, "how glad I am you've come to live with us. Shall we be friends together?"

"If you like," said I.

"To live in peace and harmony with every one," he rejoined, putting on his night-cap, "that's real happiness, that is. They are such good creatures — our master and mistress; oh! such a worthy couple. I strive to please them every way I can, by civility, and obedience, and attention to my duty; and so I hope you will do, Freeman. Shall we have a long talk, brother?" and clasping his knees with his arms so as to make them a convenient support for his chin, he sat in the bed budge, and prepared for colloquy.

I declined the offer on the plea of sleepiness and fatigue, and bade him good-night.

"Well, it will be best," he assented, subsiding softly into bed, "for I get up very early of a morning. I light my mistress's fire: it isn't my place to do so, but it gets me her good will; which I hope to get from every one who may be pleased to know me. Besides, early rising is the way to wealth: no one can be rich who doesn't rise betimes."

"You learned that when you were a child," said I. "I remember the stuff still:

"Getting up early
Keeps the wig curly;
Getting up late
Makes a bald pate."

"What's that?" he exclaimed in an ecstasy, popping up his head. "Oh, Freeman! do teach me that piece of poetry."

I repeated the doggrel, conjuring him to go to sleep, and let me rest in peace.

"I never heard that before," he observed, "and I shall never forget it. I'll lay it to heart; for it's true wisdom. Oh, brother!" and here he burst forth into a flood of cant, which I was

constrained to stop by a threat of exercising my bolster upon his cranium.

More than a week passed away, and I had just become thoroughly disgusted at the position I occupied in the social scale, when an accident happened which precipitated my departure, whilst it furnished a pretext for it. I had already resolved within me that a fortnight should be my utmost limit — the accident referred to abridged it by five days.

It was on an afternoon that Mrs. Short came into the shop with a pair of lady's shoes in her hand.

"See," said she, "these shoes are all ready; and Freeman shall take them home. He has not been once abroad since in the house he 's been."

"Give 'em to Joe," cried Short, —"he 'll run with 'em. I 'll keep this young fellow pretty strict; he 's precious proud, and would be saucy, if I 'd let him."

"Now, Short," returned his wife, "I say that Freeman shall go; you 're for Carnaby: which, do you think, is to have their way this time? Why, I shall, to be sure; and so your parcel 's made up. Here, Freeman, get your hat, and take these shoes to Mrs. L'Estrange, No. 15, Bloomsbury Square. It 's hard by—just over the way."

"Oh! ma'am," cried Carnaby beseechingly, "do let me go with them to that excellent lady. I 'm sure whenever she sees me she gives me such good advice, that I 'm all the better for it every time I go."

"You 're all the better for something else she gives you, I take it," returned Mrs. Short quietly, "and so there 's a stopper for your cruet."

The shoes being placed in a bag, I was sent away, and soon found myself at the door of Mrs. L'Estrange. The servant to whom I imparted my business, directed me to walk up stairs into the front room, where I should find the lady. When I entered the room—which I did silently, the door having been what is termed "a-jar," — I discovered a very little woman, magnificently dressed, parading before a large mirror; now advancing towards, and now retreating from it; anon skipping from side to side, in a manner so utterly wanting in vigour as to betoken that the performer was pretty well stricken in years. At length, either beholding my distant reflection in the glass, or hearing the short cough with which I sought to interrupt her measured exercises, she turned suddenly round, and presenting to inspection a face highly-embellished with paint, said,

"And, pr'ythee, who art thou?"

I stated from whom I came, and presented my credentials.

"And where is that respectful young man who usually comes upon these occasions?" inquired the lady,—"not gone, I hope?"

I answered that a pressure of business had prevented his attendance upon her.

"Thou art a vast deal handsomer, child," she said, seating herself; "but I doubt whether thou wilt make thy way in the world, as he will. Dost know how to handle a lady's foot," and she slipped off her shoe, and stretched it forth, gazing at it from side to side with much complacency.

"What is the lad's name — Carnaby? yes,— Carnaby says," and she simpered, and continued to survey her symmetrical extremity under her half-closed eyelids, "that mine is the smallest foot in town. Come, give me one of thy shoes while thou fittest on the other."

I heartily wished at the moment that Carnaby were there, rather than I, to put his praise and his practice into operation. However, there was no help for it. Down I went upon one knee, and laying hold upon the lady's ankle, endeavoured to insinuate the "smallest foot in town" into the shoe.

"What, in the name of Vulcan," exclaimed Mrs. L'Estrange, "is the rude bear of a boy about? Dost think thou art shoeing a horse? Thou young Nero, thou!" and she saluted me with several smart taps upon the sensorium with the heel of the other shoe.

I raised my head hastily, as well I might, and with an unpardonable inadvertence, caused it, with a crash, to come in contact with the lady's somewhat prolonged chin. I thought at the time, and so, no doubt, did she, that I had disarranged her dental economy.

"Help! in mercy's name, help!" she cried, throwing herself back in her chair. "Mr. L'Estrange! where are you?" and she repeated these outcries, whilst I arose, disconcerted, to my feet.

The door of an inner room opened, and the tall figure of a young man entered, with a face so barren of expression and insignificant of feature as to appear transitive — a sort of vanishing countenance.

"Wherefore is this outcry?" said Mr. L'Estrange, raising his almost imperceptible eyebrows. "My life! what is the matter? A pity," he added, passing his hand over his forehead, "that I cannot pursue my studies in peace—ever these alarming and heathenish diversions."

"Bring me my salts, sir," cried his wife.

"My dearest love, I will," said the phantom.

"Diversions, do you call them?" exclaimed Mrs. L'Estrange, snuffing vigorously at her salts.

"Pardon me!" cried the husband hastily. "I used the word in its strict sense. But what, my angel, has occurred? who is this youth?"

Mrs. L'Estrange now recounted her mishap, and concluded by calling me a monster, and a young Scythian barbarian.

"Ah! I see — I see," said Mr. L'Estrange, taking a pinch of snuff, "fortuitous — fortuitous. Is the mouth better now, my life?"



Savage with Mr. and Mrs. L'Estrange.

London: Richard Bentley, 1847.

"Something easier, I think," replied the lady. "Send the odious boy away."

"Now, I could prove to demonstration," said her husband, not heeding her, "either that you, my dear, were right, and the youth wrong, or that the youth was right, and you, my love, were wrong. Firstly—"

"None of your rights and your wrongs, and your demonstrations, I beseech you," cried Mrs. L'Estrange: "they will only tire your—"

"Jaws?" suggested L'Estrange.

"Yes, without easing mine."

L'Estrange gently pawed the air. "A lingering peevishness," he remarked, in an under tone. "Come hither, youth. Cannot you beg pardon for the alarm you have occasioned this lady?"

"Certainly," I answered; and, stepping forward, I expressed in becoming terms my regret at what had happened,—declared that it was purely accidental,— and said, in conclusion, that I was certain I should not plead in vain for forgiveness from so fine and so handsome a lady.

The face of Mrs. L'Estrange underwent gradual mollification as I proceeded with my speech, and by the time I had concluded, it had settled into confirmed benignity.

"Didst hear, L'Estrange?" she inquired.

"Apt, concise, sufficient," he replied. "Take up your bag, youth, and depart."

"Canst make a bow, child?" she said, with an amiable smile.

I performed a respectful inclination.

"Didst see, Jocelyn?" she demanded.

"Decent, polite, urbane," said he.

"Give him a shilling, Mr. L'Estrange, I beg: I will reimburse you."

I had made my parting bow, and was on the stairs, when he followed me.

"Stay," said he. His eyes were upturned for a time in meditation. "Inexplicable beings—are women!" he uttered at length. "Ah! I forgot—the shilling;" and drawing one from his pocket, he pressed it into the palm of my hand, as though designing to put me off with a mere impression of the coin. "Go," he said, relinquishing it, and making an abortive endeavour at a wink, "and thank *the handsome lady* for it."

When I got back, I could not forbear, Short being absent, telling my mistress what had happened. She laughed heartily, shaking her vast sides with evident satisfaction.

"Here," said I, "is what Carnaby wanted," producing the shilling which, with a fillip of my thumb-nail, I sent flying towards him. He caught it with admirable dexterity, and committed it to his pocket.

"How very kind of the good lady to send it to me!" he snuffled.

"Did any one ever see the like of that!" cried Mrs. Short. "You sneaking hound! give it back this instant."

Carnaby looked astonishment at the unreasonable proposition. Happily for his bones, Short at this instant returned.

"I'll take the dust out of your coat for this another time," said Mrs. Short, who, by way of entertaining her consort, forthwith narrated the particulars of my interview with Mrs. L'Estrange.

However greatly Mrs. Short might have been tickled by my recital, certain it is, her husband could discover no humorous properties therein; for, knitting his brows savagely, and setting his teeth on edge, he cast a baleful glance upon me, and worked his fingers upon the palm of his hand, as though inwardly moulding some fell intent.

"And so," cried he, "I'm to lose my best customer through that chap's impudence. No, no,—that's a shoe that won't fit, as you say, Mrs. Short. I've been longing to be at him this week past, and now I've caught him, sure enough."

With this, he laid hold upon his often-menaced strap, and making towards me, dealt me a severe blow upon the side of the head. I caught the weapon with one hand, but it slipped through my fingers, and with the other aimed a retort, as he retreated, at the rascal's nose, which was so nearly taking effect, that he rubbed that feature incredulously, shaking his ugly jole as he did so. Snatching up a heavy last, as he prepared to repeat his blow, I bade him be upon his guard.

"There, now, drop that," exclaimed his wife, interposing. "That dumpling's too hard for the meat."

"I shall not," said I, "till he lays down the strap—the base scoundrel."

"Oh, Freeman!" cried Carnaby, who had been sitting open-mouthed during this scene, but who now arose, outspread, as it were, like a phœnix, "you wouldn't go to fling that—oh, la! at dear good master! Murder!"

"There, now, keep your rosin for another fiddlestick," said Mrs. Short, lending him an open-handed cuff which sent him careering to the other end of the shop.

"I'll give it the villain soundly," exclaimed Short, who took advantage of my momentary observation of Carnaby's evolutions to direct another cut at me, which I, however, avoided. The moment after, a hollow sound proceeded from his stomachic region. The last had taken terrific effect in that quarter, and fell, as though purposely, upon his gouty toe.

All now became confusion worse confounded. Carnaby dashed forward with affectionate eagerness towards his grinning master, hovering about him with whimpering solicitations as to the amount of injury he had sustained. The awkward cub, however, during these officious blandishments, chanced to set his heel upon the ill-fated member which the last had just previously inflamed to torture.

"Curse you, you blaring brute! and *you* too!" cried Short, in a paroxysm of rage and pain. "See how you like that!" and down went poor Carnaby upon hands and knees.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Short, incensed at my treatment of her husband, advanced towards me with an enormous fist, designing to bestow upon me, as she would say, "a goose for my gander;" but, unfortunately for her, and just the reverse, perhaps, for me, just as she was making a fearful spring at me, Carnaby, impelled by Short, fell, as the vulgar have it, "flop" between us, over whom the fat woman tumbled like a sack of sand.

"Drat that confounded blockhead! he 's always—"

I heard no more. Taking advantage of the helpless condition of the trio, I seized my hat, and made the best of my way out of the shop.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Richard Savage shows his spirit, and greatly perplexes his aged protectress. With a moment's glimpse of a remarkable lady, and his introduction to the family of a strange original.

My first impulse, when I reached Lincoln's Inn Fields, led me to indulge in an immoderate fit of laughter at the expense of the cordwaining crew whom I had just left in so disastrous a plight. But presently the stinging pangs of Short's strap, which still preyed upon my ear, caused my thoughts to tend towards Ludlow, whom I resolved immediately to find out and tax as the chief author of my disgraceful wrongs. By dint of many inquiries, and my partial recollection of the locality of Lady Mason's house, I was at length enabled to find my way thither.

Ludlow was not a little surprised to see me, and much more so when, leisurely divesting myself of the leathern apron which Mrs. Short had provided for me on my introduction to business, I folded it methodically together, and placed it upon the table, saying, "Lie you there; I have done with you for the present."

"Why, what has happened?" demanded Ludlow.

I told him all, precisely as it had occurred, inquiring at the conclusion what he thought of it,—and of me,—and of himself.

An angry scene ensued. Ludlow begged, threatened, promised, entreated. Would I return for a month, for a few days, for a week, till he could bring over his lady to my view of the question? No—no—NO. Go back I would not; see Lady Mason I would. I was inflexible and unalterable, and Ludlow began to wring his hands.

"Would to Heaven," he exclaimed, "that I had had nothing to do from the first with this unfortunate business! I never approved of the design of putting you to a shoemaker. But what could a poor fellow like myself do? Women, Richard,—even the best,—and Lady Mason *is* a good woman,—will have their own way. You can no more divert them from their purpose than you can turn a river out of its course."

"*That* is to be done," said I.

"Well, well," he returned, anxiously, "what I mean is, that she is very headstrong and obstinate."

"And so am I, Ludlow, I believe. A family failing, perhaps."

"Eh?" said he, hastily. "Oh, no—oh, no. I fear I shall never prevail upon her to see you."

"Yes, you will, when you inform her that I mean to go before a justice, and tell him how I have been treated; and demand to know by whose authority her ladyship has been constituted battledore, and how much longer I am to play shuttlecock."

"Good God! why, you wouldn't do that, surely?" cried Ludlow, alarmed.

I suspect that he could see by my face that I would of a surety be as good as my word; for he precipitately left the room to confer with Lady Mason.

He returned in about two hours. "I have been gone a long time," said he; "and here have I left you, sitting in the dark."

"Yes," I replied, "here have I been sitting in the dark. I hope, now you are come, you are disposed to enlighten me."

He would not perceive my drift, but rang for candles.

"Richard," he said, "you have greatly distressed and offended Lady Mason. Your threat of going before the justice has pained her exceedingly. It would do you no good. You would be abandoned by all your friends, and by her, who is, I assure you, your best friend."

"Will her ladyship see me?" I inquired.

"She will, to-morrow morning. In the meanwhile, she desires that you will reflect upon your folly (she calls it so) in leaving a situation she has been at some pains and expense to provide for you. She expects that you will be prepared to go back again to-morrow."

I smiled in bitter scorn. "Have you a book you could lend me?"

"Dick," cried Ludlow, "you shan't go back. How came it not to strike me before? I can place you with a person—"

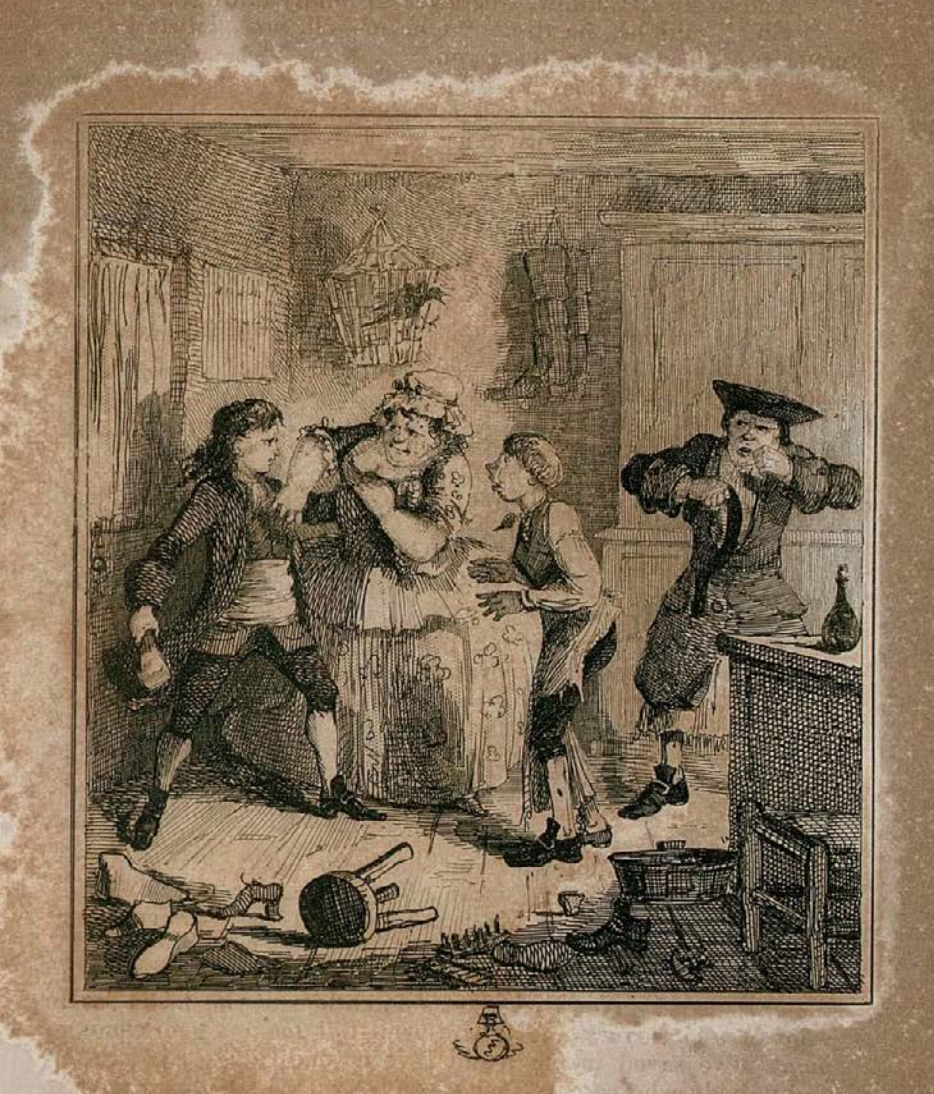
"A tailor, I suppose, Mr. Ludlow," said I; "a very decent handicraft."

"A tailor!" cried Ludlow, with unusual animation. "Hang the cross-legs! No, Dick; he's a gentleman who has been in want of a clerk for some time. And I'll make a gentleman of *you*. I've saved money; and I've no one I ought to care for, and nobody who cares for me.—And—"

"Well, but, my dear friend,—" I interposed.

"And if Lady Mason will not do you justice within three months from this time,—I will. You shall know all. Yes—yes," he pursued, earnestly, "it shall out. I have been too tame—too weak, foolish, complying."

"I will hear what Lady Mason says to-morrow morning."



Richard Savage retaliates upon the

London: Richard Bentley, 1841.

"You will hear nothing," he answered, "but that you must go back to the cobbler. Oh! she has wished to be your friend, but a cursed fate has prevented it. She need not know but that you have returned to Short. I will have it so. Will you promise to be patient for three months longer?"

"I do not know that I ought," said I.

"I do," he replied. "It *must* not be longer—I will tell her so." He added, with a peculiar look,—"it is against nature."

"How, if I should be able to prevail upon her to do me justice—that is your word, Ludlow—to-morrow morning?"

"Lad! lad! I wish you could!" he returned. "But that, I fear, cannot be. She has stronger reasons than ever for secresy; but I am not—must not be bound by them. Come, we will have some supper."

Ludlow was very thoughtful during the remainder of the evening, assuring me at intervals that within three months all should be disclosed. He endeavoured with much earnestness likewise to impress upon me the belief that Lady Mason had done, and was doing, everything for the best; but when, at length, I retorted upon him with the inquiry, "If it be so, why are you going to run counter to her injunctions?" he was silenced, merely answering, "No matter."

On the next morning, he tapped at the door of my room, and, on being admitted, "See," said he, "I have brought you your best suit. Make yourself as gay as you can, and show her ladyship that you don't look like a cobbler, at least."

"If I do," I answered, laughing, "my looks belie me, Ludlow; for I don't intend to be one."

"No more you shall; but don't say so," he rejoined, gravely. "And speak to her in your best language: her ladyship is a judge of manners and politeness."

He regarded me with much complacency when I descended to breakfast.

"A shame," he said, "that the shoemaker was ever thought of! No matter. *I'll* see you fairly through, Richard. Mr. Burridge was right when he said it was a secret that had outgrown its clothes."

He went away to his mistress, and returned presently. "She will see you now," he whispered; "come with me. I am to leave you together. Be very respectful, I entreat. Should she dismiss you before I return, wait for me in my room. I am going to Myte."

"Who is Myte?" said I, as we ascended the stairs.

"Hush!" he replied. "The gentleman to whom I mean to introduce you." He left me at the door. "Now, be very, very respectful to her ladyship," he repeated, giving me the model of a reverential bow.

I protest I was a little discomposed. Ludlow had almost succeeded in making the old lady formidable, and I entered

upon the interview with no apparent emotion, indeed, but with a slight inward fluttering of the spirits.

I found her ladyship seated in state, with a set and formal face, assumed, doubtless, to daunt me; but it had a directly contrary effect. It recalled my self-possession.

"Richard Freeman,"—she said, and hesitated.

I approached, bowing profoundly. "I wish, madam, I might crave the honour of hearing, for the first time in my life, and from your lips, my real name."

"Sir," she exclaimed, angrily, and scanned me with an uncertain eye that avoided mine, "your schoolmaster has, at least, taught you confidence."

"I am happy to hear it," I replied; "I shall, I fear, need it. Your ladyship, permit me to hope, has no intention of teaching me shame."

"Insolent!"

"No, madam, not so," and I stood erect before her. "Why, but to disgrace, to humiliate, to degrade me, have you committed me to the indignity of submission to a cobbler? No, madam, you shall *not* teach me shame."

"Child," replied her ladyship, "and proud child that you are, it was with no such intention that that calling was provided for you. Circumstances alone render it imperative that you should be so disposed of."

"Calling!" "Disposed of!" phrases my young stomach was too high to bear.

"Madam," said I, "since — so Ludlow tells me — these circumstances are not to be made known to me, I must be allowed to object to the calling they point out, and the disposition of me they enforce."

"How, boy!" said Lady Mason, angrily, but there was a softened sorrow in her eye which I noted well, "do you dare to repeat the threat you held out to Ludlow?"

"No, madam; because I am sure it is unnecessary. You destined me for something better when I was ignorant and would have been contented with something worse. You must not—let me say so—you *must* not condemn me to this, having made me worthy of a higher station."

She offered no reply, but sighed heavily, covering her face with her handkerchief. "Let me be for a few minutes," she said, at length; "I will consider. Would to God you had never been born!"

"Of such inexplicable and invisible parents," I added, mentally, as I retired from before her. "Old Mother Freeman, manifestly, was worth a score of such enigmatical kindred."

After a quarter of an hour's cogitation, she recalled me.

"I have been turning over in my mind your objections to the course of life I had designed for you," she said, "and I think something better may be done for you. But I must not be

hurried. Indeed, at present I know not how I can serve you. Return to your employment. Be a good and obedient boy, and perhaps in a few months—"

"I will trouble you no more, madam," said I, impatiently; "neither will I fulfil the threat I held out last night to Mr. Ludlow. I will pursue my own course, and it shall not lie in the direction of a cobbler's stall."

"Stay!" cried her ladyship, recalling me; "that must not be. Oh! how cruel is my situation! Even you, Richard, did you know it, would pity me."

And so I did, to see the tears trickling down that venerable face; but I would not show that I did. It occurred to me, however, that Burridge's advice, as to supplication on a bent knee, might be worth adoption for once. I advanced, therefore, and was about to throw myself at her feet.

"Oh, madam, hear me!" I began; but the ghastly expression of her features arrested me. She was gazing intently, it seemed, at something behind me. I turned — a lady stood before us.

She was a majestic woman, of fine proportions. Her features were prominent and handsome; her complexion was light, and singularly clear; and her eyes were large, grey, and lucid.

She smiled, observing our confusion, and gently tapped her arm with her closed fan. I thought, when she did smile, I had never seen a sweeter—rather, a more gracious lady.

"Your ladyship has a youthful suitor," she remarked.

Lady Mason at last found her voice. "Ludlow's nephew," she said. "Go away, my good boy: I will think of your application, and let your uncle know my mind upon it."

"Mr. Ludlow's nephew!—indeed!" cried the lady. "I did not know he had one."

I bowed, and was retiring. As my glance met hers, there was a slight parting of the lips, and an elevation, scarce perceptible, of the eyebrow, and then the same enchanting smile.

I approached the door. Ludlow was there, thrust bodily into the room, one hand, half clenched, raised to his head, the other outstretched with an upturned, crooked finger. His face — it was not so much like a face as a mask—all eyes and teeth, and eyebrows to the very wig. Seizing me, when I came within hand-gripe, he pulled me out of the apartment, and hurrying me down stairs, huddled me and himself into his own room, the door of which he locked.

"Well, Dick," said he, in a hasty and excited manner, as soon as he could get his breath, "Myte is prepared to receive you, and is anxious to see you."

"So it seems," I replied, "and impatient too, or why did you hale me down stairs in that extraordinary fashion? Who is the beautiful lady above?"

"Beautiful, do you call her?" cried Ludlow: "she beauti-

ful! She may be; but well do I know — too well do I know — that beauty and goodness don't always go together."

"Well, but who is she?" I repeated.

"She is a woman, Richard—Hush! hark!—Going so soon?" He listened intently. There was a rustling in the hall, the street-door was opened, and closed presently. "Thank God, she 's gone!" said he. "Who is she, did you ask? She 's a woman who hates me—as she hates the devil, I was going to say—but him she loves — a woman who thinks I have already too much encroached upon my lady's goodness, and who, knowing you are my nephew—"

"Which she does not know," said I.

"She thinks so, and would strive to injure me and you—"

"That is not likely," I exclaimed, interrupting him. "Do you mean to say"—a thought suddenly struck me—"that lady is connected with me, Ludlow."

"No," he replied, promptly.

My looks repeated the question.

"On my soul, she is not."

"Who is she, then? What is her name?"

"Perdition seize me and the lies I am forced — driven to utter!" cried Ludlow, violently; "but *you* shall not make me tell them. What is she or her name to you? It is Bellamy."

"Is she married?" I inquired.

"Yes, and has a numerous family — young masters and misses, as proud as their mother. She lives in St. James's Square. What more?"

"Is she related to Lady Mason?"

"No more than you are to her," he answered.

I would have proceeded, but he was called away to attend his mistress. He returned with a sprightly air.

"Good news, my boy," said he. "Her ladyship is delighted that I have obtained a situation for you with Mr. Myte. She allows that it is more suited to your education and prospects than the other. And she promises, and bade me tell you so, that within three months you shall be made acquainted with everything."

I was fain to acquiesce, and professed myself contented. And so I was,—if the resignation which springs from necessity may be called by the name. There was much, nevertheless, in Ludlow's variable manner and *intactible* speech (so to express myself) that might well have awakened suspicion. But I was ever the most credulous of mortals, after the first heat of incredulity.

As we trudged along towards Myte's house, Ludlow enlarged upon the virtues and estimable qualities of that gentleman, telling me that he was one of the best of husbands, fathers, and friends; that he was rich, good-natured, and generous. He told me also that I should not want money; that he himself would supply me; that my evenings would be at my own dis-

posal; and that I might see as much life, and enjoy as much of it, as I pleased. All this was especially gratifying, and disposed me to think much less of my parents, and a great deal more of myself. I fear I did not think enough of Ludlow's kindness.

We were admitted into an office, where we discovered a rather elderly gentleman seated at a low desk. He arose at our approach,—that is to say, he got upon his legs, an act which might have contributed to his former height some two inches. Ludlow was a man of small stature and proportions; but he was a giant to Myte, who was as diminutive as a man can be well supposed to be who is not deformed. His face was extremely fair, fresh, and plump, with a nose like a parrot's beak, and eyes of a similar, lateral, roguish gravity. A mouth like a little O, and a flight of chins leading down to his breast-bone, complete the picture.

"And so you 've brought him with you," he said, casting a sidelong ogle towards me.

"Yes, here he is, sir," replied Ludlow.

"Getting towards sixteen, you said," returned Myte. "Tall of his age — up in the air — one of the sky-sweepers. Do you know, Jeremiah," turning to Ludlow, whom he took by the coat, "when I was his age, my grandmother thought I should have made a shoot upwards, and whenever the thought entered her head, (and, by the way, thoughts very seldom came there, and never stayed more than two minutes,) she made me march under her cane, which she placed horizontally against a line she had marked on the wainscot. I did it clean for three years, when the old lady lost heart, saying I should do for a Smithfield droll."

Ludlow forced a grim smile. "She was mistaken," said he.

"None of your jeers," cried Myte. "Come, what is your nephew's name?"

"Freeman," said Ludlow; "Richard Freeman."

"Richard Freeman, — and a very good English name too. *Free man*—it has an old British sound with it. Eh? what? Just listen to this, Jeremiah Woful," and with a theatrical air he repeated,

> "'I am as *free* as nature first made *man*,
> Ere the base laws of servitude began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran!'

That 's John Dryden — one of his Almanzor flights; and I 've heard Betterton roll and thunder it out—*I* have. You may laugh, young gentleman," addressing me, "but you had not laughed, had you heard Betterton. Why," nudging me confidentially, "I have lent Betterton money."

"And he repaid you, I have no doubt," said Ludlow.

"Repaid me!—ay, that he has, a thousand fold. I saw him in all his best parts."

"He repaid you in money, I mean," observed Ludlow. "I have heard he was a man of honour."

"The very soul of honour," cried Myte. "Who could think of that man's body? I have got his bond, Jeremiah, and I would not part with his signature for twenty times the sum he signed for.* But, get you gone; Ricardo and I shall much better understand each other, and much sooner, without you."

So saying, he pushed him out of the door.

"That uncle of yours, Ricardo," he said, returning to me, "is the most sad-looking person these eyes ever lighted upon."

"A very grave man, indeed, sir," I answered.

"Grave?—grievous—a face as much as to say, 'Whose dog's dead, that I may come and howl over it?' No cause, no cause; well to do, well to do. That is why I call him Jeremiah Woful."

"Indeed, sir," said I, somewhat amused by this original.

* Myte only does justice to Betterton when he calls him "the very soul of honour." A man more deservedly respected never trod the stage. It is to be hoped that the bond, of which the little man speaks, was a cancelled one, or for a small amount, for Betterton died without a farthing. Steele, at the conclusion of a Tatler he wrote in commemoration of the funeral of this great actor, after a high eulogy of his merit, says, "The mention I have here made of Mr. Betterton, for whom I had, as long as I have known anything, a very great esteem and gratitude for the pleasure he gave me, can do him no good; but it may possibly be of service to the unhappy woman he has left behind him to have it known that this great tragedian was never in a scene half so moving as the circumstances of his affairs created at his departure. His wife, after an intercourse of forty years in the strictest amity, has long pined away with a sense of his decay, as well in his person as his little fortune, and in proportion to that, she has herself decayed both in health and reason. Her husband's death, added to her age and infirmities, would certainly have determined her life, but that the greatness of her distress has been a relief, by a present deprivation of her senses."

This wonderful performer was born in 1635, came upon the stage in 1656, and continued on it with the greatest reputation more than fifty years. He died April 28, 1710, a few days after he had played (at the age of 75!) the arduous part of Melantius, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of The Maid's Tragedy.

Colley Cibber says,—"Betterton was an actor, as Shakspeare was an author—both without competitors; formed for the mutual assistance and illustration of each other's genius. How Shakspeare wrote, all men who have a taste for Nature may read and know; but with what higher rapture would he still be read, could they conceive how Betterton played him. * * * Could *how* Betterton spoke be as easily known as *what* he spoke, then might you see the Muse of Shakspeare in her triumph, with all her beauties in her best array, rising into real life, and charming all beholders. But, alas! since all this is out of the reach of description, how shall I show you Betterton? Should I tell you that all the Othellos, Hamlets, Hotspurs, Macbeths, and Brutuses, whom you may have seen since his time, have fallen short of him, this still would give you no idea of his particular excellence."

Booth, himself no common actor, who knew him only in his decline, used to say that he never saw him on or off the stage but he learned something from him; and frequently observed that Betterton was no actor; that he put on his part with his clothes, and was the very man he undertook to be, and nothing more. So exact was he in following nature, that the look of surprise and horror he assumed in the character of Hamlet astonished Booth (when he first personated the ghost) to such a degree, that he was unable to proceed with his part for some moments.

Pope, in answer to a question, said, "Yes, I really think Betterton the best actor I ever saw; but I ought to tell you at the same time that, in Betterton's days, the older sort of people talked of Harte's being his superior, just as we do of Betterton's being superior to those now."

There is a portrait of Betterton (said to be a fine one) by Pope, in the possession of the Earl of Mansfield.

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "I have names for all my acquaintances. But you are looking for something to do. Do you like active employment?"

"I have no doubt I shall, sir, when I become used to it."

"That won't be while you're here," returned Myte. "Look you, my ingenuous young friend, I sell houses when I have houses to sell, to certain persons,—when I can find them; and I buy houses when there are houses to be bought from certain persons who may wish to sell them. But at present I have neither houses to be sold nor persons to purchase, nor do I wish to have. All my business, therefore, is to do nothing, and look as though I had plenty to do; and all yours will be to look as though you had plenty to do, and do nothing."

"An easy life, sir," I said, laughing.

"So so, for that," replied Myte. "I've found yawning hard work before now. But you can carry a letter, and bring an answer, and draw a bill, and say I'm out when I wish I were not in, and all that?"

"Oh, yes."

"And all these things you solemnly promise to perform?"

"I do."

"And you faithfully engage to talk no more than your tongue will let you, and as little good sense as you can; not 'two and two make four—two and two make four,' in the moral or maxim way, for all that I hate; besides, I know, in morals, two and two often make five."

"I promise all this, sir."

"Good lad, very good lad," said Myte. "Kiss that book," handing me a volume of the Tatler. "But come," said he, "let's go up stairs, and see 'Heaven's last, best gift,' as the poet has it,—the fair creation,—three samples of which I have up stairs. Why, I've a wife and two daughters."

"Indeed," said I.

"Why indeed? you should have said, 'Joy be with you, Colbrand,' for that's *my* name. Mind that stair. That's been two summersets, seven sprained ankles, and bruised hips out of number. I've been thinking of having it mended these twelve years. When it comes to a broken leg, I'll have the leg and it set to rights together."

"Here," said he, handing me forward, and presenting me to his wife and daughters. "Good people, I've brought you a young friend, whom I commend to your especial good offices. This, Ricardo, is Mrs. Myte, known in this house (but only so addressed by me) by the style and title of Flusterina. My love!" with assumed surprise, "I once told you, many years ago, that I loved the very ground you trod upon, and you're always reminding me of it by carrying some upon your face."

Mrs. Myte appealed to her daughters. "Is my face dirty, my loves?"

The young ladies smiled, and shook their heads. A slight tap with the fan upon the small skull of Myte was the gentle punishment meted out to the delinquent.

"And here," continued Myte, "are Madam Margaret and Mistress Martha,* commonly called my Goth and Vandal: they will permit you to salute their cheeks."

The girls blushed, while I promptly availed myself of the privilege.

"And now," said Myte, "since you will have plenty of leisure to cultivate the esteem of these ladies, let me show you your dormitory. You must know," he resumed, as we ascended the stairs, "that I slept in that room for ten years, before I was married, and I used to call it—that 's Signor Tomaso,—" in parenthesis, pointing to a large cat which had been asleep on the landing, but which now came forward, and placing its fore-paws upon Myte's knee-pan, stretched itself leisurely,— "I used to call it Paradise," he proceeded, "it was such a snug room, till the fire broke out, and I had to jump out of the window into a large blanket."

Having taken me into every room in the house, commenting upon each, and inquiring at intervals whether I thought I could be comfortable under his roof, he brought me back again to the drawing-room.

"Go in there," said he, "and make interest for a dish of chocolate. I am going to meet a gentleman at White's." †

The ladies vied in their attentions towards me; and I soon began to feel, that if I were not as happy as I could wish with Myte and his family, it would be entirely my own fault. When Myte returned in the afternoon, he amused me with his innocent freaks and fooleries. In the evening he played upon the fiddle, and made his wife sing and his daughters dance, and tried to sing himself; and, finally, would have accomplished a dance, but that the potency of a sneaker of punch of which he had partaken had so impaired the stability of his small legs, that his family judged it inexpedient that he should hazard the feat. I myself confess to having seen two candles in my hand when I retired to bed; and had Myte's disastrous stair been upon the flight I had occasion to ascend, I think it very likely I might have added to the list of casualties in his possession.

* At this time, the appellation of Miss was only given to girls not yet in their teens, or to indiscreet and inconsiderate young women. When there were two sisters, as in the case of Myte's daughters, the elder was called Madam, the younger Mistress.

† Who that has read Addison and Steele (and who has not?) but is familiar with the names of White's Chocolate House, the St. James's Coffeehouse, Will's Coffeehouse, and the Grecian? White's Chocolate House was on the left-hand side of St. James's Street, from Piccadilly; but afterwards it was on the other side, and lower down the street.

A PARLIAMENT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Few who stand at Charing Cross, and see the legislators, who in lordly equipage, or easy cab, on horseback or on foot, wend their way in crowds, at the hour of four or five, to declaim and divide upon the political measures which agitate the day, trouble themselves to picture the mighty difference between the past and the present,—the Parliamentary doings of to-day, and the Parliaments and Parliamentarians of an elder time. It is worth while to evoke a shadowy semblance of things that were from amid the chaotic fragments of their antiquity.

Standing on the same spot five hundred years gone by, a pilgrim on his way to the shrine of the Confessor might have noted a like concourse of the noble and the lowly crowding to the palace of Westminster, where the King held his solemn Parliament, to which his lieges were summoned to aid and advise him. But instead of its being long past mid-day, the morning-sun is scattering the dew from the green fields and hedges which stretch far away to the north and west of the little village of Charing, and our pilgrim may have just reached the Cross by the way across the fields, which ended at the high-road to Windsor and Reading, hard by the umbrageous manor of Hyde, beneath whose ancient oaks the hogs of the Abbot of Westminster fatten on choice pannage. It is the hour of eight in the morning! The lordly baron prances to Westminster, surrounded by armed followers, and armed himself. Sleek bishops, and mitred abbots, or their monkish proxies, amble thither on sure hackneys, and knights of the shire, stout burgesses, and their servitors swell the train. Of all the men, perchance, your burgher, except he were a turbulent Londoner, looked upon this going to Parliament as an unmitigated nuisance; it drew him from his stall, or shop, his wonted markets and stated fairs, to mingle with the mighty of the land, with whom he had few views in common; and to what end? to give a reluctant assent to grants of subsidies, and in return to pray remedies of grievances seldom permanently redressed.

In the early days of popular representation, when the people were not to say indifferent to, but at least ignorant of, the value of the privilege they enjoyed, your borough member, or knight of the shire, was caught by the sheriff with as much difficulty as a restive sheep in a timid flock. It was not until the wars of the roses that it became a matter of import to the crown and nobility to *pack* the Commons for their own ends. About that time it is that we find the Duchess of Norfolk writing to her well-beloved John Paston that her lord thinks it meet to have the country represented by his "own menial servants," and commanding him to raise his voice for the return of two such characters, Sir John Howard, the first peer of his name, being one of her nominees. At this same period, too, when electors found their votes were of moment, arose the time-honoured practice of treating: when Sir John Howard and Master Thomas Brewis were chosen knights of the shire for Suffolk, Howard regaled his electors at an expense of some forty-pounds.

We will not enumerate the oxen, sheep, and calves consumed, nor even the capons, pigeons, and rabbits; nor the "barells of dobylle and syngel bere," besides wine at the "gentelmen's lodgings:" it is enough to mark the dawn of treating. That intimidation came to the aid of candidates, who will doubt, in days when every man carried conviction at the point of his dagger, or Irish knife? But we are in some measure anticipating the slow work of time; this much, however, we may add, that the "menial servants" of the great nobles wore the liveries of their lords; let those who talk of the ancient independence of the Commons' House picture to themselves a bench of nominees clad in the colours and wearing the insignia of their several lords! But to our Parliament, which we are about to open for—the plesaunce of the reader.

The tide of courtiers and commoners flows not from the west: in that direction all-devouring London hath not yet encroached upon the green fields—from the cross at Charing you can see here and there a few buildings, such as the Hospital for Lepers, dedicated by the charity of certain worthy Londoners to St. James,—the low Chapel of the Lepers at Knightsbridge,—and northwards, in the far distance, the buildings and gardens of the Lepers of St. Giles in the Fields; but beyond these, and a hovel or two, habitations there are none. Fashion hath not yet an existence, and high birth is too well aware of the value of stone walls and secure defences in such troublous times to feel inconvenienced by the vicinity of merchants and traders, or by narrow streets. Your bishops dwell in Shoe Lane, or elsewhere in the line or precincts of Fleet Street, excepting he of Winchester, who hath a palace and a prison in Southwark, and the Primate, who reposes in his castellated manor-house of Lambeth. The Percy rides westward from Aldgate; the Mowbray from Thames Street; the Howard comes from Crooked Lane, or his "pore place beside Ratliffe;" and such lords and knights as have not "ynnes" of their own, hang out their shields at the Saracen's Head in Friday Street, the Flower-de-luce in Smithfield, and the many other hostelries of repute within the liberties of London and Southwark.

Much and long were both lords and commons annoyed by the bad road, which led from the bar of the Temple to the King's Palace of Westminster. To judge from their petitions, grievously complaining thereof, that which is now, as then, called the Strand, was in early days little better than a continuous quagmire. The folks of the court, and others having business at the palace, represented to Edward the Second that the road was so broken up, and full of holes, that rich and poor, as well on horseback as on foot, passing thereby, received great hurt, and in bad weather were often prevented from attending to their business by the depth of the said way. The depth of which they spoke was, doubtless, that of the soft mud; an inconvenience which it was endeavoured to remedy by ordering the householders on the line to pave the space before their respective tenements. Men, however, took to wearing pattens when they walked, and in time the Thames became a common and preferable highway from the city to the west.

Despite the indifferent road, the palace is reached. The open space between it and the Abbey is crowded by stalls and booths, where provisions of all kinds, and other wares, are offered for sale.

While the King is at the palace a market is held there daily, for the convenience of his household and court. There is much bustle and confusion, and varied is the assemblage of persons; various the dresses, from the rude magnificence of the baron to the bare garment of the mendicant friar, and the shreds and patches of his more honourable brother, the beggar without pretence. Of beggars, perchance there may be a goodly number; it may be the festival of his Majesty's favourite saint, and the Treasurer has orders to feed some thousand of them in the great hall. Many are the led horses, many are there piquetted, as it were, by the strong wooden palisade originally erected by Henry the Third, to keep the steeds of visiters from intruding into the hall. And now, through this crowd of stalls, and men and horses, way is made for his eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop and Chancellor, who is to open the Parliament by a right proper speech: see ecclesiastical and temporal pomp combined; the pride of the lofty priest struggling with assumed humility; witness his cross and purse-bearers, his chaplains, and clerks of chancery, his vergers, esquires, and long train of servitors, with what state they sweep into the hall amid the lowly reverence of the uncovered crowd. Alas! for the days that are gone! how prosaic and tame is the same spot now! Oh, Palace Yard, departed are thy glories, and miserable, most wretched thy array of hackney cabs!

The Lords spiritual and temporal, and the Commons assemble together, possibly in the Star, or the Painted Chamber, two apartments renowned in English history, and which dated their names from the thirteenth century. The sovereign seldom opened the proceedings in person; the duty of stating the cause for assembling the Parliament, and of addressing the members, belonged to the Chancellor. Before he begins, let us cast our eyes over the mixed assemblage. The nobles stand around, fully conscious of their independence and consequence; the clergy perchance are grouped together, and with earnest mien and gesture are discussing the possibility of resisting a threatened tax upon their revenues, or their wool, — for as yet England is essentially a pastoral country, and flocks and herds constitute the chief wealth of her clergy. Among the burgesses may be remarked the wondering looks of those who have come from distant parts—the Ultima Thule—of England: he of Carlisle grasps a schedule or petition, which his townsmen have deputed him to present, praying that they may be enabled to repair the walls of their city, lately breached by the Scots, to him and them the main object of interest in attending this summons to Parliament; a grave elder from Newcastle-on-Tyne has to pray a remission of the annual farm of his town, in consideration of the ships which they had fitted out to keep the sea towards Scotland.

Silence is commanded; the Chancellor enters the chamber, at the door of which proclamation is straightway made that no person, of whatever degree, presume to go about armed either in London or Westminster during the sitting of Parliament — a regulation more honoured in the breach than the observance of it, witness the swords and daggers in the chamber itself; and that no boys or other persons should play at throwing the bar, or other games, or dare to bonnet honest folks, or steal their hats, within the precincts of the palace, to the manifest grievance of sober lieges; and thereafter the

Lord Chancellor rises to declare unto the Prelates, Lords, and Commons assembled, the reasons wherefore they are now summoned: the said reason being, however much it may be masked by figures of speech and sonorous nothings, that his most dread highness, the King, their most gracious lord, requires a subsidy, may be for some idle progress to the Holy Land, whither the King of France hath ordained to go with his "hooste" within two years next following, much desiring the presence, comfort, and aid of his brother of England, which the said brother cannot give, unless his good lieges provide for the grievous charges to which he will of necessity be subjected in fulfilling so pious an undertaking. Or, it may be that their dread lord the King hath resolved to assert his most just rights against his adversary of France, and needeth their money and service to restore him to his own beyond sea. And now, how sweetly doth the Chancellor proceed to show the said Parliament, more espepecially the Commons, that a kingly government is the only good rule for high and low; alleging on this head many good and profitable texts from Holy Writ, in particular, perhaps, the words of the Prophet Ezekiel, "*Rex unus erit omnibus;*" demonstrating unto them that for the due maintenance of such a government it is necessary for the King to enjoy ample power, and for his subjects to be obedient; and that, for the better support of the royal power, certain royalties, prerogatives, and divers other rights are, and have been from of old, annexed unto the crown. And then his lordship exhorteth them to unanimous counsel by the fable of the body and its members, which he finds, as he says, in Titus Livius; and to liberality, by showing them how the good city of Rome was destroyed by the importunate and insatiable avarice of its citizens, particularly the commons. Happy times, when any precedent, whether found in sacred or profane story, could be cast at the heads of a simple auditory without the risk of their discovering its inapplicability to their own days and exigencies. Happy times, when Titus Livius was the oracle and hand-book of statesmen, and political economy and confusion societies were yet unborn.

After the Chancellor's address, the Parliament addresses itself to business. In the mediœval days of which we treat there was happily no division of the house into two or three parties, differing in their views of the nature and spirit of the constitution. Two parties, indeed, always existed — the favourites of the crown, and their adherents, and those who suffered under the wintry effects of disfavour; but then the wheel was continually revolving, and when they who were undermost had scrambled into the high places, they soon convinced the monarch how greatly he had been deceived by his quondam friends, who had only worked to his dishonour, and the "utter undoing" of his faithful people; the Tower and the block yielded a temporary security to their, of course, upright successors, who in due time were to be branded with the same charges, and suffer the same ignominious fate. This absence of constitutional factions saved a great deal of what is now called debating, the chief benefit of which is reaped by printers and paper-makers. There being no speechifying, Parliaments seldom lasted longer than a few days, particularly when held in provincial towns, for then the King would graciously take into consideration that many of his faithful subjects had come from distant places, and would be sub-

jected to great inconvenience were they detained for any length of time in a place where such an unusual concourse of people would enhance the price of provisions. So the business, *i. e.* the King's, was hurried over, and the members speedily and graciously dismissed. However, if there was no speaking, there was plenty of petitioning.

The first act of our Parliament is the appointment of committees to receive and report on the merits of petitions from England, Ireland, and Guienne, for we will consider Bourdeaux and its fair territory as yet belonging to the English crown. In the next place the Commons elect their "parlour" or speaker, who, on being presented to the Chancellor for his approval, craveth, with much fear and trembling, to be allowed liberty of speech, and that his sayings may undergo the best construction; all which is benignantly conceded. No mere form reader in those days as now.

Now to business. As the Commons know perfectly well that the King's demand upon their purses must be satisfied, they are entirely resolved to get something in return—if they can. So they begin by putting forth a very long petition on very many subjects. Firstly, they pray, do these "pore sympel Commons," that Holy Mother Church may be maintained in her estate, dignity, liberties, and possessions. In those days a deep religious feeling pervaded all the transactions of men; that it was forgotten in moments of turbulence is unfortunately most true, but the more to be pardoned in a generation imperfectly taught.

After the Church, the Commons thought of themselves, and for many years one prayer of their petitions was for the better observance of the articles of Magna Charta, which, always confirming, our sovereigns were always endeavouring to evade. Then our simple forefathers had peculiar notions on the subject of trade, which we gather from repeated remonstrances against the prolonged stay of foreign merchants in cities and towns, wherein, to the great horror of the said Commons, they keep houses of their own, a practice prohibited by custom and ordinances, which restricted their stay in the realm to forty days, and obliged them to reside in the houses of good and honest townsmen, called their "hosts." Moreover, they represent that the same merchants persist in retailing their wares, instead of selling them in gross to native merchants, whereby the latter are cheated out of their lawful gains. Sometimes the Commons met with a sharp reproof from the King, if he were not *in extremis* for want of money. He would tell them the foreigners were useful to him and the nobility, and that he had no mind to meddle with their doings. Now, although the English were thus anxious to engross the profits of the retail of imported merchandise, they had a religious horror of a middle-man between the native producer and consumer. They desired to buy their cloths and stuffs from the manufacturer himself; indeed, this feeling extended to every necessary of life. Forestalling and retailing in these respects were held to be heinous offences, and were prohibited, under severe penalties, by municipal ordinances, if not by acts of Parliament. Petitions on these subjects occasionally gave rise to scenes which were very characteristic of the times, but do not agree with modern notions of the dignity of Parliamentary proceedings. We will give one as an example.

During the reign of Richard the Second, the Mayor and Aldermen

of London accused the fish-salesmen of Billingsgate of seizing all fish the moment it reached the market, and selling it at an exorbitant rate, while they paid the fishermen who brought it just what it pleased them to give, generally very little. But the poor fellows, said the Londoners, were glad to get even that little, and afraid to ask for more, for fear of being maltreated by the sturdy and arrogant men of Billingsgate, who were further charged with leaguing together to keep fish at an unreasonable price; with using dorsers, or baskets for the back, in which fish was both carried and measured, of fraudulent make, and with many other offences practised, to the grievous damage and deception of the Lords and Commons. The accusers and accused appeared before Parliament, and the Chancellor called upon the fishmongers for their defence. Then Nicholas Exton, the spokesman of Billingsgate, who afterwards rose to be Mayor himself, prayed the King to take him and his fellows into his royal protection and safeguard, for they dreaded that bodily harm would befall them in the city, and the more because they were accused, not for the general good of the realm, but through hatred, rancour, and envy only. To this the Mayor replied, "that that which was done by him and his was done for the general good of the Lords and of all the realm, as experience would shortly prove, by God's aid." And as to the fishmongers' dreading sedition, and that bodily harm might happen them in the city, he said, "I make bold to say, that never at any period of my life hath the commonalty of the city been in greater unity, love, and concord, save only with these fishmongers, who are leagued together to support their extortions and oppression of the people; and I undertake, at all peril, that good peace shall be maintained, unless the same fishmongers begin 'riot and folly,' for which, as 'tis said, they prepare daily."

The parties were commanded to keep the peace towards each other, on pain of forfeiture: it was intimated to the fishmongers that the King would receive them into his special protection, and that, if they considered themselves aggrieved by the petition exhibited against them, they might complain thereof.

Then out spoke Walter Sybille, one of the accused. "For God's sake, my lords, give me a hearing. It is a thing not unknown to you all, how, heretofore, some of the persons here present, who are our chief accusers, were by command of the deceased King, whom God assoile, taken and imprisoned for certain trespasses with which they were charged, at which time the principal officers of the city who executed the King's mandate were of our trade and livery of fishmongers. And for that cause only, and ancient hatred and rancour conceived against us, they now sue for our destruction, and to deprive us of our franchise and liberty, anciently granted unto us, and confirmed by the noble Kings of England; wherefore we have the greater need to have good surety for the peace from them and their abettors."

To this, John More, the mercer, replied,—"Walter Sybille, the good folks of this city are strong enough to maintain the peace against you all, unless, indeed, you again bring into this city the commons of Kent and Essex, as you lately did in the traitorous sedition." Master More hereby alluded to the rising of Wat Tyler. Then said Walter, "I pray you, my lords, that John More be ordered to repeat the words he has spoken, to the end that that which so highly concerneth my honour may be clearly understood."

"My lords," returned John More, "I did not say expressly that it was so; but I do say that the common report and speech in our city is, that John Horn, fishmonger, and Adam Karlill, of London, were in the said sedition the first and principal counsellors, comforters, abettors, and exciters, that the commons of Kent and Essex, lately traitorously levied and assembled against the King and his realm, should approach and enter into the city. And that the said Walter was the first and principal hinderance unto William de Walleworthe, then Mayor, and divers other persons, loyal lieges of our lord the King, that they could not at that time close the gates of the city nor raise the bridge, nor defend the same city against the said traitors, although the said William de Walleworthe and others endeavoured much so to do. And I pray you that this may be inquired into by honest folks of the city, and I think that which I have uttered will be found true."

The inquiry he sought was ordered; its result, however, has not descended to us. This is a fair specimen of the recriminatory dialogues which from time to time took place in the Parliament Chamber.

The other subjects of the petitions of the Commons were usury, which they termed invariably "an abhominable and mortall sinne," and prayed that the practisers of it might be condignly punished; for, as they observe on one occasion, through unrestrained indulgence in it, "the virtue of charity, without which no one can be saved, is almost all lost in the land." But the great subject on which the attention of the representatives of a pastoral country centred was the staple of wool. Into this matter, all important to our sheep-feeding forefathers, but now forgotten by all but the antiquary, we have no room to enter. Their petitions related to the erection of a staple or market in this town,—the removal of it from another; and they would contain grievous plaints against the Flemings for dishonest dealings, and evading statutory and staple regulations.

These, and various other demands, are answered by the King according to his situation at the time. On some points he would be further advised; to others he gives a peremptory refusal; and the clauses of the petition being disposed of *seriatim*, the "pore" Commons come at last to the grievous necessity of granting his Majesty a supply. This was seldom done without discussion; but the good folks were anxious to get back to their homes and business, and therefore made short work of it. They granted perhaps a fifteenth of all moveable goods to be paid within three years, or the ninth sack of wool to be levied within the same period. For this aid, his Majesty graciously condescends to return thanks; and nothing further being required of them, the said knights, citizens, and burgesses are ordered to sue out writs for their expenses, and return home; the Parliament being dissolved, or mayhap only prorogued, by reason of the pestilence, or because of the approach of harvest, when knights of the shire, and the good abbots and priors would fain be at home, to follow in the steps of the reapers of their crops, and see that the golden produce is securely garnered in their homesteads.

Besides the sort of business above described, the time of an ancient Parliament was greatly taken up by the presentation of petitions from private individuals, praying its interference in cases which, at the present time, would very properly form the subjects

of actions at law or suits in equity. Indeed, with respect to many, such proceedings were directed by the King's answer; to others, evasive replies were given.

Besides this, in the House of Lords some variety was imparted to their usual tone of business by the creation from time to time of a Peer, whom the King would present with the charter, gird with the sword, and invest with the robes of his new estate, in a full assembly of the House.

Sometimes the deliberations of both Houses would be interrupted by riots among the servitors and people congregated about the place of their assembly; and it occasionally happened that attempts were made to assassinate members themselves. We have given a specimen of one of the many unseemly dialogues which took place before Parliament; and an appropriate sequel to it will be some account of the murderous assault on Lord Cromwell in 1450, the twenty-eighth year of Henry the Sixth. The reader shall have it in the very words of the petition of the Commons' House. After stating the very obvious reasons wherefore the King should maintain the due administration of justice, for lack of which many disorders had arisen, they add, "and specially now of late, where that many great Lords of your Council, by your high commandment, were assembled in your Council-house, called the 'Sterre Chambre,' within your palace at Westminster, the 28th day of November, in the twenty-eighth year of your reign, you being at that time in your high and royal court of Parliament: there came the same day one William Tailboys, late of South Kyme, in the county of Lincoln, squire, named and noised for a common murderer, manslayer, rioter, and continual breaker of your peace, of great malice imagined and forethought, with a great company of riotous people arrayed with jacks, salets, swords, and glaives, in manner of war, for to have murdered and slain Ralph Lord Cromwell, one of the Lords of your Council, then being there, and the said Lord Cromwell had like to have been there murdered and slain, and many great inconvenients like to have fallen. The which great riot thus done in the form aforesaid, is one of the greatest, heinous, and most odious riots that hath been seen in your time, or in the time of your progenitors, and most perilous ensample to all misdoers and rioters, if that this be not openly, duly, and straitly punished: of which riot and offence, by the said William so done, in your said Parliament, we your Commons of this your realm, in this your present court of Parliament assembled, accuse and appeach the said William Tailboys."

This Ralph Lord Cromwell was the same who was made Chamberlain of France at the coronation of Henry the Sixth. Tailboys was committed to the Tower; but, instead of being duly "hangyd and heddyd," as, notorious manslayer that he was, he deserved, the Commons merely prayed that he might not be liberated until he had found good sureties to keep the peace! To this the King replied, that he would be further advised. Eventually, this "common murderer" was knighted, became a stanch adherent of the unfortunate Henry in his disastrous struggle with the faction of York, and was one of the few who accompanied him in his still more disastrous flight to the north, after the battle of St. Albans. All that we can say of his further career is, that after the battle of Towton Field he fled into Scotland,



THE LADY'S MAID.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

THE name bestowed by modern parlance upon the waiting or tire woman, denotes youth and jauntiness. The very word "maid" seems to anticipate the qualifying adnome of "fair" or "pretty," as naturally as in the polite circles of Austria the word "*frau*" receives the prefix of "*guädige;*" and though it must be admitted that toothless and grey-haired wives and widows often pass under the general designation of ladies' maids, it is still held an essential distinction of lady's maidism, to possess a pleasing exterior.

The lady's maid is the flower of the domestic establishment,—the Proserpine of the lower regions,—the *élégante,* whose graces of mind and manners bewilder the minds of the footmen, to whom with supercilious scorn she delivers the orders of her principals, — a stumbling-block in the eyes of venerable butlers, as Maria in those of Malvolio,—and a target for the merry jests of the servants' hall.

The lady's maid is my lady's shadow; a parody upon the *chef-d'œuvre* of elegance, to whose cast-off clothes, airs, and graces, she has the honour to succeed. Though worn to the bone by the labours of office, — though deprived of her rest by my lady's dissipa-

tion, and of her meals by my lady's selfishness,—though harassed by flaws of temper and caprices of taste, there is a species of one and indivisibility between the mistress and maid, characteristic of the umbrageous nature pointed out. An instinctive *esprit du corps* unites the daughter of Eve who washes the laces, and is to inherit them, with the daughter of Eve who wears them in her pinners.

Against my master, or my lord, on the other hand, the lady's maid cherishes an equally intuitive antipathy. Even my master's own man,— nay, even the family butler and coachman does she detest as dependencies of "master." "Master" is a tyrant,— master is a nuisance,— master is never satisfied,—master is always complaining of the manner in which his linen is starched, or left unstarched; and master's shirt-buttons have twice as great an aptitude to come off as any other gentleman's. And then, master keeps such hours! Master goes to bed, and rises earlier than can be accounted for on any other principle than that of matrimonial contrariety. Master comes into my lady's dressing-room in dirty boots; or sets down his flat candlestick on a new cap. Master is full of fancies, such as having his newspapers ironed; and worrets people out of their lives about keeping dinner, or the horses waiting. According to the lady's maid there is no end to the peccadillos of "master."

Not but that my lady has her faults too. My lady is sadly thoughtless and heedless, and seems to think that people have twenty pair of hands, and no need of rest or recreation. But she is such a good creature, after all! And, if it were not for having such a brute of a husband, she would be such a sweet-tempered lady. Ah! poor thing! if people only knew what they were about when they married! The lady's maid swears she would not change her situation for anything that anybody could offer her; that is, her situation in life.

As regards her vocation, it must be admitted that she enjoys peculiar advantages. Other slaveys occupy the post of Tantalus. The butler is no wise privileged to be the better for the wine he is decanting, or the plate he is cleaning; or the gardener for the pines or peaches he is forcing. But if the task of the lady's maid be an eternal smoothing of coats, and darning of pinholes, *she* has at least a vested interest in the fruit of her labours. The lawn kerchief, or brocaded mantle, will one day be her own; and the young heir who watches the growth of his father's plantations, is not more personally interested in their well-doing than the lady's maid in the safe packing of her lady's imperials and chaise-seat.

The lady's maid is usually an hysterical, nervous personage; her constitution broken by irregular rest and irregular diet. Addicted to novels and green tea, she is not aware that her tender hypochondriacism is the result of swallowing her dinner whole, to be in time for dressing my lady for her daily drive; and of restless nights, spent in watching at the dressing-room window for the return of my lady's carriage from the ball. On the contrary, she admits that she is a poor, weak-spirited creature; but swears, like Cassio, that she "had it from her mother."

It is a strange thing that, howbeit, we all admit the difficulty of being a hero to one's *valet de chambre*, or an angel to one's lady's maid,—every lady insists upon the maid being an angel to her lady. The mistress has a right to be *en déshabille* at certain hours of the

day, — the maid, never. The maid must be always presentable, — always smiling. Curl-papers are warning, and a slipshod foot dismissal without a character. Whether in drawing my lady's curtain at dead of night, or undrawing it at daybreak, she must be *tirée à quatre épingles,* and neither look fatigued or restless, or sick, or sorry. A weary eye, or a pale face, would condemn her to hear that "her health was not equal to her situation;" for with the exception of an inquisitor of Spain, there are few things more cruel in their nature than a fine lady.

Having laid it down as an axiom that a lady's maid is simply her lady's shadow, it is almost unnecessary to add, that there are as many varieties of ladies' maids as of roses and geraniums: serious ladies' maids, fashionable ladies' maids, ladies' maids on their preferment, flirting ladies' maids,—and so forth. The serious lady's maid is pretty sure to be privately married to the butler, or to have a weakness for the under-footman. The fashionable lady's maid is above such vulgarisms; talks of the circle she moves in, and goes to the German opera. The lady's maid on her preferment, converts my lady's cast-off satins and *guipures* into cash, and talks of her property in the funds; while the flirting lady's maid converts them to her own use; has a correspondence with one of the young gentlemen at Howell and James's, which does not prevent her lending an ear to a thousand tender nothings when the house is full of dandies, masters and men, for the hunting and shooting season.

Most of those flutterlings of the basement story dote upon London and the season. Despite their vigils and wearyings, they love the stir and movement of that sunny period when my lady's diamonds emerge from their morocco cases, and every day brings home some new dress, bonnet, or cap, creaking up the backstairs in the milliner's basket. They love the noise, glitter, and outlay of such a time. They delight in gauds of silver and gold, and all the intertanglements of pink, blue, and lilac, devised by haberdashers for the perdition of the female kind. A new riband distracts them as a vacant riband the sovereign.

The Drawing Room is the grand event of the lady's maid. My lady looks so *very* sweet in her feathers, lappets, and family diamonds; and the *real* lady is never more distinguishable from the upstart than in her train and point! An unusual flush mantles on her cheek as she indulges in the plebeian vice of gazing out of the window upon the departing chariot, with its well-wigged coachman, and pair of standard footmen, alike as the two Antipholi, or as Dromio and his *fac-simile,* to the very buckles in their shoes, or bouquets in their button-holes. She is conscious of having despatched my lady to go, see, and conquer; and is proud that the labour of her hands should figure in presence of the court.

Though selectly select in her visiting-list, her acquaintance in town is considerable; and the best mansions in May-Fair contribute their quota of ladies' maids to her whist-table on Opera nights, or royal ball-nights, when she is sure of getting rid of my lady at an early hour. The Dowager Duchess's maid, on the other hand, steps in on Sunday nights, her Grace being serious, and averse to Sabbath-breaking, giving freedom to her men and maid-servants on the Lord's day. But for her own part, she is not averse to the Parks or Kensington-Gardens on Sundays, when she can secure a proper

escort; or a trip to Epsom with a subscription carriage, half-and-half with the Marchioness's people, and the Marquis's champagne and sandwiches gratis. She owns she loves a little innocent recreation. Hitherto, the lady's maid has been described in the single number, and, consequently, in her most amiable form. But, when two or more ladies' maids are gathered together in one establishment, Heaven have a care of it! Queen Bess, that shrewdest of legislatresses, observed of her royal rival of Scotland, that "the sky would not bear two suns; nor England two queens." Still less, one roof two ladies' maids! From the moment my young lady, or my young ladies grow up, and require a maid of their own, there is an end of the peace of the establishment. The precedence of the case, indeed, takes care of itself; as a peer walks before a peer's elder son, mamma's maid walks before the maid of her daughters. But the petty jealousies, heresies, and schisms hourly arising in the housekeeper's room, are beyond even the adjustment of the Herald's Office. The sensitive creatures fight for every thing, and when there is nothing to be fought for, like an Irishman in a row, fight for nothing. They are at daggers drawn for the butler's affections, for the merry-thoughts of the chickens, for the middle piece of the toast, for the snuffers, the poker, the newspaper, the date of her Majesty's approaching accouchment, the duration of the next ministry, and the odd trick. *Bella,—horrida bella!* Incessant wars and rumours of war,—"war to the curling irons!"

At a fashionable country mansion a visiter once picked up a letter near the offices, containing the reply of the servants of a neighbouring nobleman to an invitation to a steward's-room ball. "Mrs. Simpkins would have the honour of waiting upon Mrs. Spriggins, *but the young ladies' maid was not yet out.*"

This is the heart of the mystery! The senior lady's maid is apt to assume airs of chaperonship,—to play the dowager,—to rebuke over-tricksomeness of costume,—and to call flirting young *valet de chambres* to account, and inquire into their "intentions." The junior consequently rebels,—asserts her independence, and will not be put upon. To incrimination follows recrimination. "A few words," ensue; and if in words "the more the merrier," the fewer, the bitterer. A strife of ladies' maids is as the wrangling of parrots. As in the case of church preferments, therefore, let all right-thinking people eschew pluralities.

But if such the discourse where two or more English ladies' maids are concerned, what shall we say of the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, engendered in a house where the dowager lady's maid is a sober, middle-aged English waiting gentlewoman, wearing spectacles in the housekeeper's room, and a silk front everywhere; and the junior a little French soubrette, her hair *coiffée en bandeaux*, while the muslin that *ought* to have been converted into a cap, figures in the shape of an embroidered apron? The senior calls the junior a play-actress; the junior calls the senior a duenna. The young ladies side with the pretty Mademoiselle Eugénie, who braids their locks and crisps their ringlets so charmingly, who assures one that she is *gantée à ravir*, and another that she is *chaussée comme un ange;* while the mamma naturally takes part with the Sobersides, who has so much sympathy with her rheumatism, and who caps texts with her while arranging the folds of her turban. An inter-

vention and non-intervention war is waged between the parties; and Lord Palmerston and Monsieur Thiers are nothing to Mrs. Smallridge and Mademoiselle Eugénie in the punctiliousness of their opposition.

The merry little *femme de chambre*—(for a French lady's maid, though single, assumes the womanly designation withheld from her, though double, in Great Britain)—the merry little *femme de chambre* runs about the house, only the more enlivened by the feud. Her very work is play to *her*. She enjoys the idea of the young ladies' balls, even at second-hand: a perpetual course of hair-dressing, frilling, flouncing, and tying of bows, is her *beau idéal* of the duties of life. Provided "*ces chères demoiselles*" distinguish themselves in society by the elegance of their dress, she is satisfied. She complains of nothing but the want of sunshine and play-going; — of "*ce vilain climat*," and "*cet eternel go-to-shursh*." Reports of Mademoiselle Eugénie's having proposed a game of *écarté* to the butler on a rainy Sunday afternoon in the country, at length, however, reach the heads of the family, and produce her dismissal; Mrs. Smallridge (who has been reading Tom Jones meanwhile, with locked doors, in her own room) having signified that "matters can't go on in *that* way," and that one or other of them must leave the house. On such grounds the dowager lady's maid is privileged to be authoritative. Her threat suffices. Even in the best regulated families she has been trusted too much behind the curtain to be safely trusted before it. Off, therefore, goes poor Mademoiselle; and Mrs. Smallridge thenceforward assumes airs of despotism in the housekeeper's room, such as would not sit amiss upon the Shah of Persia.

We have asserted that it is desirable for the lady's maid to be of a fair presence. But this rule is observable within limitation. A lady's maid may be a vast deal too pretty for her place. We remember one who had indeed a right to the prefix of "fair," and who was fairly ruined by the distinction. She was one of the many who, from being taken out of her own situation in life, become fit for no situation at all,—or, at all events, become most disagreeably situated.

A cottager's child, with a very pretty face, and the very pretty name of Alice: certain sentimental young ladies who resided in a cottage of gentility in the village, smitten with her pink cheeks and flaxen curls, selected the poor child as a picturesque object whereupon to exercise their benevolent propensities. It is observable, by the way, that half the fair philanthropists labouring in the by-ways of human nature are singularly biassed in the selection of their *protégées*, and *protéger* by comeliness and favour; whereas it is decidedly the ugly ones who are most in need of aid along the thorny places of this brambly world.

But little Alice looked so pretty over her spelling-book or sampler, in the parlour furnished with muslin curtains and faded gilt card-racks! Half the time of the morning visiters was taken up in calling her "sweet dear," "lovely angel," and asking her whether she were not *very* grateful to the kind young ladies who took so much heed of her? The little child grew somewhat vain of all this, unsuspicious that she was there only to minister to the vanity of others. She minded her book a little, but the visiters more; and at twelve years old knew just enough to be in the way of the kind young ladies, and out of the way of advancement in life.

Had she been pug-nosed or freckled, and brought up like other ugly girls at the village-school, Alice would have learned scrubbing and plain work, and her services been early available in her family, or elsewhere. But on returning at twelve years old, spoiled, to the cottage, she was good for no manner of thing but to be scolded. She was twitted with the whiteness of her hands and blackness of her disposition, till her pretty blue eyes became of a permanent red with crying; and had not the "superior" of a sort of Do-the-girls' Hall establishment advertised for a genteel apprentice, and one of the kind young ladies assisted her pupil into the office, by way of getting a troublesome hanger-on still further out of the way, the poor girl would probably have dissolved, like Arethusa, into a fountain of tears.

At the end of her seven years' apprenticeship, pretty Alice was prettier than ever, and almost as helpless. She had acquired a smattering of French, a smattering of fine work, a smattering of personal graces, enough to make a lady's maid, yet not enough to make a governess. Being a very good girl withal,—gentle-hearted, affectionate, modest, simple, — she was sadly afraid of becoming a burthen to her parents, and eager to push her way in the world; and the kind young ladies, who had now progressed into middle-aged ladies, remembering the former advantage of an advertisement, tried again. On examining the County Chronicle, "a genteel young person" was again found wanting in the county town, as attendant upon the daughters of the rich banker, whose villa and conservatory, kept at the cost of the place, were its pride and glory.

But after the transportation of Alice, with much difficulty, to be examined as to her qualifications and recommendations by Mrs. Crabstock in person, the pretty maid was dismissed unexamined. Her fault lay upon the surface. No need for cross-questioning. She was told that she was too young. The letter of explanation she brought back to the kind middle-aged ladies was more candid. Mrs. Crabstock simply observed, "I have several sons."

The kind middle-aged ladies accordingly looked out for a place in a family as exclusively female as their own; and were fortunate in persuading Lady Crossgrain, a wealthy widow, with an only daughter, to receive as second maid a young person of undeniable character, so well brought up as to be almost a companion for Miss Crossgrain. That "almost" was again fatal! It was a severe winter. Society was scarce at Crossgrain Hall. Pretty Alice *was* accepted as almost a companion. She was really an acquisition; the simple girl was so genuinely delighted by her young lady's fine playing and fine singing; and stood with such untiring ears to listen!

Unluckily, she looked prettier than ever in that listening attitude. Since the days of Ellen Douglas, no one ever listened half so charmingly; and when at length there arrived from the Continent the tall cousin, Sir Jacob Crossgrain, who, it was intended by her ladyship, should unite the title and estates of the family by an union with the heiress, it became evident that there was not the slightest chance of a consummation so devoutly to be wished, so long as Miss Crossgrain's coarse black locks were seen in contrast with the silken curls of Alice, or the high shoulders of the young lady with the graceful form of the young lady's maid.

Poor Alice was consequently turned adrift again; but, as in conscience bound, the Crossgrains disposed of her discreetly with another widow lady, where there was no daughter to be eclipsed by her charms. Without offspring, however, to engross her attention, Mrs. Meggot had scarcely an object on which to bestow her affections, saving her own face in the glass; and at three-and-forty it is no such pleasant thing for a crowsfooted coquette to find a fair young seraphic visage perpetually reflected over her shoulder, like a moral tacked to the last page of a romance. Nothing more easy than to discover a seam awry in Alice's sewing, and to turn her upon the wide world again!

So was it everywhere. Either there were sons, brothers, or nephews, whose hearts and the respectability of the community might be endangered,—or "missus" was of a jealous temper,—or my lady ambitious of remaining the only beauty in the house. Love followed as naturally in the wake of poor Alice as Cupid in that of Venus; and she would have done well to get inoculated with confluent small-pox, or tattooed with permanent ink.

It would be painful to pursue the career of so sweet a creature through all its griefs and grievances. Alice is now, at thirty, and sorely against her will, a chorus-singer at a minor theatre. Miserable as is her pittance, degraded her position, it was impossible for so meek a nature to bear up against the insults and hardships heaped upon her as an over-pretty Lady's Maid.

THE TROUBLED HEART.

BY HEINRICH HEINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MARY HOWITT.

My heart, my heart is troubled,
Yet joyfully shineth May;
I stand, leaning 'gainst a linden,
By the bastion old and grey.

Below me flows so calmly
The moated-water blue,
Where a boy floats in his shallop,
And angles and whistles too.

Beyond rise up so friendly,
In lessening, bright degrees,
Pleasure-houses, gardens, and people,
Cattle, and fields, and trees.

The maidens bleach their linen,
And run in the grass around;
The mill-wheel scatters its diamonds—
I hear its distant sound.

By the tower so grey and ancient
The sentry-box stands low,
And a soldier there, red-coated,
Is pacing to and fro.

He playeth with his musket,—
It gleams in the sun-light red;
He presents it now, now shoulders it:—
Would he would shoot me dead!

Merrie England in the olden Time:

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XX.

In the narrowest part of the narrow precincts of Cloth Fair there once stood a long, rambling, low-roofed, gable-fronted hostelrie, with carved monsters frightfully deformed, and of hideous obesity, grinning down upon the passengers from every side. Its exterior colour was a dingy yellow; it had little antique casements, casting "a dim," if not a "religious light," within; the entrance was by a low porch, with seats on each side, where, on summer days, when leaves are green, the weary wayfarer in the olden time might breathe the fresh air of the surrounding meadows, and rest and regale himself! The parlour was panelled with oak, and round it hung The March to Finchley, the Strolling Players, and Southwark Fair, half obscured by dust, in narrow black frames, with a tarnished gold beading. An ancient clock ticked (like some of the customers!) in a dark corner; on the high grotesquely carved mantelpiece piped full-dressed shepherds and shepherdesses, in flowery arbours of Chelsea china; from the capacious ingle projected two wooden arms, on which the elbows of a long race of privileged old codgers had successively rested for more than three centuries; the egg of an ostrich tatooed by the flies, and a silent aviary of stuffed birds, (monsters of fowls!) which had been a roost for some hundreds of generations of spiders, depended from a massy beam that divided the ceiling; a high-backed venerable arm-chair, with Robin Hood and his merry men in rude effigy, kept its state under an old-fashioned canopy of faded red arras; a large fire blazed cheerfully, the candles burned bright, and a jovial party, many of whose noses burned blue, were assembled to celebrate for the last time their nocturnal merriments under the old roof, that on the morrow (for *improvement* had stalked into the Fair!) was to be levelled to the ground.

"Gentlemen," said the President, who was a rosy evergreen, with "fair round belly," and a jolly aspect, "man and boy, for forty years, have I been a member of the *Robin Hood*, and fanned down my punch in this room! What want we with mahogany, French-polished, and fine chimney-glasses? Cannot every brother see his good-looking face in a *glass of his own?* Or a gas-lamp before the door, with a dozen brass burners? Surely our 'everlasting bonfire lights' will show us the way in! This profanation is enough to make our jovial predecessors, the heroes of the Tennis Court, the Mohocks, and Man-hunters of Lincoln's Inn Fields tremble in their tombs!—But I don't see Mr. Bosky."

It would have been odd if the President *had* seen Mr. Bosky; for he sat wedged betwixt two corporation members, whose protuber-

ances, broad shoulders, and dewlaps effectually obscured him from view.

"Here am I, Mr. President."

"But where is Uncle Timothy?"

"That," replied the Laureat, "can my brother's wife's uncle's aunt's sister best say. Three hours ago I left him on the top of St. Paul's; by this time he may be at the bottom of the Thames Tunnel, or at Madame Tussaud's, *tête-à-tête* with Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon, and Young Oxford."

A murmur of disappointment rose from the brethren, with a benediction on distant relations that did not keep a hundred miles off.

"Gentlemen," resumed the President, "'if sack and sugar be a sin, God help the wicked!' Since we cannot have Uncle Timothy's good company, we will have his good health. Uncle Timothy, with three!"

A heartfelt cheer made the old hostelrie ring again.

Uprose the Laureat—but a twinkle from the eye of the President to a covey of intelligent cronies, on whom the scarlet rays of his countenance more intensely fell, produced a supplementary cheer that shook the Cloth-quarter.

Mr. Bosky was thrown a little off his balance. He paused—flushed—but his heart having left his mouth, he replenished the vacuum with a bumper, assuring the company that they might as soon expect from him a *long face* as a long speech. For their kind wishes to Uncle Timothy he thanked them from the bottom of his soul—and glass!

"Gentlemen, when the wretched money-grub retires, no regrets follow him to his unsociable crib; nothing misses him but the everlasting counter, to which cupidity has so long nailed his bird-limed fingers. How different with a generous spirit! with whom are associated the remembrance of happy hours snatched from the dull realities of life! This day terminates the mercantile career of our worthy President. May he be blest in his retirement! Gentlemen, the health of Mr. Deputy Doublechin—(no skylights, Brother Blizard!)—upstanding, with all the honours!"

The two corporation members having taken "their whack," were not to be roused without a smart thump on the shoulder. The deputy returned thanks in a pleasant vein.

"My friends," he added, "short reckonings—you know the old adage—I am a song in your debt, and as the one I now volunteer will be the last of the many I have sung in this cosey corner, let my vocal *Vale* be our tutelary freebooter."

And with "full-throated ease" this jovial impersonation of John Bull chanted—

ROBIN HOOD.

Robin Hood! Robin Hood! a lawgiver good,
Kept his High Court of Justice in merry Sherwood.
No furr'd gown, or fee, wig, or bauble had he;
But his bench was a verdant bank under a tree!

And there sat my Lord of his own good accord,
With his Peers of the forest to keep watch and ward;
To arbitrate sure between rich and poor,
The lowly oppress'd and the proud evil doer.

His nobles they are without riband or star,
No 'scutcheon have they with a sinister bar;
But Flora with leaves them a coronet weaves,
And their music is—hark! when the horn winds afar.

The chaplain to shrive this frolicsome hive
Is a fat curtail Friar, the merriest alive!
His quarter-staff, whack! greets a crown with a crack!
And, 'stead of rough *sackcloth*, his penance is *sack!*

The peerless in beauty receives their fond duty,
Her throne is the greensward, her canopy flowers!
What huntress so gay as the *Lady of May?*
The Queen of the Woodlands, King Robin's, and ours!

His subjects are we, and 'tis centuries three
Since his name first re-echo'd beneath this roof-tree!
With Robin our King let the old rafters ring!
They have heard their last shout! they have seen their last spring!

And though we may sigh for blythe moments gone by,
Yet why should we sorrow, bold foresters, why?
Since those who come after their full share of laughter
Shall have, when death's sables have veil'd you and I.

As the club was literary as well as convivial, such of the members as the gods had made poetical, critical, or historical, favoured the company at these appointed meetings with their lucubrations. Uncle Timothy's had been antiquarian and critical, Mr. Bosky's facetious and vocal:—

A merry song is better far
Than sharp lampoon or witty libel.

One brother, Mr. Boreum, who had got the scientific bee in his bonnet, was never so happy as when he could detect a *faux pas* in the sun's march, discover a new mountain in the moon, or add another stick to the bundle that has been so long burthensome to the back of the man in it! The evening's contribution was Uncle Timothy's, The Second Part of the *Merrie Mysteries of Bartlemy Fair*, which Mr. Bosky having promised to read with good emphasis and discretion, the President's hammer commanded silence, and he proceeded with his task.

CHAPTER XXI.

The world is a stage; men and women are the players; chance composes the piece; Fortune (blind jade!) distributes the parts; the fools shift the scenery; the philosophers are the spectators; the rich occupy the boxes; the powerful, the pit; and the poor, the gallery. The forsaken of Lady Fortune snuff the candles,—Folly makes the concert,—and Time drops the curtain!

In a half sportive, half melancholy mood, we record this description of the tragi-comedy of human life. To weep, like Heraclitus, might exalt us to philanthropists; to make the distresses of mankind a theme of derision would brand us as buffoons. Though inclining

to the example of Democritus, — for life is too short seriously to grapple with the thousand absurdities that daily demand refutation, —we take the middle course. Far be from us the reproach of having no regard for our fellow-men, or pity for their errors!

Every one views a subject in his own way,[1] and according to his particular taste and disposition. Some happy fancies can find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Such would draw a truth from a tumbler, and a moral from a mountebank!

"Look through *my* glass," says the philosopher, — "Through *mine*," says the metaphysician. "Will your honour please to take a peep through *my* glass?" inquires the penny showman. The penny showman's glass for our money!

We are not to be hoodwinked by high-sounding authorities, who, like Tom Thumb, *manufacture* the giants they take the credit of killing! Bernier tells us, that whenever the Great Mogul made a remark, no matter how commonplace, the Omrahs lifted up their hands and cried "*Wonder! wonder! wonder!*" And their proverb saith, If the King exclaims at noon-day, "*It is night*," you are to rejoin, "*Behold the moon and stars!*"

Curious reader, picture to yourself a town-bred bachelor, with flowing wig, brocaded waistcoat, rolled silk stockings, and clouded cane, marching forth to take a survey of Bartholomew Fair, in the year 1701. Fancy the prim gentleman describing what he saw to some inquiring country kinsman in the following laconic epistle, and you will have a lively *contemporary* sketch of Smithfield Rounds.

Cousin Corydon,

Having no business of my own,[2] nor any desire to meddle with other people's, no wife to chin-music me, no brats to torment me, I dispelled the megrims by a visit to Saint Bartholomew. The fair resembled a camp; only, instead of standing rank and file, the spectators were shuffled together like little boxes in a sharper's *Luck-in-a-Bag*. With much ado I reached *Pye-Corner*, where our *English Sampson* exhibited. Having paid for a seat three stories high in this wooden tent of iniquity, I beheld the renowned *Man of Kent*,[3] equipped like an Artillery Ground champion at the mock storming

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[1] To view Niagara's Falls one day,
A *Priest* and *Tailor* took their way;
The *Parson* cried, while wrapt in wonder,
And listening to the cataract's thunder,
"Lord! how thy works amaze our eyes,
And fill our hearts with vast surprise!"
The *Tailor* merely made this note:—
"*Lord!* what a place to sponge a coat!"

[2] "A Walk to Smith-field; or, a True Description of the Humours of *Bartholomew Fair*. 1701."

[3] "The English Sampson, William Joy, aged twenty-four years, was born in the Isle of Thanet, in Kent. He is a man of prodigious strength, of which he hath given proofs before his Majesty King William the Third, at Kensington, their

of a castle, lift a number of weights, which hung round him like bandaliers about a Dutch soldier.

> "He fired a cannon, and with his own strength
> Lifted it up, although 'twas of great length;
> He broke a rope which did restrain two horses,
> They could not break it with their two joint forces!"

I then jostled to a booth, in which was only a puppet-show,[1] where, for twopence, I saw *Jeptha's rash Vow; or, The Virgin's Sacrifice.* In I went, almost headlong, to *Pinkethman's Medley*,[2] to see the *Vaulting of the horse*, and his famous wooden puppets dance a minuet and a ballet. At the *Dutch Woman's* booth,[3] the *Wheelbarrow*

Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and most of the nobility, at the Theatre Royal in Dorset Garden. A°. 1699."

"James Miles, from Sadler's Wells in Islington, now keeps the *Gun* Musick-Booth in *Smithfield Rounds*, where the Famous *Indian* Woman lifts six hundred weight with the hair of her head, and walks about the booth with it."

Topham, the Strong Man, lifted three hogsheads of water, weighing 1836 lbs. the 28th of May 1741, in honour of *Admiral Vernon*, before thousands of people, in Bath Street, Cold-Bath-Fields. In his early years he exhibited at Bartholomew Fair. He united the strength of twelve men. The ostler of the Virgin's Inn having offended him, he took one of the spits from the kitchen and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the iron cravat excited the laughter of the company, till he condescended to untie it. He died by his own hand, on 10th August 1749, the victim of his wife's infidelity.

"The Wonderful Strong and Surprising Persian Dwarf, three feet six inches high. He is fifty-six years old, speaks eighteen languages, sings Italian songs, dances to admiration, and with ropes tied to his hair, when put over his shoulders, lifts the great stone A." This "great stone" is half as big as the little Sampson himself!

[1] *Only* a Puppet-show!—Marry-come-up! Goodman Chronicler, doth not the mechanist, a very Prometheus, give life, spirit, and motion to what was a *mop-stick* or the *leg of a joint-stool?*

[2] "At Pinkethman, Mills, and Bullock's booth, over-against the Hospital Gate, will be presented The Siege of Barcelona, or the Soldier's Fortune; containing the comical exploits of Captain Blunderbuss and his man Squib; his adventures with the Conjuror, and a surprising scene where he and Squib are enchanted. Also the Diverting Humours of Corporal Scare-Devil. To which will be added, The wonderful Performance of Mr. Simpson, the vaulter, lately arrived from Italy. The musick, songs, and dances are by the best performers, whom Mr. Pinkethman has entertained at extraordinary charge, purely to please the town."

[3] "You will see the famous Dutch Woman's side-capers, upright-capers, cross-capers, and back-capers on the tight rope. She walks, too, on the slack rope, which no woman but herself can do."—"Oh, what a charming sight it was to see Madam What-d'ye-call-her swim it along the stage between her two gipsy daughters! You might have sworn they were of right *Dutch* extraction."—A Comparison between the Two Stages, 1702.

Dancing on the rope was forbidden by an order of Parliament, July 17, 1647. The most celebrated rope-dancer on record is *Jacob Hall*, who lived in the reign of King Charles the Second. His feats of agility and strength, and the comeliness of his person, gained him universal patronage, and charmed, in particular, that imperious wanton, the Duchess of Cleveland. Henry the Eighth, in one of his "Progresses" through the city of London, "did spye a man upon the uppermost parte of St. Powle's Church: the man did gambol, and balance himself upon his head, much to the fright and dismay of the multitude that he might breake his necke. On coming down, he did throw himselfe before the King beseechingly, as if for some reward for the exployt; whereupon the King's highness, much to his surprise, ordered him to prison as a roge and sturdy vagabonde."—Black-Letter Chronicle, printed in 1565.

dance, by a little Flemish girl ten years old, was in truth a miracle! A bill having been thrust into my hand, of a man and woman fighting for the breeches,[1] I had the curiosity to look at this family picture, which turned out to be the *Devil and Doctor Faustus,*[2] the *wife* representing the *Devil,* and the *husband* the *Doctor!* The tent of the English rope-dancers[3] the rabble took by storm; but myself and a few heroes stood the brunt of the fray, and saw the *Ladder Dance,* and excellent vaulting on the slack and tight rope, by *Mr. Barnes* and the *Lady Mary.*[4] I had a month's mind to a *musick booth;* but the *reformation of manners* having suppressed them all but one, I declined going thither, for fear of being thought an immoral person, and paid my penny to take a peep at the *Creation of the World.* Then

"To the *Cloisters*[5] I went, where the gallants resort,
And all sorts and sizes come in for their sport,
Whose saucy behaviour and impudent air
Proclaim'd them the subjects of *Bartlemy Fair!*
There strutted the sharper and braggart, (a brace!)
And there peep'd a goddess with mask on her face!
I view'd all the shops where the gamblers did raffle,
And saw the young ladies their gentlemen baffle;
For though the fine sparks might sometimes have good fate,
The shop had the money, the lass had the plate."

Thus ends the ramble, Cousin Corydon! of
(Thine, as thy spouse's own,)
INGLEBERRY GRISKIN.

Thanks! worthy chronicler of ancient St. Bartlemy.

Will Pinkethman was a first-rate comedian. The biographer of his contemporary, *Spiller,* says, "the managers of the Haymarket and Drury Lane always received too much profit from *Pinkey's phiz,* to encourage anybody to put *that* out of countenance!" And Pope refers to one popular qualification that he possessed, viz. *eating* on the *stage* (as did *Dicky Suett,* in after days, *Dicky Gossip,* to wit!) with great comic effect.

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[1] Our facetious friends, Messrs. Powell and Luffingham, at "*Root's Booth.*"

[2] In a Bartlemy Fair bill, temp. James II. after the representation of "*St. George for England,*" wherein is shown how the valiant saint "slew the venemous Dragon," the public were treated with "the Life and Death of *Doctor Foster,* (Faustus?) with such curiosity, that his very *intrails* turns into *snakes and sarpints!*"

[3] On the top of the following bill is a woodcut of the "*Ladder Dance,*" and the "two Famous High German children" vaulting on the tight rope. "At *Mr. Barnes's* Booth, between the *Crown Tavern* and the *Hospital Gate,* with the *English Flag* flying on the top, you will see Mr. Barnes dancing with a child standing upon his shoulders; also tumbling through hoops, over halberds, over sixteen men's heads, and over a horse with a man on his back, and two boys standing upright upon each arm! With the merry conceits of *Pickle Herring* and his son *Punch.*"

[4] The *Lady Mary,* the daughter of a noble Italian family, was born in Florence, and immured in a nunnery, but eloped with a *Merry Andrew,* who taught her his professional tricks. She danced with great dexterity on the rope, from which (when urged by the avarice of her inhuman partner to exhibit during a period of bodily weakness) she fell, and died instantaneously.

[5] "The *Cloister* in Bartholomew Fair, a poem, London, 1707," is a highly-coloured picture of the irregularities there committed.

"And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor *Pinkey eat* with vast applause!"

He was celebrated for speaking prologues and epilogues.[1] He realised a good fortune by his *Puppet-show*, and kept a booth at Bartholomew Fair. Two volumes of "*Jests*"[2] bear his name. Many of them are as *broad* as they are long. His love-letter to Tabitha, the fair Quakeress, signed "*Yea and Nay*, from thy brother in the light," is wickedly jocose.

Thus Bartholomew Fair, in 1701, boasted its full complement of mimes, mountebanks, vaulters, costermongers,[3] gingerbread women, ("ladies of the basket!") puppet-shows, physiognoscopography, Punches,[4] and Roast Pig.[5] But its *Drama*[6] was in abeyance. The *élite* of Pye-Corner, Giltspur Street, and the Cloth-quarter, preferred Pinkethman's Medley and Mr. Barnes's Rope-dancers, to "The Old Creation of the World New Revived, with the intrigues of Lucifer in the Garden of Eden, and Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise,"

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[1] Particularly "The New Comical Epilogue of *Some-Body and No-Body*, spoken by way of Dialogue between *Mr. Pinkethman and Jubilee Dicky*." (Norris, so christened from his playing *Beau Clincher* in Farquhar's Trip to the Jubilee.)

[2] "Pinkethman's Jests, or Wit Refin'd, being a new year's gift for young gentlemen and ladies, 1721, First and Second Parts." A fine mezzotinto portrait of Pinkethman represents him in a laced coat and a flowing wig, holding in his hand a scroll, on which is inscribed, "*Ridentibus arrident Vultus*."

[3] Archdeacon Nares defines a costard-monger, or coster-monger, to be "a seller of apples, one who generally kept a stall."

[4] "Here are the rarities of the whole Fair,
Pimperle-Pimp, and the wise Dancing Mare;
Here 's Vienna besieg'd, a rare thing,
And here 's Punchinello, shewn thrice to the King.
Ladies mask'd to the *Cloisters* repair,
But there will be no raffling, a pise on the May'r!"
From Playford's Musical Companion, 1701.

[5] "A Catch—Mr. Henry Purcell—
Here 's that will challenge all the Fair:
Come buy my nuts and damsons, my Burgamy Pear.
Here 's the *Whore of Babylon*, the *Devil and the Pope*:
The girl is just going on the rope.
Here 's *Dives and Lazarus*, and the *World's Creation*;
Here 's the *Dutch Woman*, the like 's not in the nation.
Here is the booth where the *tall Dutch Maid is*,
Here are the *bears* that dance like any ladies.
Tota, tota, tot goes the little *penny trumpet*,
Here 's your *Jacob Hall*, that can jump it, jump it.
Sound trumpet: a silver spoon and fork;
Come, here 's your dainty *Pig and Pork*."

[6] "The old *Droll Players' Lamentation*, being very pleasant and diverting. 1701."

"Oh! mourn with us, all you that live by play,
The *Reformation* took our gains away:
We are as good as dead now money 's gone,
No *Droll* is suffer'd, not a single one!
Jack Pudding now our grandeur doth exceed,
And grinning granny is by fates decreed
To laugh at us, and to our place succeed.
But after all, these times would make us rave,
That won't let 's play the *Fool* as well as Knave!"

—"Judith and Holofernes,"[1] — "Dives and Pauper," — the "Humours of Noah's Ark, or the Drolleries of the Deluge,"—"Jeptha's Rash Vow," —and "The Pleasant Conceited History of Abraham and Isaac!" These Mysteries were only endured when tacked to "a Comick Dance of gigantic automatons;" the "merriments of Sir John Spendall and Punchinello; Pickle-Herring and Punch." Of the multifarious and ludicrous *literature* of the "Rounds" little remains. The serious portion consisted, as we have shown, of such representations taken from Bible History, after the manner of the Chester and Coventry Monks, and the ancient Parish Clerks of Clerkenwell, as were most likely to beget an awful attention in the audience; and the comic, of detached scenes of low humour from Shakspere, and Beaumont and Fletcher, like "*The Wits,*[2] *or Sport upon Sport,*" and "*The Stroller's Pacquet Open'd,*"—except when a Smithfield bard, "bemus'd in beer," ventured upon originality, and added "*Robin Hood,*[3] an Opera," and "*The Quaker's Opera,*"[4] to

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[1] "To be sold in the Booth of Lee and Harper, and only printed for, and by G. Lee, in Blue Maid Alley, Southwark."

[2] "The Wits, or Sport upon Sport: being a curious collection of several Drolls and Farces, as they have been sundry times acted at *Bartholomew* and *other Fairs*, in *halls* and *taverns*, on mountebanks' stages at *Charing Cross*, *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, and other places, by *Strolling Players*, *Fools*, *Fiddlers*, and *Zanies*, with loud laughter and applause. Now newly collected by your old friend, *Francis Kirkman*, 1673." The author says, in his preface to the Second Part, "I have seen the *Red Bull Playhouse*, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entered; and as meanly as you may think of these *Drolls*, they were acted by the *best comedians* then, and now in being. I once saw a piece at a *country inn*, called '*King Pharaoh*,' with *Moses*, *Aaron*, and some others; to explain which figures was added this piece of poetry,

> Here Pharoah, with his goggle eyes, does stare on
> The High Priest Moses, with the Prophet Aaron.
> Why, what a rascal
> Was he that would not let the people go to eat the Pascal!

I believe he who pictured King Pharoah had never seen a king in his life; for all the majesty he was represented with was *goggle eyes*, that his picture might be answerable to the verse."

[3] "*Robin Hood*, an opera, as it is performed at Lee and Harper's Great Theatrical Booth in *Bartholomew Fair*, 1730."

[4] "*The Quaker's Opera*, as it is performed at Lee and Harper's Great Theatrical Booth in *Bartholomew Fair*, 1728." This is the story of *Jack Sheppard* dramatised, and set to *rough music!* It may be gratifying to the curious to see how the adventures of this house and prison-breaker were "*improved*" (! !) by a *Methodist Preacher* under the *Piazza of Covent Garden*. "Now, my beloved, we have a remarkable instance of man's care for his tabernacle of clay in the notorious malefactor *Jack Sheppard!* How dexterously did he, with a nail, pick the padlock of his chain! how manfully burst his fetters; climb up the chimney; wrench out an iron bar; break his way through a stone wall, till he reached the leads of the prison! and then fixing a blanket through the wall with a spike, he stole out of the chapel! How intrepidly did he descend from the top of the Turner's house! and how cautiously pass down the stairs, and make his escape at the street-door! *Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!* Let me exhort ye, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; to burst asunder the fetters of your beloved desires; to mount the chimney of hope; take from thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair; raise yourselves to the leads of divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the conventicle; let yourselves down the Turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility; so shall you come to the door of deliverance, from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner, the Devil."

the classical press of Bartholomew Fair. Good company has occasionally visited the "Rounds." *Evelyn*[1] went there, but it was to gape and grumble. In the year 1670 (see "Some Account of Rachel Lady Russell,") *Lady Russell*, with her sister *Lady Northumberland*, and *Lady Shaftsbury*, returned from Bartholomew Fair loaded with *fairings* for herself and children! Sept. 1, 1730, the "*Four Indian Kings*" visited Pinkethman and Giffard's booth, and saw *Wat Tyler* and *Jack Straw*. *Sir Robert Walpole*,[2] when Prime Minister, starred and gartered, graced it with his presence. *Frederick Prince of Wales*, in 1740, attended by a party of the Yeomen of the Guard with lighted flambeaux, perambulated its merry Rounds, with *Manager Rich* for his cicerone; and *David Garrick* and his lady, marshalled by the bill-sticker of Old Drury, contemplated its pantomimical wonders incog.! On tendering his tester at the Droll Booth, the cashier, recognising the fine expressive features and far-beaming eye of Roscius, with a patronising look and bow, refused the proffered fee, politely remarking, "Sir, we never take many from *one another!*"

Pinkethman's "*Pantheon*, or Temple of the Heathen Gods, consisting of five curious pictures, and above one hundred figures that move their heads, legs, arms, and fingers, in character," long continued the lion of Bartholomew and Southwark fairs.[3] On the 19th August, 1720, great preparations were made against the approaching festival. Stables were transmogrified into palaces for copper kings, lords, knights, and ladies! and cock-lofts and laystalls into enchanted castles and Elysium bowers! The ostlers, "trade fallen," beguiled the interval by exercising their pampered steeds, and levying contribution on such as happened to be enjoying the pure air of *Hounslow Heath* and *Finchley Common!* Mob quality in hackney-coaches, and South-Sea squires in their own, resorted to Pinkethman's booth to divert themselves with his "*comical phiz*, and newly-imported *French dancing-dogs*." The mountebanks were all alive and merry, and a golden harvest was reaped in the Rounds.

Other *exhibitions* has the saint had besides his own. Exhibitions, as a nuisance,[4] from that *corpus sine pectore*, the London common-

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[1] "1648. 28 Aug^{t}: Saw ye celebrated follies of *Bartholomew Fair*." Which *follies* were more harmless in *those days*, than the solemn and sinister mummery of a *Brownist's conventicle*, a *Presbyterian Synod*, and a *Quakers' meeting*.

[2] A coloured print of *Bartholomew Fair* in 1721, copied from a painting on an old fan mount, represents Sir Robert Walpole as one of the spectators.

[3] Sept. 13, 1717. Several constables visited Pinkethman's booth in *Southwark Fair*, and apprehended *Pinkethman*, with others of his company, just as they had concluded a play, in the presence of near 150 *noblemen and gentlemen* seated on the stage. They were soon liberated, on making it appear that they were the *King's Servants*. The *Prince* visited the booth.

[4] In "A Pacquet from Wills, 1701," an actress of "the Playhouse," writing to "a Stroller in the Country," says, "My dear *Harlequin*, I hoped, *according to custom*, at the grand revels of St. Bartholomew to have solaced ourselves with *roast pig* and a bottle. But the master of that great bee-hive, the *city*, to please the *canting, zealous horn-heads*, has buzzed about an order there shall be *no fair!* The chief cause, say the reformers, is the *profane drolls* (*Whittington* to wit) that ridicule the city's majesty, by hiring a paunch-bellied porter at half-a-crown a day, to represent an *Alderman in a scarlet gown!* when a lean-ribbed scoundrel in a blue jacket, for mimicking a *fool*, shall have forty shillings!" In 1743, 1750, 1760, 1798, 1825, and 1840, further attempts were made to put down the fair. In 1760 one *Birch*, (for whom St. Bartholomew had a rod in pickle!) bearing the grandiloquent title of *Deputy City Marshal* (!!) lost his life in a fray that broke out between the suppressing authorities and the fair folk.

council! "*Do thou amend thy face!*" was the reply of Falstaff to Bardolph, when the owner of the "fiery trigon" inflicted a homily on that "sweet creature of bombast." How much more needful, sons of repletion! is reform to *you*, than the showman, who seldom sees any punch but *his own;* the Jack-Pudding, who grins woefully for a slice of his *namesake;* and the "strong man," who gets little else between his teeth but his *table!* Why not be merry your *own way*, and let mountebanks be merry *theirs?* Are license and excess to be *entirely* on the side of "*robes and furr'd gowns?*" The amendment of Bardolph's face (*nose!*) *per se*, was not a crying case of necessity; a burning shame to be extinguished with a zeal hot as the "fire o' juniper." It only *became so* in conjunction with the reformation of Falstaff's *morals!* Be your grace[1] short, and your meals long. Abate not one slice of venison, one spoonful of turtle. Be the fat, white and green, all your own! But war not with *Punch*—

"Let the poor devil *eat; allow him that!*"

Curtail not our holiday Septembrisers of their fair proportion of fun.

"To those sentiments," exclaimed Deputy Doublechin, "I most heartily respond!"

And as the worshipful deputy's responses, six days out of the seven, were *wet* ones, the punch and a glee went merrily round.

Punchinello's a jolly good fellow!
Making us merry, and making us mellow.
In the *bowl*, in the *fair* too, a cure for dull care too;
All ills that we find flesh or skin and bone heir to!
Verily he is the spirit of glee,
So *in* him drink *to* him with three times three!
Hip! hip! once, twice, thrice, and away!
Punchinello, *mon ami! a votre santé.*

CHAPTER XXII.

"AND so, Mr. M'Sneeshing, you never heard of the *ruse* ingeniously played off by Monsieur Scaramouch?" said the Laureat, as he refreshed his nostrils with a parsimonious pinch from the mull of sandy-poled Geordie, conchologist and confectioner, from the land o' cakes. And while Deputy Doublechin was busy admiring a grotesque illumination in Uncle Timothy's *Merrie Mysteries*, Mr. Bosky favoured the company with

THE UP-TO-SNUFF FRENCH SCARAMOUCH.

Monsieur *Scaramouch*, sharp-set enough,
At a Paris dépôt for tobacco and snuff,
Accosted the customers every day
With "*Pardonnez moi, du Tabac, s'il vous plâit!*"

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[1] The *Rev. R. C. Dillon* (Lord Mayor's *chaplain* in 1826) published in 1830 a "*Sermon* on the *evil* of *fairs* in general, and *Bartholomew Fair* in particular." Who would have thought that this pious functionary had been so great a foe to *the fair?*

The following odd combinations occur in the *title* of a *sermon* published in 1734. "The *deformity* of sin cured; a sermon preached at St. Michael's *Crooked* Lane, before the Prince of Orange, (the *Prince* was not quite *straight!*) by the Rev. J. *Crookshanks*. Sold by Matthew Denton at the *Crooked* Billet, near *Cripplegate*."

He look'd such a gentleman every inch,
The Parisians all condescended a pinch;
Which, taken from Bobadils, barbers, and beaux,
Went into his pocket—instead of his nose!

Scaramouch sold, with a merry ha! ha!
Ev'ry pinch to his friend, *le marchand de tabac:*
Then buyer and seller the price of a franc
To the *noses* of all their contributors drank!

From boxes supplies came abundant enough,
He breakfasted, dined, and drank tea upon snuff!
It found him in fuel, and lodging, and cloaths—
He pamper'd the palate by pinching the nose!

An ell he would take if you gave him an inch,
In the shape of a very exorbitant pinch—
The proverb, All 's fish to the net that shall come,
Duly directed his finger and thumb.

One day a dragoon *en botine*, and three crosses,
With a pungent *bonne bouche* came to treat his proboscis;
Our Scaramouch, sporting his lowest *congée*,
Smil'd, "*Pardonnez moi, du Tabac, s'il vous plâit!*"

"*Volontiers*," and his box, which, containing a pound,
A reg'ment of noses might tittillate round,
Mars offer'd to Scaramouch quick, with a bounce;
Whose pinch very soon made it minus an ounce!

"*Coquin!*" and a cane, that he kept for the nonce,
Of Scaramouch threaten'd the perriwigg'd sconce;
Who, fearing a crack, while 't was flourishing quick,
Cut in a crack the dragoon and his stick!

"Had the vay-gabond served me the like o' that," droned Mr. M'Sneeshing, suddenly rapping down the lid of his mull, and looking suspiciously about him, to see if there was a *Scaramouch* among the party! "I 'd ha' crack'd his croon!"

Mr. Bosky's reply all but tripped off his tongue. 'Twas caviare to the Scotchman, so he suppressed it, and proceeded with the *Merrie Mysteries*.

St. Bartholomew was not to be driven from his "Rounds" by the meddling citizens. He kept, on a succession of brilliant anniversaries from 1700 to 1760, his state at his fair. The *Smithfield drama* had revived under the judicious management of popular actors;[1] the art of *legerdemain* had reached perfection in the "surprising performances" of Mr. Fawkes;[2] *wrestling*,[3] *fencing*, and *single-stick*

[1] "There is one great playhouse erected in the middle of Smithfield for the *King's Players*. The booth is the largest that was ever built."—*Dawkes's News-letter*, 1715.

[2] "Feb. 15, 1731. The Algerine Ambassadors went to see *Fawkes*, who shewed them a prospect of Algiers, and raised up an apple-tree which bore ripe apples in less than a minute's time, of which the company tasted." — *Gentleman's Mag.* Fawkes died May 25, 1731, worth ten thousand pounds. *John White*, author of "Arts Treasury, and Hocus Pocus; or, a Rich Cabinet of Legerdemain Curiosities," was a noted conjuror contemporary with Fawkes.

[3] Stow, lamenting the decline of *wrestling*, that used to be the pride and glory of Skinners-Well and Finsbury Fields, says, "But now of late yeeres, the *wrestling* is only practised on *Bartholomew-day*, in the afternoone."

fought their way thither from Stokes's[1] amphitheatre in Islington Road, and Figg's[2] academy for full-grown gentlemen in Oxford Street, then "Mary-bone *Fields!*" *Powell's puppet-show* still gloried in its automaton wonders; *Pinchbeck's musical clock* struck all beholders with admiration; and *Tiddy Doll*[3] with his gingerbread cocked hat garnished with Dutch gold, the prime oddity of the fair, made the "Rounds" ring with his buffooneries. Among the galaxy of Bartholomew Fair stars that illumined this flourishing period was The Right Comical Lord Chief Joker, *James Spiller*, the *Mat o' the Mint* of the Beggar's Opera, the airs of which he sang in a "truly sweet and harmonious tone." His convivial powers were the delight of the merry butchers of Clare-Market, the landlord of whose house of call, a quondam gaoler, but a humane man, deposed the original sign of the "*Bull and Butcher*," and substituted the *head of Spiller*. His *vis comica*, leering at a brimming bowl, is prefixed to his Life and Jests, printed in 1729. A droll story is told of his stealing the part of the Cobbler of Preston (written by Charles Jonson,) out of Pinkethman's pocket, after a hard bout over the bottle, and carrying it to Christopher Bullock, who instantly fell to work, and concocted a farce with the same title a fortnight before the rival author and theatre could produce theirs! The dissolute Duke of Wharton, one night, in a frolic, obliged each person in the company to disrobe himself of a garment at every health that was drank. Spiller parted with peruke, waistcoat, and coat, very philosophically; but when his *shirt* was to be relinquished, he confessed, with many blushes, that he had *forgot* to put it on! He was a careless, wild-witted companion, often a tenant of the Marshalsea; till his *own* "*Head*" afforded him in his latter days a safe garrison from the harpies of the law. He died Feb. 7, 1729, aged 37. A poetical butcher of Clare-Market[4] would not let him descend to the grave "without the meed of one melodious tear."

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[1] "At Mr. Stokes's amphitheatre, Islington Road, on Monday, 24th June, 1733, I John Seale, *Citizen of London*, give this invitation to the celebrated *Hibernian* Hero, Mr. Robert Barker, to exert his utmost abilities with me: And I Robert Barker accept this invitation; and if my antagonist's courage equal his menaces, glorious will be my conquest! Attendance at two; the Masters mount at five. *Vivat Rex et Regina*."

"This is to give notice, that to-morrow, for a day's *diversion* (!!) at Mr. Stokes's Amphitheatre, a mad bull, *dressed up with fireworks*, will be baited; also cudgel-playing for a silver cup, and wrestling for a pair of buckskin breeches. Sept. 3rd, 1729. Gallery seats, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*"

[2] Messrs. Figg and Sutton fought the "two first and most profound" fencers in the kingdom, Messrs. Holmes and Macquire: Holmes coming off with a cut on his metacarpus from the sword of Mr. Figg. On the 3rd Dec. 1731, a prize was fought for at the French Theatre in the Haymarket, between Figg and Sparks, at which the Duke of Lorraine and Count Kinsi were present; the Duke was much pleased, and ordered them a liberal gratuity.

[3] A vendor of gingerbread cakes at Bartholomew and May Fairs. His song of "*Tiddy doll lol lol!*" procured him his popular *sobriquet*.

[4] "Down *with* your marrow-bones and cleavers all,
And *on* your marrow-bones ye *butchers* fall!
For prayers from you, who never pray'd before,
Perhaps poor *Jemmy* may to life restore.
What have we done? the wretched *bailiffs* cry,
That th' only man by whom we liv'd, should die!

Other luminaries shed a radiance on the "Rounds." *Bullock* (who, in a merry epilogue, tripped up Pinkethman by the heels, and bestrode him in triumph, Pinkey returning the compliment by throwing him over his head). *Mills*, (familiarly called "honest Billy Mills!" from his kind disposition). *Harper* (a lusty fat man, with a countenance expressive of mirth and jollity, the rival of Quin in Falstaff, and the admirable Jobson to Kitty Clive's inimitable Nell). *Hippisley* (whose first appearance the audience always greeted with loud laughter and applause). *Chapman* (the Pistol and Touchstone of his day). *Joe Miller*[1] (whose name is become synonymous with good and bad jokes; a *joke* having ironically been christened a *Joe Miller*, to mark the wide contrast between *joking* and *Joe!*). *Hallam*[2] (whom Macklin accidentally killed in a quarrel about a *stage wig*). *Woodward, Yates, Shuter*,[3] and, very early in life, little *Quick*.[4] Ned had a sincere regard for *Mr. Whit-*

Enrag'd, they gnaw their wax, and tear their writs,
While butchers' wives fall in hysteric fits;
For sure as they're alive, poor *Spiller's* dead;
But, thanks to *Jack Legar!* we've got his *head*.
He was an inoffensive, merry fellow,
When sober, hipp'd; blythe as a bird, when mellow."

For Spiller's *benefit ticket*, engraved by Hogarth, twelve guineas have been given! There is *another*, of more *dramatic* interest, with portraits of himself and his wife in the Cobbler of Preston.

[1] This reputed wit was, after all, a moderately dull fellow. His book of *Jests* is a joke not *by* him, but *upon* him: a joke by Joe being considered *la chose impossible*. As an *actor*, he never rose to particular eminence. His principal parts were *Sir Joseph Wittol* and *Teague*. There are two *portraits* of him. One, in the former character, prefixed to some editions of his *Jests*; and a mezzotinto, in the latter, an admirable likeness, full of force and expression. The *first* and *second* editions of "*Joe Miller's Jests*" appeared in 1739. They are so scarce that four guineas have been given for a copy at book auctions. From a slim pamphlet they have increased to a bulky octavo! He died August 15, 1738, at the age of 54, and was buried on the east side of the churchyard of St. Clement Danes. We learn from the inscription on his tombstone (now illegible) that he was "a *tender husband*, a *sincere friend*, a *facetious companion*, and an *excellent comedian*." *Stephen Duck*, the favourite bard of "good Queen Caroline," wrote his epitaph.

[2] A very rare portrait of *Hallam* represents him standing before the stage-lights, holding in one hand a *wig*, and pointing with the other to "*An infallible receipe to make a wicked manager of a theatre*," (a merciless satire on *Macklin*,) dated "*Chester, Aug.* 20, 1750." A *stick* is thrust into his left eye by one behind the scenes. For this accident, which caused his death, Macklin was tried at the Old Bailey in May, 1735, and found guilty of *manslaughter*.

[3] When actors intend to *abridge* a piece they say, "We will *John Audley* it!" It originated thus. In the year 1749, *Shuter* played drolls at *Bartholomew Fair*, and was wont to lengthen the exhibition until a sufficient number of people were collected at the door to fill his booth. This event was signified by a Merry Andrew crying out from the gallery, "*John Audley!*" as if in the act of inquiry after such a person, though his intention was to inform *Shuter* there was a fresh audience in high expectation below! In consequence of this hint, the droll was cut short, and the booth cleared for the new crop of impatient expectants! *Shuter* occasionally spent his evenings at a certain "Mendicants' convivial club," held at the *Welch's Head*, Dyott Street, St. Giles's; which, in 1638, kept its quarters at the *Three Crowns* in the Vintry.

[4] During one of *Quick's* provincial excursions the stage-coach was stopped by a highwayman. His only fellow traveller, a taciturn old gentleman, had fallen fast asleep. "*Your money!*" exclaimed *Turpin's* first cousin. Quick, assuming the dialect and manner of a raw country lad, replied with stupid astonishment, "Mooney, zur! *uncle* there (pointing to the sleeping beauty,) pays for I, *twinpikes* and all!" The highwayman woke the dozer with a slap on the face, and (in clas-

field, and often attended his ministry at Tottenham Court Chapel. One Sunday morning he was seated in a pew opposite the pulpit, and while that pious, eloquent, but eccentric preacher was earnestly exhorting sinners to return to the fold, he fixed his eyes full upon *Shuter,* adding to what he had previously said, "And thou, poor *Ramble,* (*Ramble* was one of *Ned's* popular parts,) who hast so long *rambled,* come *you* also! O! end your *ramblings,* and return." Shuter was panic-struck, and said to Mr. Whitfield after the sermon was over, "I thought I should have fainted! How could you use me so?"

Cow-Lane and Hosier-Lane "Ends" were great monster marts. At the first dwelt an Irish giant, Mr. Cornelius M'Grath, who, if he "lives three years longer, will peep into garret windows from the pavement:" and the "Amazing" Corsican Fairy. "Hosier-Lane-End" contributed "a tall English youth, eight feet high;" two rattle-snakes, "one of which rattles so loud that you may hear it a quarter of a mile off;" and "a large piece of water made with white flint glass," containing a coffee-house and a brandy-shop, running, at the word of command, hot and cold fountains of strong liquor and strong tea! The proprietor, *Mr. Charles Butcher's* poetical invitation ran thus:—

> "Come, and welcome, my friends, and taste ere you pass,
> 'Tis but sixpence to see it, and two-pence each glass."

The "German Woman that danced over-against the Swan Tavern by Hosier Lane," having "*run away* from her mistress," diminished the novelties of that prolific quarter. But the White Hart, in Pye-Corner, had "A little fairy woman from Italy, two feet two inches high;" and *Joe Miller,* "over-against the Cross-Daggers," enacted "A new droll called The Tempest, or the Distressed Lovers; with the Comical Humours of the Inchanted Scotchman; or Jockey and the three witches!"

Hark to yonder scarlet beefeater, who hath cracked his voice, not with "hallooing and singing of anthems," but with attuning its dulcet notes to the deep-sounding gong! And that burly trumpeter, whose convex cheeks and distended pupils look as if, like Æolus, he had stopped his breath for a time, to be the better able to discharge a hurricane! Listen to their music, and you shall hear that *Will Pinkethman* hath good store of merriments for his laughing friends at "Hall and Oates's Booth next Pye-Corner," where, Sept. 2, 1729, will be presented The Merchant's Daughter of Bristol; "a diverting" Opera, called The Country Wedding; and the Comical Humours

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sical phrase) cleared him out, leaving our little comedian in quiet possession of the golden receipts of a bumper.

Upon *one* occasion he played *Richard III.* for his benefit. His *original* intention was to have acted it with becoming seriousness; but the public, who had anticipated a *travestie,* would listen to nothing else; and Quick (with the best *tragic* intentions!) was *reluctantly* obliged to humour them. When he came to the scene where the crook-back'd tyrant exclaims,

> "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Quick treated his friends with a *hard hit,* and by way of putting a finishing stroke to the fun, added, with a voice, look, and gesture perfectly irresistible,

> "And if you can't get a *horse,* bring a *jackass!*"

of Roger.—The Great Turk by Mr. Giffard, and Roger by Mr. Pinkethman.

Ha! "lean Jack," jolly-fac'd comedian, *Harper*, thou body of a porpoise, and heart of a tittlebat! that didst die of a round-house fever;[1] and *Lee*,[2] rosy St. Anthony! thy rival trumpeter, with his rubicund physiognomy screened beneath the umbrage of a magnificent bowsprit, proclaims at the Hospital Gate "The Siege of Berthulia; with the Comical Humours of Rustego and his man Terrible."

What an odd-favoured mountebank! "a threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller, a needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch," with a nose crooked as the walls of Troy, and a chin like a shoeing horn; those two features having become more intimately acquainted, because his teeth had fallen out! Behold him jabbering, gesticulating, and with auricular grin, distributing this Bartholomew Fair bill.

"Sept. 3, 1729. At *Bullock's* Great Theatrical Booth will be acted a Droll, called Dorastus and Faunia, or the Royal Shepherdess; Flora, an opera; with Tollet's Rounds; the Fingalian Dance, and a Scottish Dance, by Mrs. Bullock."

Thine, *Hallam*, is a tempting bill of fare. "The Comical Humours of Squire Softhead and his man Bullcalf, and the Whimsical Distresses of Mother Catterwall!" With a harmonious concert of "violins, hautboys, bassoons, kettle-drums, trumpets, and French horns!" Thine, too, *Hippisley*, immortal Scapin! transferring the arch *fourberies* of thy hero to Smithfield Rounds. At the George Inn, where, with *Chapman*, thou keepest thy court, we are presented with "Harlequin Scapin, or the Old One caught in a sack; and the tricks, cheats, and shifts of Scapin's two companions, Trim the Barber, and Bounce-about the Bully." The part of Scapin by thy comical self.

At this moment a voice, to which the neigh of Bucephalus was but a whisper, announced that the unfortunate owner had lost a leg and an arm in his country's service; winding up the catalogue with some minor dilapidations, all of which are more or less peculiar to those patriots who during life find their reward in hard blows and poverty, and in death receive a polite invitation to join a water-party down the pool of oblivion! The Laureat paused.

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[1] *Harper*, being an exceedingly timid man, was selected for prosecution by Highmore, the Patentee of Drury Lane, for joining the revolters at the Haymarket. He was imprisoned, but though soon after released by the Court of King's Bench, he died in 1742, of a fever on his spirits.

[2] *Anthony Lee*, or Leigh, (famous for his performance of *Gomez*, in Dryden's play of the Spanish Friar,) and *Cave Underhill* diverting themselves in *Moorfields*, agreed to get up a sham quarrel. They drew their swords, and with fierce countenances advanced to attack each other. Cave (a very lean man) retreated over the rails, followed by Lee (a very fat man); and after a slight skirmish, retired to the middle of the field. Tony puffed away after him; a second encounter took place; and, when each had paused for awhile to take breath, a third; at the end of which, there being a saw-pit near them, they both jumped into it! The mob, to prevent murder, scampered to the pit, when to their great surprise they found the redoubtable heroes hand in hand in a truly comical posture of reconciliation, which occasioned much laughter to some, while others (having been made fools of!) were too angry to relish the joke. The mock combatants then retired to a neighbouring tavern to refresh themselves, and get rid of a troublesome tumult. — *The Comedian's Tales*, 1729.

"Lost his leg in battle!—ha! ha! ha!—a gude joke! He means in a man-trap! I should be glad to know what business a pauper body like this has blathering abroad? Are there not almshouses, and workhouses, and hospitals, for beggars and cripples? Though I perfectly agree wi' *Sandy M'Grab, Professor*[1] *of Humanity,* that sic like receptacles, and the *anti-Presbyterian* abomination of alms-giving are only so many premiums for roguery and vay-gabondism. Let every one put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, and make hay while the sun shines."

MR. BOSKY. But are there not many on whom the sun of prosperity never shone?

MR. M'SNEESHING. Their unthriftiness and lack of foresight alone are to blame!

MR. BOSKY. Is to want a shilling, to want every virtue? Would you provide no asylum for adversity, sickness, and old age?

MR. M'SNEESHING. Hard labour and sobriety (tossing off his heel-tap of toddy) will ward off the two first, and old age and idleness deserve to ——

MR. BOSKY. Starve?

MR. M'SNEESHING. To have just as much — and *nae mair!* — as will keep body and soul together! Would you not *revile,* rather than *relieve,* the lazy and the improvident?

MR. BOSKY. Not if they were hungry and poor![2]

MR. M'SNEESHING. Nor cast them a single word of reproach?

MR. BOSKY. I would see that they were fed first, and then, *if* I reproved, my reproof should be no pharisaical diatribes. The bitterest reproaches fall short of that pain which a wounded spirit suffers in reflecting on its own errors; a lash given to the soul will provoke more than the body's most cruel torture.

MR. M'SNEESHING. Vera romantic, and in the true speerit of ——

MR. BOSKY. *Charity,* I hope.

MR. M'SNEESHING. Chay-ri-ty? (putting his hand into his coat-pocket.)

MR. BOSKY. Don't fumble; the word is *not* in *M'Culloch!*

MR. M'SNEESHING. Peradventure, Mr. Bosky, you would build a *Union poor-house* (sarcastically).

MR. BOSKY. I would not.

MR. M'SNEESHING. An *Hospital?* (with a sardonic grin!)

MR. BOSKY. I would!

MR. M'SNEESHING. Where?

MR. BOSKY. In the *Human Heart!* You may not know of *such a*

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[1] At *Oxford* and *Cambridge* they write L.*L*.D.—in *Scotland,* L.*S*.D. *viz.* 35*s*. 3*d*. for the *diploma!*

[2] "In the daily eating *this* was his custom. (*Archbishop Parker's,* temp. *Elizabeth.*) The steward, with the servants that were gentlemen of the better rank, sat down at the tables in the hall on the right hand; and the almoner, with the clergy, &c., sat on the other side, where there was plenty of *all sorts of provision.* The daily fragments thereof did suffice to *fill the bellies of a great number of poor hungry people* that waited at the gate. And moreover it was the *Archbishop's command* to his servants, that all strangers should be received and treated with all manner of *civility and respect.*"

The *poor and hungry fed,* and treated with "*civility and respect!*" What a poser and pill for *Geordie M'Sneeshing* and *Professor M'Grab!*

place, Mr. M'Sneeshing. *Your* hospital would be where some countrymen of yours build castles, in *Sky* and *Ayr!*"

And the Laureat abruptly quitted the room, leaving Mr. M'Sneeshing in that embarrassing predicament, "*Between the de'il and the deep sea!*"

But his mission was soon apparent. "*Three cheers for the kind young gentleman!*" resounded from the holiday folks, and a broadside of blessings from the veteran tar! This obfuscated conchologist Geordie, and he was about to launch a *Brutum fulmen*, a speech *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, at the magging mouthpiece of Professor M'Grab; when, to the great joy of Deputy Doublechin, the miserable drone-pipe of this leather-brained, leaden-hearted, blue-nosed, frost-bitten, starved nibbler of a Scotch kail-yard, was quickly drowned in the sonorous double-bass of our salt-water Belisarius.

My foes were my country's, my messmates the brave,
My home was the deck, and my path the green wave;
My musick, loud winds, when the tempest rose high—
I sail'd with bold *Nelson*, and heard his last sigh!

His spirit had fled—we gaz'd on the dead—
The sternest of hearts bow'd with sorrow, and bled.
As o'er the deep waters mov'd slowly his bier,
What victory, thought we, was ever so dear?

Far Egypt's hot sands have long since quench'd my sight—
To these rolling orbs what is sunshine or night?
But the full blaze of glory that beam'd on thy bay,
Trafalgar! still pours on their darkness the day.

An ominous tap at the window—the "*White Serjeant's!*" invited Geordie to a *tête-à-tête* with a singed sheep's head, and the additional treat of a curtain-lecture, not on *political*, but *domestic* economy, illustrated with sharp etchings by Mrs. M'Sneeshing's nails, of which his physiognomy had occasionally exhibited proof impressions! To his *modern Athenian* (!) broad brogue, raised in defiance of the applauding populace outside, responded the polite inquiry, "*Does your mother know you 're out?*"[1] and other classical interrogatories. The return of Mr. Bosky was a signal for cheerfulness, mingled with deeper feelings; during which were not forgotten, "*Old England's wooden walls,*" and "*Peace to the souls of the heroes!*"

"Hail! all hail! the warrior's grave,
Valour's venerable bed,—
Hail! the memory of the Brave!
Hail! the Spirits of the Dead!

[1] Certain cant phrases strike by their odd sound and apposite allusion. "*No mistake!*" "*Who are you?*" "*Cut my lucky!*" "*Does your mother know you 're out?*" "*Hookey!*" &c. &c. are terms that metaphorically imply something comical. Yet oblivion, following in the march of time, shall cast its shadows over their mysterious meanings. On "*Hookey!*" the bewildered scholiast of future ages will hang every possible interpretation but the right one; with "*Blow me tight!*" he will give a loose to conjecture; and oft to Heaven will he roll his queer eye, the query to answer, "*Who are you?*"

A CHAPTER ON THINGS AND NOTHINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL."

" *Quid opus ?* What 's the use of all my larning ? "—LINGO.

UNLUCKY dog that I am ? Because, like Moses Primrose, son of the renowned Vicar of Wakefield, I have indulged in the luxury of erudition, and given the world "a touch from the ancients," I am accused of wearing a false beard, and insulted, like a *débardeur* at a masquerade, on the score of assumed manhood ! No matter ! Let neither men, women, nor critics, (who are neither the one nor the other,) presume upon my epicene gender: they shall find that "I dare do all that may become a man ;" while it is admitted on all sides that I write like an angel,—the nearest approach to a woman.

The fact is, that moral distinctions of sex, like moral distinctions of party, are fast disappearing. No one is exactly able to swear whether he be Whig or Tory,—for the Tory of one man is the Whig of another ; and masculine and feminine attributions have also come to be confoundedly confounded. Women now-a-days discover planets, and smooth the thorny ways of political economy, while men scribble nonsense verses in the annuals. The best coachmen in Hyde Park are ladies fair ; while their lords and masters have betaken themselves to teetotalism and whist, leaving them the whip hand.

It don't much signify. If the business of the state continue to go a-head, no matter by whom the helm is held. Many people rejoice that the Tories are likely to hold office, because a Tory administration is the only one that ever carries through a Whig measure ; the Whigs being equally remarkable for shuffling into action the principles of the Tories. Of late years, all loyal Englishmen have learned to admit that a Queen is the best of Kings ; and under such a dispensation, since they choose to decide that the fine, free-flowing, yet powerful diction of my pen is the effort of a woman's hand, be it so:—If ever I turn artificial florist, or lace-mender, I have no doubt they will restore me my privileges of sex ; as Hercules was never more generally recognised than with the distaff in his hand.

One cannot expect people to be *very* lucid in their deductions during the present general break-up of the season and seasons. The severity of the recent month of July, and the uncommon quantity of dulness let loose upon the community by the premature dissolution of Parliament, has produced a singular confusion of ideas. The heavy matter prepared for the luminous speeches of the concluding two months of the session, has been poured forth upon us from a hundred unexpected quarters ; and ambitious members have been forced to cram the substance of their notes and mems. into reviews and leading articles.

At all times, Parliament is the great safety-valve through which the prose of our mighty nation finds legitimate vent. Previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, it was the custom of every distinguished family to dispose of its Bore in the House. One of the grand uses of rotten boroughs was to secure society from the oppres-

sion of such persons as were voted too heavy to become anything but members. Now, alas! as the clubs know to their cost, they are forced to inflict their verbosity in other directions. Leaden statues are set up on all sides, as in a citizen's villa; and politics talked here, there, and everywhere, saving under the roof of St. Stephen's.

For my part, I, Cecil Danby, who am a regular man, like to find things in their proper places;—sermons in church, prose in parliament, and verse in little gilt-edged books. The present system of topsy-turvy disturbs my equanimity. The happiness of my year has been destroyed by the vagaries of a contentious opposition. I loved my August; that is, I loved my peaceful, deserted London during the tranquillities of August. August was the golden month of my year, — August was the month for men! In August, as ordained by the wisdom of our ancestors, not an old woman or boy in town. The old women were gone to the sea,—the boys to the moors. And now, forsooth, as per act of parliament established, the old women and boys are going to re-assemble in my favourite month, in my favourite city, in defiance of the claims of grouse and marine parades! Thousands of busy idlers will invade the deserted *pavé*, where I used to be monarch of all I surveyed; will frequent the summer theatres, wherein I had the choice of seats; and devour the turtle and venison once so peculiarly my own!

In the present month of oyster-shells, I used to take my revenge upon the metropolis for all its self-sufficiencies of the preceding four. Impossible to conceive anything more crest-fallen than London and the Londoners in August. The West-End seemed conscious of being under an obligation to you for preserving it from utter desertion, and aware that, but for you, it might have been lonely as Juan Fernandez; nay, the pavement of St. James's Street used to salute the print of your foot in its dust, as Robinson Crusoe that of the savage in the sand! If you condescended to eat an ice at Smith's or Grange's, it was tendered with a grateful smile, instead of being brought tardily, and half-melted, with the grudging scorn of press of business. At your club, the waiter, in serving your cutlets, seemed to murmur, "Worthy gentleman! but for *him* I should have burnished my spoons and forks in vain!" The haberdasher bowed as gratefully while pocketing the price of a pair of gloves, as for that of fifty ells of brocade during the season; and the shopmen of Regent Street, standing on their doorsteps, with pens behind their ears, were prepared to take aim at a stray customer, even as some small country squire at the remaining bird of the one covey of his solitary turnip-field—his only chance left of a shot. Boxkeepers saluted you half-kindly, half-ironically, when you inquired whether they had room; ushering you respectfully to a front seat of the dress-boxes, in the last act of Macbeth. One was taught to know one's own value by the value set upon one by other people.

And then, the quantity of philosophy which the aspect of the abandoned squares and streets used to engender! After feeding upon wings of chickens instead of drumsticks,—after feasting one's eyes at the Travellers' upon a pure and virgin newspaper, instead of a crumpled and unsavoury sheet, long after mid-day, — after picking and choosing whenever anything was to be picked and chosen, — after receiving an eager bow and thankful smile from some sober chariot

scudding along the streets as if ashamed of itself, in place of the cold and contemptuous salutations of the month of June, it was soothing to betake oneself to the vast solitudes of Hyde Park — where grass was beginning to grow; while some drawing-master hurrying across the waste from a preparatory school at Paddington to a finishing school at Chelsea, constituted the sole living figure in the landscape. There, amid loneliness like that of a Tartar Steppe, or the Pampas, it was sweet to muse upon human affairs, and speculate upon superhuman ones,—

Variam semper dant otia mentem.

I swear I think I could have written the Odyssey, or Paradise Lost, or England's Trust, in the meditative month of August of those halcyon times. There was poetry in the desolation of the epoch. The very fruit-stalls, with their first damsons and latest bunches of cherries, had a mournful and touching aspect. The countenances of the aged females presiding over their codlings, appealed to the heart like so many sonnets of Wordsworth!

And to think of the change that hath come over the spirit of my dream! To think of the hotels, that were wont to betake themselves after the 12th of August, to whitewashers, painters, and gilders, nay, to shuttered windows and closed doors, now assuming a perked and self-sufficient air, as if careless of custom: the supernumerary waiters, instead of sinking back into clodpoles, and returning to their villages, honoured, like Mademoiselle Rachel, by a renewed engagement;—the spits still turning,—and the corked bottles of wine that used to be sent back into the cellar till the following year, kept simmering above ground, with the certainty of satisfying those great consumers of the stale and unprofitable, the country gentlemen of this "favoured island."

Gracious preserve us! Think of coming to town for the season in AUGUST!—Why the very post-horses will rebel against such an innovation; and people four-posting their way to May Fair, will suddenly find themselves at Blair Athol. Fancy her Majesty's drawing-room on the 1st of September!—Reflect upon the flat blasphemy of winging a maid of honour instead of a partridge; and effecting the conquest of an heiress, instead of the Conquest of the Moors. Imagine the urbane Mr. Willis welcoming you to Almacks' when pheasant-shooting is about to begin!

Oh! desecration of my sober and quiet London!—Oh! abuse of my favourite month! — What will become of me? Where shall I hide my diminished head amid the bustle of vanity and absurdity which is about to distract my hermitage in Pall Mall? Conceive the legion of expectant Tories, with their armour buckled on for offence, — the legions of disappointed Whigs, their armour buckled on for defence; the angry defeated, intent on their petitions; the maiden members blushing and giggling at their own triumph; conceive all the "pribbles and prabbles," the chattering and battering, the tattling and battling, about to beset our weary ears: how out of place, how out of order! — In golden August, when the M.P.-rial squirearchy ought to be garnering its harvests, to have it meddling with the corn-laws! In golden August, when fine gentlemen ought to be yachting, to have them disputing about droits of Admiralty! In golden August, when the bishops ought to be lis-

tening to visitation sermons, to have them reproving the Treasury Bench. And then, the judges—the assizes,—how are people to be tried or hung in decent time, or proper place?

Oh! landed proprietors,—oh! country baronets! think upon these things. Consider your pleasant parks, your fertile corn-fields, your herded deer, your neighbourly dinners, your dahlia beds, your peaches, your battues, before you rush back into the unwonted atmosphere of civilization. I will not insult your understanding by quoting anything so familiar as Shakspeare's simile of the disruption of the seasons, "old Hyem's chin," and the "odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds." I would fain speak to you in simple prose. I would fain remind you that while you are bringing in bills, bills will be brought in to *you;* that you will have to hire new houses, as well as to form one; that while you are intent only upon divisions, there will be divisions in families touching the order of the day and *dis*order of this most unnatural second season. You will never be able to persuade your indignant wives that its fruits, like autumnal currants preserved under matting, will be tasteless and withered. Your Missy daughters will not be left alone in their lonely halls. You may bamboozle the nation, but you cannot bamboozle *them!*

But why waste my ink and time in such apostrophes? You *will* come—you *must* come,—to fight out your game upon a chess-board which I once fancied exclusively that of Cecil Danby. The tug of war is at hand. Every sole is panting after plaice; and the gainers and losers are equally foes to my philosophical tranquillity. I take no thought of the lies about to be told, or the lie about to be given,—the canting and recanting about to take place,—the protests and protestations, the turning of coats and tuning of throats. The swarm of flies upon the wheel of the state might hum and buzz to all eternity, so it would hum and buzz elsewhere than in dear—*enormously* dear—London. Why can't the new parliament be held at Oxford, as in the days of the Plague? The University would bestow a doctor's degree upon it, as upon other illustrious strangers; and the young members might dip into the Bodleian for newer quotations than "Timeo Danaos." It would be, as the linendrapers' advertisements have it, "an immense saving to families." The better half of parliamentary life would be content to remain in the country, and *I* to remain in London.

I protest to such of the fair-sex as are bitten with the rage of political intrigue, and speculating upon the loaves and fishes of official life, in the form of French rolls and turbot, that they will incur an additional year to their age by this second season: 1841 will count hereafter in their lives for two; double crowsfeet,—and twice as many grey hairs as in any ordinary year. To those really, that is, interestedly interested in the struggle, the wear and tear will be prodigious. Political discussions in April and May are interpolated into days of pastime, relieved by operas, lightened by Taglioni, sweetened by Rubini. In August, they must be persisted in with unmitigated bitterness. Astley's is burnt down; Vauxhall swamped. The suburbs are built in with cemeteries. No chance of a breath of fresh air to enable you to contend against an unseasonable press of business. Every flutterling that lends grace to the gaieties of a London midsummer, will be at the German spas. There will be nothing for you in the way of air or heirs, but city smoke and Irish

members. Look to your complexions, ladies, or they will be no longer worth looking at!—

I have appealed in the first instance to the fair sex, as the only means of commanding the ear of the *un*fair. But of that hypocritical portion of the public which calls itself grave, I ask, in all truth and sobriety, whether there be anything at the present critical moment more critical than in other moments when present, to call for such strenuous over-exertion?—

Be not deceived, oh, House! Though your predecessor, when divided against itself, could not stand, THOU wilt not stand a bit the safer for a division. Pause until the winter. Thou wilt have need of much coughing for thy juveniles. Winter is a sober and deliberative season. Winter will render temperate the hot impulses of the covetous, who scramble to attain or retain office, as at the flinging of coronation medals. Those who were breaking China, and swallowing Turkey in Downing Street, *last* Christmas, will doubtless say their final grace after meat as quietly next November, as the Tories uttered theirs, eleven Novembers ago. To your sixty days, therefore, be pleased to add ninety or a hundred, and let me have August to myself.

Time was
That when the brains were out the man would die,

and that when the wisdom of parliament was extinct, the nation suffered. All *that* is over! The present era of autopsy has decided that various men have survived the loss of the various organs once pronounced vital. Trust me, we shall push on, ay, and keep moving, wonderfully well, upon two efficient legs of the grand tripod of the British Constitution. Should the interim prove sultry, Gunter will undertake to keep the new house in ice, like a haunch of venison, till wanted for use; in consideration of your submitting to which operation, oh! august body of legislators, I, your petitioner, the humble votary of AUGUST, shall be ever bound to pray. C. D.

SILENT LOVE.

BY SIMON DACH.

WHAT is Love's sweetest, truest bliss?
  For Beauty's charms to glow and die.
Would you seek other joys than this,
  And for a fairer fortune sigh,
You may torment yourselves in vain,
But what you wish you 'll never gain.

He that is loved, and loves again,
  Can easily his faith display;
But he is blest who suffers pain,
  Who grieves, and yet is ever gay.
If you another game would try,
You still may love, but Hope will fly.

He who would Love's high meed obtain,
  And thus his long-sought bliss ensure,
One single heart should strive to gain,
  With patience hope, with joy endure,
His constancy he thus will prove,
And merit well the prize of Love.



KUBLAI KHAN,

OR, THE SIEGE OF KINSAI.

CANTO I.

I.

You 've heard, no doubt, of Kublai Khan,
That terrible man,
Who overran
The eastern world in days of yore,
With steps of steel, in paths of gore?
Could there be brought together but all
The bones of those his armies slew,
They would vie in bulk with the China wall,
Or fill up the great canal of Yu.

II.

He swore the Chinese realm should fall;
So he came at the head of his Tartar hordes,
Who all carried besoms as well as their swords,
And he pitched his tents before the wall.
As soon as the following morn had birth,
He led them along in their war array;
A part of the wall was formed of earth,
So they plied their besoms, and swept it away.
Then Kublai Khan gave the word of command,
And they all poured into the Central Land.

III.

What deeds were done is it need I say,
As on their course they wound?
What roofs were fired, what fields laid waste,
What armies slain, what hearths disgraced,
What lovely dames were borne away,
What plainer dames were drowned?
Oh! woe in the rear, and death in the van
Were ever attendant on Kublai Khan.

IV.

Fierce Kublai came to great Kinsai,
Where the Emperor dwelt, and his wives, and kin,
In a beautiful palace, with rich inlay
Of gold without, and of pearls within;
And with terrible groups of his Tartar troops
He blackened the hills and the plains around;
And he vowed a vow, that its towers should bow
And its walls be scattered along the ground.

V.

But when the Emperor saw
Proud Kublai's banners flaunting,
He was struck with amaze and awe,
And felt that his heart was wanting;
And slipping his ribs, so august and imperial,
Into a jacket of common material,
That none might suppose him a person of note,
He gat from the city by night in a boat.
But he left his queen and wives behind,
And bade them take good care
That the insolent Tartar hordes should find
A warm reception there.

VI.

Now it's fit you be told, that this Emperor bold,
Besides his Empress fair,
Had twenty wives, of properest lives,
As blythe and busy as bees in hives,
Endeavouring still
His hours to fill
With frolic and merriment fit to kill
The hollow-eyed phantom, Care.
There were An, and Nan, and Fan,
And Jin, and Din, and Sin, too,
With names that I neither can,
Nor would wish to enter into:
And again, and besides these beautiful brides,
Who sat in due order at both of his sides,
Furthermore, he possessed,
So might count himself blessed,
More than any that dwelt in the East or the West:
A regiment of ladies, all chosen and pick'd,
Whose hearts were brave, whose discipline strict,

All mounted on steeds of superior breeds,
And furnished with bows and brass-pointed reeds,
And swords ever ready for martial deeds.

VII.

The Empress was colonel of this gallant troop,
And the wives were the majors, the captains, lieutenants,
And ensigns that bore the invincible pennants,
To which every foe,—
It seemed to be so,—
Was in gallantry bound to stoop
So Sergeant Sling called over the names,
And the Empress harangued her regiment of dames;
Set out before them, in learned display,
The danger that threatened the city Kinsai;
The myriads of Tartars
Prepared to be martyrs,
Rather than yield
An inch of the field,
Or move from the wall
Till the town should fall.

VIII.

" So you see, my girls," said the beautiful colonel,
" We go forth in strong quest]
Of difficult conquest:
Should they beat women the shame is infernal,
But, if they be beaten, our glory eternal.
So let us be drest
In our holiday best,
With silks of bright hues
All embroidered, for mails,
With the smallest of shoes,
And the longest of nails,
With patches of pink
On our lips and our cheeks,
And eye-brows of ink
Laid in delicate streaks;
These charms, as I think,
And the swords we shall hold,
Will make the foe shrink,
Be they never so bold.

IX.

" Now Major Slo, as your charger is fleet,
You shall lead the advance when we go forth to meet
The foe in the field, and Major Van
Shall bring up the rear as well as she can.
There is work for you, fair Captain Slae,
And for Captain Shi, so forward still;
We have many to capture, and many to kill;
But let not numbers our hearts dismay."

X.

Thus the Empress spoke to her female bands,
And the male troops also received her commands:

The male bands answered with warlike whoops,
But the hope of the town was the female troops.

CANTO II.

I.

I do not say how the siege begun,
What works were tried, what deeds were done,
What engines used, what flags upborne,
What breaches made, what trousers torn,
What throats were cut, what limbs were hack'd,
What bodies were crushed, what skulls were crack'd,
Because I don't know, and that 's the fact.
But deeds of hand, and deeds of heart,
Valorous deeds upon either part,
Countless losses of lords and wives,
Countless losses of limbs and lives;
Walls in ruin, and silks in rags,
Terrible engines, flouting flags,
And all that belongs to a fearful fray,
You may understand without my say.
The walls, though battered, were not thrown down;
And the Empress yet retained the town.

II.

Oh, ne'er had a general yet been seen
In all the Central Land,
Who in skill, or in luck,
Or in plenty of pluck,
Was at all to compare
With that Empress so fair;
Nor there, as I ween, had a troop ever been,
That might vie with her beautiful band.
She gallantly held the great Kinsai,
And harassed the foe both night and day;
They scarce could remain in the neighbouring plain,
Nor were safe in the hills and the valleys;
For in her defence there was so much of sense,
And so much keen wit in her sallies.

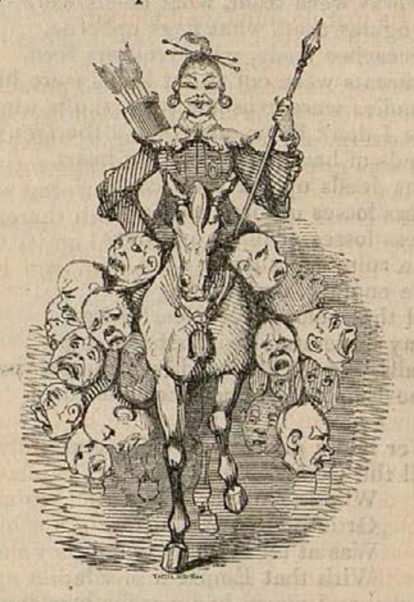
III.

Let me declare it, if nobody knows,
Ladies are not such contemptible foes.
A thousand at once, and all of them chattering,
Mid horses' hoofs clattering, pattering, spattering,
Like tilters of Eglintoun all running at a ring,
Killing and scattering,
Bruising and battering,
Maiming and shattering,—
Not to be flattering,
Of primal confusion they teach you a smattering.

IV.

Daily were prisoners brought into the city,
Tied by their pig-tails together in pairs;
The handsome ones won on the Empress's pity,
The plain ones were hung in the crescents and squares.

She offered rewards for the heads of the lords,
And the commoners, too, of the Tartar hordes.
And her soldiers oft brought them by twos and by twos,
Slung over their shoulders thus tied by their queues;
Or, sometimes a lady with little remorse,
Arranged them in pairs o'er the neck of her horse.



V.

Now months had passed on in storming and sallying,
Fancy-phlebotomy, running and rallying;
In hurling stones,
And in throwing darts;
In breaking bones,
And in piercing hearts:
The troops of the Timour,
By hands and *by* knees,
Endeavouring to climb o'er
The walls of the Chinese:
And the brave Chinese band,
Ensconced in snug quarters,
Hurling hot pitch and sand
On the heads of the Tartars:
Till the Tartars confessed, at least those in the thick of it,
That the siege of Kinsai, they were heartily sick of it:
And it made Kublai Khan very fierce and splenetic,
To find it thus act as a Tartar emetic.

VI.

So the terrible Kublai swore
That by storm he would take the city;
And wash the streets with the inmates' gore,
Without remorse or pity.

That lord nor page, that youth nor age,
Should meet with a moment's quarter:
But that proud Kinsai should be all laid low,
And the share of the plough should over it go,
To bury its bricks,
Its stones and sticks,
Its marble, mud, and mortar.

VII.

As Kublai pronounced his decree so proudly,
His blood-hungry Tartars applauded him loudly;
They clattered their swords, they struck their gongs,
The air was griped with the crudest songs;
It was beaten with shouts, and shattered with laughter,
And the echoes were ill for a month thereafter!
The broad river quaked as it rolled on its way,
And the red flags were wind-shaken over Kinsai.

VIII.

The Empress heard the clatter and jar,
As 'twas borne by the breath of the breeze from afar,
Like a peal of tipsy thunder;
So, knowing that something must be in the wind,
With her beautiful lips she most wrathfully grinned;
She seized her silk buckler, her breastplate she pinned,
With a china-crape shawl doubled under;
In an elegant bow tied the string of her helmet,
And swore when the Tartars came they should be well met:
Then with eloquent speech to her ladies appealed,
And rode at the head of them forth to the field.

IX.

So, on went the ladies, till, meeting the Tartars,
They poured forth upon them a volley of arrows,
As thick as small shot on a regiment of sparrows:
And then they turned round, and made back to their quarters.
The Khan greatly marvelled;
"Oh, none of them *are* veiled,"
Cried he, "and what beauties they are, every soul of them!
Draw not a bow—
Lay not one of them low;
For the moon and the sun,
I would not part with one;
But forward, my Tartars, and capture the whole of them.
Seize me alive every dear little beauty;
Yours is Kinsai if you do me this duty;
These shall alone be my share of the booty."

X.

Then onward they all hurried, (O, for quick metre!)
The Tartars were fleet, but the ladies were fleeter;
If those seemed to fly along, these seemed to shoot,
And they got to the city in spite of pursuit.

XI.

Now first in the chase was the amorous Khan ;
No thought from the moment the flight began
Had entered his brain,
Except to obtain
The prize upon which he had fixed his mind.
His passion and eagerness made him so blind
That he did not perceive how his troops fell behind ;
And being well mounted,
He rode quite alone ;
And recklessly counted
The quarry his own,
As he dashed through the gate
Very proud and elate.
But he found his mistake in another half minute,
When the guards shut the portal, and closed him within it.
Then the ladies came back very joyous and gay,
And the Khan was their prisoner there in Kinsai.

CANTO III.

I.

The Empress sat on the Emperor's throne,
And the Emperor's sceptre swayed ;
She had slipped on his trousers, too, over her own,
And she gave her commands in the despot's tone ;
And every vassal
Within the castle
Her delegate voice obeyed.
Oh ! a delicate voice was her delegate voice,
And every one made it a matter of choice
To do her behest as soon as 'twas spoken,
With an eagerness owing
In part to his knowing
That else every one of his bones would be broken,
Say nought of his being flayed.

II.

The Empress sat on the Emperor's throne,
And sent six ladies the Khan to call ;
"For tell him," said she, "I 've a bit of a bone
I would pick with him here in my audience hall."
The Khan was pleased when he heard that say,
For he 'd tasted nothing since break of day.
And he went to the chamber to find the bone :
But when he came there
The table was bare,
And so the poor Khan had none.

III.

He strode through the room, nowise forlorn,
His step was bold and free ;
Although he was not in America born,
Yet a-merry-Khan was he.

Round his ancles and waist and neck he bore
Chain-cable enough for a seventy-four;
Yet proudly he paced along:
And as all such Eastern heroes do
When they find themselves in a bit of a stew,
To keep up his pluck,
In spite of ill luck,
Consoled himself with song.

IV.

But whilst the Khan in his fetters,
Marched up the hall with pride,
Where the ladies, who proved his betters,
Were ranged upon either side;
If his little red eyes stood out from his head,
It was not with rage, it was not with dread,
It was not with hate, it was not with scorn,
It was only with joy and a large surprise
At the beautiful sight, such as since he was born
Had never before met his little red eyes;
And he smiled as he glanced, with his eyes full of flames,
At beautiful Empress and beautiful dames.

V.

The Empress so bold, and her ladies so fair
Were exceedingly taken with Kublai Khan;
They liked his person, they liked his air,
And, to tell it in brief, they liked the man.
His jaws were wide, his forehead narrow,
He seemed a person of pith and marrow;
And with eyes so red, and beard so yellow,
They thought him a very delectable fellow.

VI.

Yet the Empress thought it fit and right
To look very grave at the Tartar knight,
Because, by and by, by way of a finis,
She purposed to hang his Tartar highness.
She meant he should hang, his neck reposing
In a silken twist of her own composing:
And so she considered the way to behave
Would be, for the present, to look very grave.

VII.

"Kublai Khan," the Empress said,
In a very impressive and solemn manner,
"Over our fertile land you 've sped,
With bloody sword and flouting banner:
You have seized our maidens, you 've slaughtered our youth,
You have cut off the heads of our aged sires,
You 've spoiled our cities and fields with fires;
Nor infants in arms could move ye to ruth:
You have poisoned our rivers, and drained our vats,
And made short work of our rice and rats.

The punishment then the law requires
Is burning to death with red-hot wires;
But since you are brave, we all agree
Only to hang you on yonder tree.
Is there anything, Khan, you can urge, of force
To hinder the law in its simple course?"

VIII.

Kublai Khan he stroked his beard,
And said very quietly "Who's afeard?"
He swelled up his cheek before he would speak,
And scratched his nose, so knowing and sleek,
To seem at his ease he made an endeavour,
  But felt Kinsai was a comical place;
His eyes looked redder and harder than ever,
  And stood rather further out from his face.
His case was queer; however 'twas good
To put the best face on it he could;
Nor had he just then a better at hand
  Than that with his two little hard red eyes,
And a thick long beard, so yellow and grand,
  Which gave him a look very fierce and wise.

IX.

"Dear lady," at last he thus began,
  And seemed by his smile to be free from fear,—
"We oftentimes put the beer in a can,
  But I see you're for putting the Khan in a bier.
You must do as you please, most lovely flower,
For Kublai Khan is in your power.
      It was rather unwise
      To be caught by those eyes,
So green in their hue, and so small in their size;
      No doubt on't:—but there—
      I fell into the snare,
And it's often our lot to be killed by the fair;
      So,—thus in Kinsai—
      I have only to say
That if you adjudge me death my due,
I am proud, dear lady, to die for you:
But an' if you had not so fierce a will,
To live for you I'd be prouder still.

X.

That I've wasted your fields and towns with fires,
  And filled your streams with a sanguine die,
That I've cut the throats of your youths and sires,
  And eaten your rats, I can't deny:
But never, believe it, most beautiful elf,
Would Kublai Khan hurt such as yourself."

XI.

Now how could it be but the Empress fair,
  Now how could it be but her ladies bright,
Now how could it be but each one there,
  Should be touched at these words of the Tartar Knight?

So they talked for awhile in an under-breath,
And to do what they could
For his comfort and good,
Agreed to accord him his choice of a death.
Whether to die by maiming and mangling,
Drowning, burning, or choking and dangling.
And when the Khan bold answer made,
And honestly owned that, if he might,
(Since fighting e'er had been his trade,)
He'd rather prefer to fall in fight,—
The ladies acceded to this proposition,
And choosing three heroes of noble condition,
To slaughter Khan Kublai, they gave them commission.

XII.

These heroes were tall and terrible chaps,
Of warlike fame untarnished;
Two peacock's feathers in each of their caps,
And their helms were of pasteboard varnished;
Their shoulder-guards and breast-plates fair
Were made of cotton, and stuffed with hair;
Their steps were fleet, and their arms were strong,
Their eyes were fierce, and their beards were long;
And each, besides a bow and a mace,
Carried a terrible silken shield,
Pictured whereon was a hideous face,
To fright the foeman out of the field.
Each at his back a banneret bore;
Through a hollow bamboo its staff was thrust;
And of two placards, behind and before,
That called him "Brave," and *this* "Robust."

XIII.

The chosen ground was the palace lawn;
The fence was framed, and the swords were drawn:
The three from the East, the Khan from the West,
To meet in the middle their steps addressed.
Side by side advanced the three,
All heroes of one stamp;
Side by side, and knee by knee,
With very deliberate tramp.
When they almost met their Tartar foe,
Who towards them came at swifter pace,
They stopped at once in a fearful row,
And held their shields out towards his face;
Then, working secret wires within,
Made the terrible faces squint and grin;
And they trusted by this decisive plan
To frighten away the Tartar Khan.

XIV.

But lo! and behold! the Tartar Khan
Was not prepared to take the hint;
He looked at the shields, that fearless man!
And "Ho!" said he, "you may grin and squint!"

Then in both his hands his sword raised he,
To shatter the shields of the warlike three.
This showed a heart on the Tartar's part,
For which the three were not prepared:
They stepped in a crack some paces back,
And opened their mouths and eyes, and stared.
"Why stay we here?" cried valiant Fli,
"Oh, fly we hence!" cried dauntless Flee,
And in mighty dismay
Shun-Fo ran away;
I know not which might soonest hie,
Or which was the fleetest of all the three.

XV.

Their flags were all to ribands torn
By the current of air, so fast their flight;
The peacock plumes from their caps were borne,
And they showed no feather except the white.
And as they ran, the bold placard
That proclaimed them "brave" was their shield and guard.
Their flight had turned it towards the Khan,
Who never perceived they were brave till they ran.

XVI.

The Tartar bold pursued their flight,
And cleft them down from crown to heel;
And his eyes gleamed bright with his grim delight
As then on his queue he wiped the steel.
He bowed to the Queen and her ladies fair;
His face was flecked with spirts of gore:
"We 'll leave these three to the doctor's care,
And now, sweet Queen, I am ready for more."

XVII.

Three more were brought, and he slaughtered them,
And then came five, and those he slew;
As you with a knife cut a flowret's stem,
As easily he chopped men in two.
Then seven, and nine, came against him all;
He hacked the whole of them limb from limb:
And dwarfs so strong, and giants so tall;
But giants and dwarfs were alike to him.
The blood of his foes dripped down from his nose,
And made his beard in a gory trim;
And at every blow as he killed a foe,
He bowed to the ladies, and smiled so grim.

XVIII.

Then the sons and sires, the brothers and cousins
Of those sweet ladies came into the lists,
And he slaughtered them all by tens and dozens;
You 'd think that the work would have sprained his wrists.
But Kublai Khan was stout and willing,
And not to be easily tired of killing:

He cut off their heads spare time to amuse,
And roped them, like onions, up by their queues.

XIX.

When the Queen and her troop of China-roses
  Beheld the fate of the lords and masters,
  Those stars of fight, those China-asters,
Thus snipped by the Khan, and bound in posies,
They were filled with a measureless admiration
Of the terrible chief of the Tartar nation.
And the Empress spake, and said, "O Khan,
Since you 've shown yourself such a valorous man,
And slain the prime of our warriors thus,
You will not be afraid of a match with us.
So whet you your sword on the edge of your shield,
Till I and my ladies come into the field.

XX.

Kublai bowed with infinite grace,
  Smiled in a very bewitching way,
Wiped the blood from off his face,
  And made reply to the Empress gay:
"O lady bold, O lady bright,
  To slaughter men I have little care;
Send more of such if you think it right:
  But I draw not sword on dames so fair.
A match with you and your ladies sweet,
Is what would make my bliss complete;
But that which thus would sweeten life
Is a match in love, and not in strife."

XXI.

The Queen and her beautiful ladies laughed;
  Should the Khan be killed, they would all be sorrier:
They ever had loved the warrior-craft,
  And it made them love the crafty warrior.
They whispered some blame of the Emperor's flight,
And declared that that ought to have kindled their spite:
So the Empress bowed low, with most ladylike ease,
And answered, "Brave Khan, be it just as you please."

XXII.

Then he danced them by fours, by tens, and by scores,
Over charcoal pots that were set at the doors;
The town of Kinsai was full of delight:
          Oh! a wonderful man
          Was the Tartar Khan,
And he conquered in love whom he couldn't in fight.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Not long ago, a young English couple, lately married, were proceeding leisurely enough *en route* for Florence, where they purposed spending the winter: it was still early in October, and they preferred lingering amid the enchanting scenery of the Lago di Como to the less-inviting task of pursuing their tedious journey over the plains of Lombardy. Perhaps the lady's wish had been the most consulted, but of that anon: suffice it at present to remark, that having been scarcely six months a wife, she was of course entitled to every little privilege usually conceded by compliant husbands.

Her husband was the younger son of an Earl, but the slender expectations of a "detrimental" had been considerably amplified by the will of a munificent aunt, at whose decease the Honourable Percy Highborn became the possessor of a very pretty estate in Hampshire, and a clear rental of £2000 a year. This windfall opened the eyes of various mammas to his extraordinary merits, and numerous were the baits held out to ensnare him for unmarriageable daughters: but he was perverse enough to choose for himself, and select the only child of a retired officer, whom he had long loved, as the future sharer of his fortunes. She was certainly pretty, but poor. Of an indolent and careless disposition, Percy troubled himself very little about anything save his own personal ease and comfort: he knew he could afford to amuse himself, and the luxurious climate of Italy tended hourly to increase his love for the *dolce far niente*, so tempting to a stranger. His wife, though good-humoured, was both vain and weak-minded: she had often heard herself called beautiful, and the constant habit of listening to idle compliments, made her less disposed to relish the comparative indifference of her husband, who, though he loved her as much as it was in his nature to love anything, seldom showed his affection by eulogising her charms after the manner of continental admirers. It was not extraordinary, therefore, that, with a frame of mind like hers, the fair Mrs. Highborn should seek in the society of others that homage which her lord denied her, while he, happy man, solaced himself with an afternoon nap, or an occasional cigar.

The chief reason for their prolonged stay at Como was a platonic attachment which a very short acquaintance had fostered between the *ci-devant* Miss Bloomly and the Marchese di San Gennaro, a nobleman of Sicilian extraction, with most insinuating manners and highly-cultivated mustachios. This scion of an illustrious house added to his other accomplishments that of playing inimitably on the guitar, and by dint of diligently praising his lady-love's delicate fingering and melodious voice, he contrived to establish himself in the post of *maestro di musica* to *la signora d'alta nascita*, as he poetically styled her. He possessed a tolerable smattering of English and French, both of which, according to his own report, he had studied with extreme assiduity: this item in his education was the best possible passport to Mrs. Highborn's favour, her knowledge of any tongue except her own being exceedingly limited. Moreover, the fascinating Marquis boasted a pair of speaking eyes, and a graceful

figure, which he took care to set off to the utmost advantage by the elegance of his costume.

The Honourable Percy delighted to while away a few hours on the lake, and on these occasions he was fond of the company of his wife and her admirer, whose voices he imagined sounded extremely well together *al fresco*. One evening the trio were slowly returning towards Como after an excursion to the Villa Pliniana: the Marquis had been more than usually sentimental, and had sung more touchingly than ever his favourite

"Godiamo finche verde
Sorride gioventù,
Il tempo che si perde,
Non tornerà mai più."

It was after a long pause in the conversation, during which the expressive eyes of the handsome Italian were fixed in admiration on the beaming countenance of *la bella Inglese*, as she had been christened by the gallant boatmen, that Mr. Highborn roused himself from his reverie, threw the end of his cigar into the water, and vowed he was infernally hungry.

"Hungry!" echoed his wife. "How can you think of such subjects at such a moment? Have you no soul—no imagination?"

"Bless me, Louisa," replied Highborn, shrugging his shoulders, "you are positively growing worse every day. It was only last week that you persisted in sitting out of doors almost all night, singing *sonatas* and *canzonette*, as you call them, with our friend there. 'Gad, the very recollection sets me sneezing."

"But, my dear Percy, you surely cannot wonder if——"

"No, ma'am, not I. I never wonder now. Ever since I crossed the Alps, I have adopted the very rational habit of taking everything coolly, and being surprised at nothing."

"What is that stone on our left?" inquired Highborn.

"That is to the memory of young L——, an Englishman, who was drowned on the spot some few years back."

"And yet the lake seems so calm, Percy?"

"True, Louisa; but what says the proverb—'Smooth water runs deep.'"

After a well-served repast, in which a plate of the tiny fish of the Lago, resembling whitebait in delicacy of flavour, formed a conspicuous item, Mr. Highborn, according to custom, drew his handkerchief over his face and fell asleep, leaving his wife and the Marquis to entertain each other.

"*Che bellezza!*" murmured the handsome Sicilian in an audible tone.

"Hush, sir!—my husband—"

"He sleeps, adorable one!" pursued the Italian. "Yes, the insensible creature slumbers, regardless of the treasure he possesses. His heart knows not the bliss of poetry or love. Dull as the foggy sky of his own land, he values not the prize he has won; flinty and impenetrable is his soul—"

At this moment the sleepy gentleman sent forth from beneath the handkerchief an inharmonious sound, resembling a grunt, on which the Marquis, fearing he had been overheard, turned pale, and began humming one of his *barcarolles*. Discovering it to be a false alarm, he rose at length from his seat, and resumed his courtship.

"Should thy gentle spirit be linked with such a barbarian? Thou, the loveliest of all nature's masterpieces—thou to be doomed to such slavery! My brain whirls—I cannot think of it. Fly from thy fate, *carissima*—seek in the sympathy of another the balm for thy sufferings! Why do I hesitate? Fly with *me*. I will—"

"Monsieur Stiffen!" announced the *garçon*, suddenly appearing at the door.

"Who?" muttered Highborn, rubbing his eyes, and stretching himself.

"*Diavolo!*" exclaimed the Marquis. "Can it be?"

Further ejaculations were needless, as the door flew wide open, and a gentleman in travelling costume, and apparently just arrived, entered the room.

"Stevens, my dear fellow, is it you?" exclaimed Highborn, shaking the new comer's hand warmly. "Louisa, you know Stevens. I'm delighted to see you. How did you get here? I beg pardon—allow me to present my friend the Marquis de—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Stevens, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, while the Marchese looked anything but comfortable.

"What is the meaning of this, Monsieur?" said the astonished lady.

"Meaning!—ha! ha! ha!" and Mr. Stevens laughed the louder. "To think that such a knowing fellow as Percy Highborn should be so taken in!"

"Taken in!—why, what the d—l!"

"Yes, taken in—duped by a rascally courier."

"A what?" repeated man and wife simultaneously.

"An ex-courier, as great a scoundrel as any unhung," coolly replied Stevens. "I engaged the villain last year at Genoa, and before he had been a week in my service he ran off with half my baggage. But he shall not escape so easily this time. I'll have restitution of my property, or the police shall have him, whichever he pleases."

"Oh! Monsieur, Madame, speak for me, *pardon!*" cried the *ci-devant* Marquis, sinking on his knees.

Before they could answer, the landlord of the hotel appeared, followed by two gend'armes, who without ceremony laid hold of the shrinking suppliant on a charge of robbery.

"Sir," said the *maître d'hôtel* to Highborn, "you are fortunate in escaping from a deep scheme of this poltroon. This very night, in conjunction with an accomplice, who, dissatisfied with his allotted share of the plunder, has betrayed him, he purposed robbing you, and afterwards escaping to America with his booty."

"What is his real name?" said Highborn to Stevens, when the prisoner had been removed.

"The one he gave me was Giuseppe Calabri; but doubtless he had many an *alias*. However, it will be a lesson to you not to trust these fellows so readily. Had you known him long?"

"Only a fortnight. When we first came, he was civil enough in showing us the lions of the neighbourhood, and teaching Louisa the guitar. But, as you say, it will be a lesson to us."

Mrs. Highborn thought so too, but held her peace.

By a paragraph in an Italian newspaper it appears that the fellow was an escaped felon. He was condemned to the galleys for life.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XLV.

The Bills of Exchange.

While Amelia was occupied in settling the accounts of those tradesmen who had been so importunate, Stanley received two letters, of which the contents were to the effect that two bills drawn by him, and accepted by Filcher, each for five hundred pounds, due the previous day, had been dishonoured, and that unless the amounts were immediately paid, proceedings would be forthwith commenced.

On receiving these letters, which were brought by the same post, Stanley's blood became hot; and having resolved to demand an explanation of Filcher, who had promised to destroy these bills, he ordered his cab to be brought to the door with all possible despatch.

Before, however, this could be accomplished, a banker's clerk called, and on producing a pocket-book to which a chain was attached for security, presented another five hundred pound bill — one of Stanley's own acceptances—for payment, which was certainly unfortunate: that is to say, an unfortunate time for such a bill to be presented, albeit the circumstance of bills being brought at the very time they are not wanted, is one which will in all probability excite in the minds of men less and less surprise as they gradually approach the perfection of civilization.

But, although it was in one point of view an unfortunate time for this bill to be presented, in another it was fortunate, inasmuch as Amelia was from home, while the clerk was one of those extremely pleasant persons who deem it correct to fright one's house from its propriety by explaining the nature of such business at the door. In this particular case it was stated with great minuteness to the servant, who, as in duty bound, delivered the message to his master as correctly as he could.

"Gentleman," said he, "called — five hundred pound, sir — bill, sir."

"What!" exclaimed Stanley.

"Gentleman, sir—five hundred pound——"

"Show him up."

The clerk—who evidently prided himself upon his picturesque personal appearance, having rings on his fingers and pins in his stock, while a dazzling watch-guard was laced over his waistcoat with surpassing ingenuity—was accordingly introduced.

"Now, sir; what is the meaning of this?" cried Stanley, darting a look of fury at him. "Come, sir, explain!"

This rather astonished the faculties of the clerk, for he really had nothing to explain, and he said so: he had merely to present a bill for payment, and that was all he either knew or cared about the matter.

"Let me tell you," said Stanley, who, being unacquainted with the

straightforward functions of his visiter, viewed him as one of the Captain's swindling confederates; "let me tell you that this is a most villanous transaction!"

"It may be," said the clerk. "I know nothing of it."

"Don't tell me, sir, you know nothing of it! Where did you come from? Who sent you?"

"I came in the regular course of business!"

"Who sent you?—but why do I ask? You may tell Captain Filcher from me—but I'll tell him myself."

"Then I'd better leave a notice?"

"I'll have *nothing* left! Quit the house!—*instantly*, or I'll kick you to the devil."

The clerk would have smiled, but as the fierce look and violent action of Stanley inspired him at once with an idea that at that particular moment it would be hardly safe to smile, he withdrew with a deep sense of the indignity he had suffered, and left the notice with the servant below.

The cab was now announced, and Stanley, trembling with passion, descended; but he had no sooner got to the door than another banker's clerk came with another bill for five hundred pounds, which so enraged him, that, holding him as he did to be another confederate, he knocked him down violently, stepped into the cab, and drove off without uttering a word.

"Well!" said Bob privately as he mounted behind, "that's the tidiest done thing I ever *did* see! I wonder what's the state of the blessed stocks now? Something smokes—safe! I wouldn't have had that there straightforrard hit at a gift! that's my candid opinion."

"Stop him! stop him!" shouted the clerk, on recovering in some slight degree those senses of which he had been for a moment deprived; "stop him! stop the cab, there! police! police!"

Stanley heeded him not; he in fact scarcely heard him: certainly the impetuosity with which he drove was not ascribable to any apprehension on his part of being overtaken. But the clerk thought otherwise: his firm conviction was, that his assailant was dreadfully alarmed; he therefore put on the steam, and ran with wonderful velocity; and it is really amazing how fast men will run when they believe that they are feared by those whom they pursue.

"It's of no use, my leetle swell," said Bob with great caution, as he turned to view the strenuous physical efforts of the clerk,—"It ain't a ha'porth of use; and it's well for you it ain't; for if you wos to come up with us now, I'd take your odds that when you shaved yourself in the morning you wouldn't know your own mug. I don't pertend to understand the merits of the case; but masters ain't very particular; you'd on'y get victimized more; so you'd better give it up, because, try all you *know*, you wouldn't catch us in a fortnight!"

And this, after a hard run of five hundred yards, seemed to be the opinion of the clerk, for, having exerted himself to that extent with the most exemplary spirit, he pulled up to pant, and then returned to the house, with his noble bosom swelling with vengeance. *He'd* teach him the difference! *He'd* let him see! *He'd* make him pay dearly! *He'd* serve him out sweetly when he caught him! In short, he didn't exactly know what he wouldn't do, and that was a positive fact.

Stanley, who had continued to drive at a slapping pace, soon arrived at the door of the European, when Bob, who considered it expedient

to look out with unexampled sharpness, flew to the head of the horse like a fairy.

The door of the European was open, but nearly the whole of the windows were closed; and as Stanley alighted, the porter, who had been packing up a box in the hall, and who was then the only person in the house, bowed respectfully, but with an expression which seemed to indicate that nothing was to be got out of *him*. And this proved to be the case: he knew nothing. He believed, but couldn't tell. He thought, but didn't know. It was possible that the Captain was living somewhere, but he couldn't tell where; nor could he tell whether the Earl was or was not in town: he might be, or he might not; perhaps he was, but he couldn't say.

The manifestly gross equivocation of this fellow tended to confirm Stanley's fears, and having left him with the conviction that he had been instructed to know nothing, he called upon all whom he knew to have been the associates of Filcher, including Sir William and the Earl; but as from them he was unable to obtain the slightest information having reference to the scoundrel's retreat, he returned home in a state of mind bordering upon madness.

Amelia—who, as she fondly conceived, had been removing every cause of annoyance by paying the bills of her tradesmen, the whole of whom had not only expressed their sorrow at having been compelled to be so pressing, but had earnestly solicited a continuance of that patronage, which they, of course, declared it would be their study to deserve—received him on his return with a smile of joy. She had heard nothing of the presentation of the bills; nor had she—by a miracle — heard a word about the assault which during her absence had been committed at the door; her happiness was therefore undisturbed until she perceived that Stanley, on receiving her embrace, looked haggard and wild, when the delight she had experienced instantly vanished, and her mind again teemed with the most painful apprehensions.

"Dear Stanley, are you not well?" she inquired with an expression of fond affection, mingled with sadness.

"I am not," replied Stanley, in tones which seemed to indicate a broken spirit. "I am not. It will soon pass off."

"I am very sorry that you are not well, dear. What is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing. I shall soon recover. Leave me—leave me."

"Will you not——"

"*Leave* me!" cried Stanley, in a furious tone. "*Why* do you delight in tormenting me thus?"

Amelia looked at him steadfastly for an instant, and then burst into tears; which Stanley no sooner perceived than he embraced and kissed her fondly.

"Forgive me," said he; "I did not mean to speak harshly. You are a dear, good girl. Believe me, I would not afflict you, Amelia, for the world. But I have been much annoyed, my love—very much annoyed. I know that it was cruel to speak to you thus; but indeed I scarcely knew what I said."

Far less than this would have been sufficient for Amelia, who instantly tried to look joyous and gay.

"I know, my dear Stanley," she observed, "that you never intend to speak unkindly to me; of that I am perfectly sure, and I am there-

fore a weak simple creature to attach so much importance to an unkind word; but, my Stanley, I have been so accustomed to associate you with all that is generous, forgiving, and kind, that the slightest reproof from you pierces my heart. *Bless* you!" she added, kissing him passionately, "you are a dear good soul. I'll not stay another moment to tease you; but do look on the bright side, dear Stanley! hope — still hope for the best. You do not know, dear, how happy I am when you are cheerful. Pray—pray do not be dull!"

"I will not," replied Stanley, as he led her to the door. "I'll endeavour, at least, to be calm." And when he had once more embraced her, she left the room, apparently gay, although in reality her heart was filled with sadness.

"Well!" exclaimed Stanley, on being left alone, "what is to be done? What *can* be done? Fool!—fool!—consummate, wretched fool! And yet, who could have conceived it to be possible! How am I to act? How *can* I act? What can I do? Nothing! I cannot expose that villain without exposing myself! For my own sake the matter must not be made public. If the object for which I gave him these bills were to be known, my reputation would be for ever blasted. But surely they'll not attempt to enforce payment! they'll not dare to proceed farther! It is, after all, probably done but to alarm me. Doubtless Clarendale suggested the thing in return for the part I took in that *soirée.* I wish now that I'd not made any stir at all in the matter. However, I must take no more notice of it now. I was a fool not to see through the whole trick before."

Had Stanley been a man of the world, he would have known that bills of exchange were not playthings, and had he known that, he would have known also how to proceed; but, being utterly ignorant of the nature of bills, he, following the advice of Amelia, by looking on the bright side only, buoyed himself up with the idea of their presentation being neither more nor less than a joke. He therefore became quite gay, and during dinner gladdened the heart of Amelia by playfully explaining that he saw clearly then that he had been but the victim of an excellent jest.

Immediately after dinner, however, the servant informed him that a person had brought a private letter, with instructions to deliver it only into the hands of Mr. Thorn, which Stanley thought strange; but, conceiving it to be a communication from either Clarendale or Filcher, he desired his servant to show the messenger in. A person who had evidently seen better days was accordingly ushered into the room; but, on finding that Stanley was not as he had expected, alone, he hesitated, bowed, and looked very mysterious.

"Can I speak with you, sir, in private?" he inquired.

"You have a letter for me, I understand?"

"I have, sir, if I've the pleasure to address Mr. Thorn.

"That is my name. Where does it come from?"

"I'd rather deliver it to you, sir, in private."

"Oh! we are sufficiently private! Here, what is it all about?"

The messenger, although with evident reluctance, handed him the "letter," which was neither directed nor sealed, and which was found to contain nothing—but a writ!"

Stanley's countenance instantly fell. The very moment he saw what it was, the idea of an excellent jest vanished, and he became again enraged.

"Why, you impudent scoundrel," he exclaimed, "what do you mean by bringing this to me under false pretences?"

"It's an unpleasant duty, sir: still but my duty."

"Leave the room!" shouted Stanley, starting up fiercely, and pointing to the door.

"My dearest love!" cried Amelia, throwing her arms round his neck, in a dreadful state of trepidation, "my Stanley!—pray be calm—pray, pray, dear, be calm. Do leave," she added, turning to the messenger, "Do, for *my* sake—pray leave the room."

The messenger accordingly did leave the room; but he thought it very hard, nevertheless, that, after doing the thing as delicately as possible, he should be so unhandsomely treated.

"What on earth is it?" cried Amelia, when this person had left.

"An insult!" replied Stanley, burning with rage.

"Pray do not resent it! But it may be but part of that jest of which you were speaking, after all."

Stanley thrust the writ into his pocket, and drank off five or six glasses of wine; while Amelia, who perceived that it would be inexpedient then to pursue the subject farther, was silent.

Scarcely five minutes, however, had elapsed when the servant again entered to announce the arrival of another mysterious messenger, who had to make a communication of the utmost importance, and of a character so strictly confidential, that to deliver it to any one but Stanley himself seemed to be something bearing the semblance of high treason.

"Bring him in!" cried Stanley, with a reckless air. "If he comes with a legion of devils at his back, bring him in!"

The servant stared as he bowed, for he couldn't tell exactly what to make of it. He evidently held it to be a sort of thing rather unusual, but he nevertheless managed to back out with grace; and having accomplished this feat, he introduced the child of mystery, who stood six feet and some odd inches high.

"Well! what do *you* want?" said Stanley, as this long individual entered.

"Mr. Thorn, have I the honour to address?"

"You have that *honour*."

"I have a document here," said the long person, gravely, and producing a writ, he presented it in form.

"Oh!" said Stanley, "that's it. Will you have a glass of wine?"

The long man bowed, and looked as amiable as if he thought that he really never met with so pleasant a fellow in the whole course of his life.

"You shall have one," said Stanley.

"I feel much obliged."

Stanley filled a bumper, and dashed it in his face.

"Will you have another?" he inquired.

The tall individual shook his head, for he really felt very uncomfortable.

"*Will* you have another?" repeated Stanley.

"No, I'll not!"

"Then be off, or I'll kick you out of the house."

"*Kick* me, and I'll give you a little law. I should only just like to see you do it. Now, then!—here I am!—kick me!"

"Stanley, Stanley!" cried Amelia, restraining him, as he was about to make a furious rush, "*dear* Stanley! — *do* you wish to see me fall

dead at your feet? Go, sir," she added, addressing the stranger, "go, if you are a man!—leave us, or blood will be shed!"

This intimation startled the stranger, who being by no means valiant, retreated; but in his retreat he amazingly blustered about what he would have done had he only been kicked.

"You will break my heart, Stanley," cried Amelia, when the tall man had left, "I am sure you will: I cannot endure it."

"Oh! nonsense!—nonsense!" said Stanley, who, having taken too much wine, assumed an air of reckless jollity. "Ha! ha! ha! ha!—he looked like a drowned devil. I suppose we'll have a few more of them here by and by. But don't be alarmed!—there's nothing to be alarmed at!—nothing—nothing—nothing!"

Amelia, who was convinced by the dark scowl which accompanied the slow utterance of the last word that there was *something* to be apprehended, left the room, with the view of instructing the servant to state, if any other person called, that his master was indisposed, and therefore could not be seen; and having delivered this instruction, she was about to return to Stanley, when a single knock induced her to remain in the hall.

The door was opened. It was a policeman: he had called to serve an assault warrant; and Amelia, whose heart sank at the intelligence, tremblingly begged of him to leave it with her, and assured him that it should have due attention. The policeman consented; and as he was leaving, a notary's clerk came with one of the bills which had been presented in the morning. This also Amelia, who could scarcely sustain herself, wished to have left; but as the clerk declined, on the ground of its being *rather* unusual, she assured him that it should be attended to, and he seemed to be content. Before, however, the door had been closed, another notary's clerk called with the other dishonoured bill, which made Amelia tremble with increased violence. She did, however, manage to falter out the same assurance as that which she had previously given; but, having done so, she instantly fainted.

Stanley was of course unconscious of all this: he was, in fact, unconscious of almost everything then; for having during Amelia's absence proposed to himself innumerable toasts and sentiments,—such, for example, as, "Confusion to Filcher, and all of that kidney,"—the whole of which he, of course, drank in bumpers,—he got on swimmingly in more senses than one; but although, while proposing these toasts, and returning thanks for the persons thus honoured, he appeared to repudiate all thought of care, the recollection of his real position stung him to the soul, and at intervals goaded him almost to madness.

Amelia, notwithstanding restoratives were applied with sufficient promptitude and zeal, was for a long time insensible; and when she recovered, it was but to be tortured by those dreadful feelings which can be understood and appreciated only by those who are capable of conceiving the agony experienced by a fond, gentle, amiable wife, who perceives ruin rapidly approaching her home.

Resolved, however, not to sink before the blow had been struck, she rallied; and, on finding herself sufficiently composed, returned to the dining-room, as Stanley was in the act of returning thanks in his sleep for the ladies, at the head of whom he placed his Amelia, whose virtues he highly and eloquently extolled,

She tried to arouse him; but as every effort failed, she placed a cushion beneath his head, and wept over him, and prayed to Heaven

with irrepressible fervour that he might be blessed, and preserved from all perils, and continued to watch him anxiously till midnight, when he awoke.

His sleep had refreshed him ; but the effects of the wine were still apparent. He was pale and confused, and while his full eyes glared with an unnatural lustre, his language was strangely incoherent and wild.

Amelia ordered coffee, of which he partook, and they almost immediately afterwards retired ; but, while he slept even more soundly than usual, her apprehensions lashed repose from her.

What hours, what miserable hours are those which are passed by the afflicted between midnight and dawn, when the soul is tortured, and the mind is on the rack, teeming with imaginary calamities, which appear in shapes more appalling than if they were real,—when all our thoughts conspire to afflict us,—when we are able to contemplate nothing but that which gives us pain, and when everything in nature seems reposing but our spirit, to which the power of endurance only appears to be allied. Even when the mind is comparatively tranquil, they are the most weary hours that are spent; but when tortured by the conception of impending ruin, they are pregnant with agony. And in agony Amelia passed these wretched hours, of which the silence was broken only by her sighs, while she pressed Stanley closely to her heart, as if to be *sure* that she was not alone.

When the hour at which they usually rose had arrived, Stanley, who had some recollection of what had occurred the previous evening, made his customary apology, which was never on any occasion very elaborate, or drawn out to any great length ; but, although brief, Amelia received it, and sealed her forgiveness, as usual, with a kiss. The intelligence, however, having reference to the warrant she did not communicate then : that she deferred till after breakfast, when she placed the imperative document into his hands, and explained to him the manner in which it had been left.

Having perused it, Stanley smiled, and assured her that it was a thing of no importance.

"But have you committed an assault ?" she inquired.

"I knocked a fellow down at the door. They call *that* an assault, I suppose."

"How *can* you be so rash, dear ? Really you will get into all sorts of trouble."

"Oh ! I'll soon settle that. It's a matter of no moment whatever."

"But what could have induced you to do it ?"

"Oh ! he came here boring about a bill, or something of that sort."

"Then he called again last evening. Two persons called about bills !"

"Two ! What did they say ?"

"They wished to know if I thought they would be attended to, and I told them that they would. Did I do right ?"

"Oh ! yes ; quite right—quite right — they shall be attended to with a vengeance !"

Being summoned to appear before the magistrate at eleven, he then ordered his cab, and, on its being brought, drove to the corner of Argyle Place, where he alighted, and walked to the police-office, at the door of which he was accosted by an officer, who informed him that the

complainant had no desire to press the charge, provided he made him some slight compensation.

"I 'll not give him a shilling!" said Stanley. "Let the thing take its course. I have reason to believe that he is connected with a gang of swindlers, into whose hands, it appears, certain bills of mine have fallen."

The policeman at once beckoned to the complainant, who approached with a pair of remarkably ugly black eyes, Stanley having struck him faithfully between them, and, in reply to a question touching the respectability of his connections, stated that he had been in the employ of the bankers for several years, and that all he had to do with the bill was to present it for payment in the regular course of business.

"Then," said Stanley, "do you mean to say that you know nothing of the parties?"

"Nothing whatever, sir, I assure you. I cannot be supposed to know the parties whose names are on the bills which come into my possession. I had fifty other bills in my book at the time, and I have on the average fifty every morning.

Stanley now perceived that he had made a mistake, and apologised for being so impetuous.

"I am sorry it occurred," said he. "My only excuse is, my utter ignorance of matters of business. What would the magistrate have fined me, had the case been brought before him?"

"Not *less* than three pound," replied the policeman. "The blow was tre-mendious!"

"It was rather severe, I perceive," rejoined Stanley. "How much of that fine would have been yours?"

"Oh! nothing," returned the policeman. "Fines always go to the crown."

Stanley immediately gave the victim five sovereigns, and one to the policeman for conducting the negociation; and, when they had expressed themselves perfectly satisfied, he returned to his cab, and drove home.

During his absence Amelia had had additional cause for alarm. Two other five hundred pound bills had been presented; and the notices, with two "forthwith" letters,—for it really would appear to be illegal for an attorney to send a letter without *forthwith* in it, — announcing the dishonour of two of Filcher's acceptances, were placed into his hands on his return.

This appeared to complete his prostration. Nothing seemed to be needed then either to subdue his spirit or to render his misery perfect. Raving was useless. He knew not how to act. The whole of the bills — eight for five hundred each — had been presented, and on the following day he had writs for them all.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The Elopement.

It having been stated that a certain transfer was about to be arranged between Filcher and the Earl, it will now be correct to explain that the object proposed to be transferred was the Countess.

Clarendale — the minds of whose family he greatly relieved by convincing them that his was a mock marriage only—had been so rallied since the *soirée* affair, that, being at the same time naturally apprehensive of another ridiculous display of dignity, he resolved to get rid of the annoyance if possible, without a public *exposé* being consequent thereon.

The difficulty of accomplishing this at first appeared to be insurmountable. He felt quite sure that if he explained to his victim the atrocious deception he had practised, its immediate proclamation to the world would be inevitable, if even he were to offer a conditional annuity, to cease if the secret were revealed; and being unable to devise any other means by which the object in view was ever likely to be attained, he applied to his friend Filcher, who at once undertook to carry her off, and thus to render whatever claim she might have upon him void.

For Clarendale this was, of course, the very thing. He applauded the notion highly, and having sufficiently flattered the vanity of his friend, by declaring that he believed him to be the only man who had the power to execute the design, he offered to give him five hundred pounds immediately after the elopement.

Filcher, knowing that he had to deal with as great a villain as himself, insisted upon having the money down before he started; and, when this had been agreed to, he laid out his plans.

At first he proceeded with caution; but having touched the right chord, he spoke with due indignation of the Earl's manifest indifference,—denounced him bitterly for neglecting one so amiable, so lovely, and so young,—and explained how she *ought* to be treated, what she *ought* to do and to have, and what every other Countess in the kingdom would *demand!*—without failing to describe how *he* would have indulged her had she been allied to him; and as all this won the approbation of her mamma, whom he viewed as an admirable auxiliar, she soon became perfectly wretched.

Having succeeded thus far, he imagined all secure; and, being anxious to be out of the way when Stanley's bills became due, he arranged all he had to arrange in town, and, notwithstanding he felt well convinced that any open attack even then would be repulsed, fixed the day for their departure.

At his suggestion, the Earl had been absent during three successive nights, and when he made his usual call the day before that on which he had decided upon starting, he listened to an afflicting recital of the fact with due gravity and attention.

"I am amazed," said he, when this had been indignantly dwelt upon both by the Countess and her mamma, with whom he had managed to become an immense favourite, "I am perfectly amazed that a lady of spirit like the Countess should tolerate such horrible conduct. It really appears to me to be monstrous."

"Monstrous!" exclaimed her mamma. "It 's abominable! *I* wouldn't put up with it from any man, not if even he was a bishop! Not I; nor would she, if she was me."

"But how can I help it, ma? What can I do?" cried the Countess.

"Do! Support your dignity! That 's what do! Really you don't seem to me to have a mite of nobility about you. It 's very well he hasn't me to deal with. Do you think that I 'd be mumped up

here in this perdicament; never going nowhere, nor nothing: no balls, no parties, no operers, nor nothing of that?"

"But what am I to do, ma, if he won't let me go?"

"Won't let you go! It's a pity you throwed yourself away upon him: that's *my* belief. But I would go! I'd go, if it was only out of spite!'

"Upon my honour," said Filcher, addressing the Countess, "I really must say that you are to be blamed. You make no stir at all in the world! You have rank, amiability, and beauty, with many other qualities calculated to enable you to shine forth with lustre in the most brilliant sphere, and yet with all these, by heavens! you are scarcely known! I speak now with the warmth of a friend. I should not be a friend were I to conceal the fact from you. Who knows the Countess of Clarendale? Whom does she visit? Who visits her? In what fashionable circle does she move? Where is she ever met with? Where is she ever seen? These are questions which the world *will* ask, and who in the world is to answer?"

"Haven't I said the same thing over and over and over again!" interposed Mrs. Gills. "Haven't I been dinging it into her ears daily!"

"The aristocracy of this country," pursued Filcher, "is composed of the most agreeable people under heaven; and why you, having so many advantages, should deprive yourself thus of their society, in which you would not only impart, but derive supreme delight, I really cannot at all understand."

"*Will* you tell me," said the Countess, earnestly, "what I am to do?"

"Why," replied Filcher, "it may be deemed presumptuous in me to offer you advice; but I should certainly say that you ought to do that which is done by other ladies of title."

"But how do they do? That is what I want to know! Suppose yourself now in my position, and then tell me how you would act."

"Have you ever been on the Continent?" rejoined Filcher.

"Never. I was once going as ladies'—"

"My precious!" exclaimed her mamma.

The Countess blushed, and then resumed. "Yes, I was once going in company with some ladies, but—I didn't go—I never went at all."

"Then, if I were you," said Filcher, "I should in the very first place take a continental tour."

"But how am I to get him to go with me?"

"It is on that very point you err. You expect him to do everything for you, when in reality you ought to do everything for yourself."

"That's it!" exclaimed her mamma. "The very thing I've been a-harping upon till I'm sick."

"Well, but *how* am I to go, if so be he won't take me?"

"Is it absolutely necessary," observed Filcher, "that he should accompany you everywhere?"

"Certainly *not*," said Mrs. Gills. "The less a man is tied to a woman's apron-strings the better."

"But do you mean to tell me now," rejoined the Countess, "that I can take a continental tower alone?"

"Alone!" returned Filcher. "No; that would be entirely out of the question. No lady of title ever travels alone. Your mamma would accompany you, of course."

"But ma can't talk French, you know, any more than me."

"Oh! that would not be of the slightest importance. Of course you would have with you some gentleman who could."

"Ah! — well, I thought you couldn't mean that ma and me should go and run about the Continent alone by ourselves. But what gentleman could we get to go with us?"

"Oh! hundreds would be delighted to accompany you, or any other lady of title. For instance, I think myself of starting for Calais to-morrow, and from thence I shall go to Paris, thence to Italy, Switzerland, and so on; and I am sure you may in any way command *my* services."

"But you don't mean to say that you are going off to-morrow?"

"I am, if nothing of importance should occur to prevent me."

"Oh! how dearly I should like to go too!"

"You would, I am sure, be delighted. Besides, it would be highly advantageous. You know," he added, addressing her mamma, "what an extremely elegant tone a continental trip gives to a woman of fashion."

"In course!—there's nothing like it!" returned Mrs. Gills.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Countess, "I should love to go dearly!"

"Why not, then, make up your mind to go at once?"

"Well, I really have a great mind to ask him to let me."

"The old error!" said Filcher. "Why ask his *permission*? You are not his servant."

"That's just what I tell her," observed her mamma. "If she was only a mere housemaid, she couldn't do more."

"It should always be remembered," said Filcher, "that you are now your own mistress, and that the exalted position you occupy entitles you to have in all matters a will of your own."

"But would it be correct for me to go without asking his leave, or saying a word to him on the subject?"

"Of course! Decidedly! It is done by all ladies of title. It forms one of their chief characteristics. It is, in a word, that very independence which distinguishes them from people of no importance."

"That's it!" said Mrs. Gills. "Independence is the thing! That's what I have always stuck up for."

"If, indeed," resumed Filcher, "you were to make up your mind, you might say, if you happened to see him, 'I am going for a short tour on the Continent with mamma and Captain Filcher;' but should you not see him, why, all you need do then would be to write a note to that effect, and desire your servant to give it to him on his return. But probably you have no desire to travel?"

"Oh! I should love it above all things! Shouldn't you, ma?"

"Certinly, my love: I have always longed to see foreign parts; and I'm sure, as the Captain says, in your present position, it would do you all the good in the world."

"Besides," observed Filcher, "the advantages to be derived from it at this particular time are incalculable; for, independently of the continental tone which the Countess would acquire, and which is of itself an extremely valuable acquisition, her absence from Clarendale just now would have the effect of raising her in his estimation; for it appears to be very clear to me that he does not sufficiently appreciate her value."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Gills; "no more he doesn't. He

don't know what a treasure he's got. I'll say it, although she's my daughter."

"So that you see," resumed Filcher, "that while sustaining her dignity, and deriving all the brilliant advantages of foreign travel, she would be laying the foundation of her importance at home, and extending her influence, as a lady of title ought."

"To be sure she would. It's my notion percisely."

"But lor though if we *were* to go!" exclaimed the Countess. "My patience me, though, what *would* he say?"

"Why, that you were what every lady of title ought to be,—a woman of spirit," replied Filcher. "He would be pleased, I am sure of it, and would have a higher opinion of you than ever. But I beg you'll not allow me to persuade you against your own inclinations."

"Oh, dear me, no! I should, I'm sure, be delighted!"

"I merely throw out the hint as a friend, in the full conviction of its being the only way to bring him to a sense of what is due to you; and, as I *am* going, it will not of course put me at all out of the way; and I am quite sure that Clarendale, when he hears that I am with you, will feel perfectly satisfied of your being well protected."

"But won't it be very expensive?" inquired Mrs. Gills.

"Oh! not at all. You can live on the Continent, you know, for a mere trifle. But I'll manage that. I should like you to go, because I think you would be so enchanted."

"Well, what do you think, ma? Shall we?"

"Why, it's an opportunity that certinly don't ought to be lost, my love, that's what I look at. But then, you see, the mischief of it is, there's no time to prepare."

"The notice *is* very short," added the Countess.

"So much the better," cried Filcher. "It will show that you are not only a woman of spirit, but a creature of impulse!—which is highly important."

"But I think," said Mrs. Gills, "it would be just as well, you know, to name the subject to him."

"Oh! I'd name it to him, by all means, if he came home; but if not, why, it's a thing which in high life is never expected. Look among the fashionable arrivals and departures in any of the daily papers, and you will see that the Duchess of So-and-so started for the lakes. Where's the Duke? Why, in town!—That the Countess of Grogram, for example, has just arrived from the Continent. Where is the Earl? Why, over there. Among the aristocracy these things are understood. They are not like *common* people: they are perfectly independent of each other."

"Oh! I see the distinction," observed Mrs. Gills; "and a very good distinction it is in my mind. It is nothing but proper that people of quality should conduct theirselves distinct from the mere common scum."

"Well, ma, *shall* we go?"

"Oh, I'm *quite* agreeable, my love; and I think we ought to be much obleedged to the Captain into the bargain."

"Not at all," cried Filcher. "Oh, dear me, no — not at all. I shall feel highly honoured."

"Won't it be nice, ma? Won't it be beautiful when we return to say we've been to Paris, and we've been to Germany, and we've been

to Italy, and seen this and that! My gracious me, though, won't it be delicious! I shall be in such a fidget until we are off!"

"I thought of starting at ten to-morrow morning; but if that be too early for you, why we'll say eleven."

"Oh! ten o'clock will do," said the Countess. "Ma and me can be both of us ready by ten."

"Well, then, let me see," said Filcher. "There will be you, your mamma, and myself, — that will be three; my servant and yours will make five altogether. Yes, that will do well."

"Oh! then, I'm to take a servant with me?"

"By all means, I should say. You will find it more convenient."

"Very well. We'll be ready. You'll be sure not to be later than ten?"

"At ten precisely the carriage shall be at the door," replied Filcher, who then took leave, and went direct to the hotel at which he knew the Earl was waiting to hear the result.

"What a nice man!" observed Mrs. Gills, when he had left. "I shouldn't a bit mind marrying such a man as that! He's such a gentleman!"

"That he is, isn't he, ma?" cried the Countess.

"And understands the ways of the nobility so well."

"And such a dear, too, to offer so kindly to 'scort us. I wonder though what my lord 'll say!"

"Oh, it'll bring him to his senses. It'll show him that you ain't the poor speritless thing he takes you for. He'll treat you all the better. As the Captain says, there's nothing in the world like supporting your independence and dignity. It's just what I've always stuck up for. You know I've told you times out of number that you'd only to show that you had a little proper aristocracy about you to get yourself respected in your spere. But come, my precious! we've no time to lose!"

"Well, I hope he'll come home, though, so that we may tell him!"

"Don't bother your head about that. If he comes home we'll tell him: if he don't he don't ought to be told. We'll just leave a note, and then start. All ladies of quality does it, and that's quite enough."

Of course the Earl took especial care not to return. Nor would he even leave the hotel, lest they should, by any accident, see him. He and the Captain dined together, and having passed a jovial evening, separated with feelings of mutual satisfaction.

Punctually at ten on the following morning the Captain arrived in a carriage and four, and was much pleased to find that their minds were unchanged: indeed, they appeared to be more anxious than ever to go —a fact which was chiefly ascribable to the circumstance of Clarendale having been again out all night. Everything was in readiness. They were already dressed; the trunks were packed, and placed in the hall, while the servants were waiting to attach them to the carriage, and when this had been accomplished they started for Dover, without a moment's unnecessary delay.

As the Captain had engaged to take the carriage four stages, they proceeded in the most agreeable manner over Shooter's Hill, through Welling, Gravesend, Dartford, and Rochester, to Sittingbourne. Here they stopped to take refreshment, and here it was that the Captain resolved to execute his design of escaping from the lively society of Mrs. Gills.

Having conducted the ladies into the inn, and given the necessary orders, he left them, and went into the yard, where he engaged two chaises for Canterbury, and called aside one of the post-boys, whose countenance he for some time scrutinized in the most mysterious manner.

"I think," said he at length,—"I *think* that I may trust you!"

The fellow opened his mouth, and scratched his head, and looked as if he didn't understand it: nor did he.

"I do not believe that I am mistaken," pursued Filcher. "I can generally tell by the look of a man what he is; and if I am *not* deceived, I shall put five pounds at once into your pocket, and make you a handsome present on my return."

The man stared, and looked *extremely* concerned! his amazement was unspeakable! he couldn't make it out! Still, in the midst of his consternation he gracefully caught hold of a tuft of ragged hair upon his forehead, with the view of conveying the idea of a most respectful bow.

"I'm *sure* I may trust you," continued Filcher gravely. "I'll therefore explain. I have two ladies with me—one young and lovely, the other old, and very disagreeable. Now the young one — to come to the point at once — I want to run away with, and as with your assistance I can manage it with ease, the only question is, will you aid me?"

Postboys are known by all men of experience to be the most chivalrous dogs upon the road, — the best fellows under heaven to assist in an elopement,— and as this was really one of the true breed, he without hesitation consented.

"Boot," said he, "how be it to be doon? I marn't go the wrong rood!"

"Can't you pull the chaise into some dry ditch?" suggested Filcher, "and there stick for an hour or so?"

"To be sure I can! That's capital, be gum! I never thoot o' that now till you did. I'll do't."

"I may depend upon you?"

"Oh! I'll do't!—I'll do't!"

"Very well. Then let *your* chaise stand first at the door — there must be no mistake about that, — and when you get about half way between this and Canterbury, why there let us pass you, and *then* — you understand?"

"Oh! I'll do't handy, sir; never fear that."

The Captain then gave him five pounds, and returned to the ladies.

"I am sorry to say," said he, on entering the room, "that we must separate until we get to Canterbury. The carriage in which we came must go back, and I can get nothing here but a couple of chaises, neither of which will carry more than two."

"Oh! we shall be able to manage!" cried the Countess.

"I'm at a loss to guess how! You see these machines have no seats outside. It is true, my servant can sit upon the bar; but then, what's to become of yours?"

"Oh! let her ride inside with me!" said Mrs. Gills. "I don't mind, you know!—nobody won't see us!"

This act of condescension was appreciated by the Captain, who, in return, however, simply said, "Well, as you please."

Accordingly, having concluded their repast, the Captain handed Mrs. Gills and the maid into the first chaise with unexampled grace, and when the Countess and himself were duly seated in the other,—to which all the trunks had been attached by his direction, — their journey was resumed.

Entertaining in the extreme was the Captain, while the Countess was delighted as well with him as with herself, and thus they proceeded steadily, until they got to Faversham, where they passed the other chaise, which stopped ostensibly in order that one of the bridles might be slightly re-adjusted.

The Countess waved her hand as she passed, of course, and was recognized by her mamma, to whom the Captain mentally bade adieu, feeling convinced then that all was secure.

Nor was he deceived. On remounting, the postboy, who drove Mrs. Gills, followed with *great* care for nearly two miles, when all at once his horses began to kick, and plunge, and snort, in the most miraculous manner possible.

"Be careful, there's a *good* man!" cried Mrs. Gills, thrusting her head out of one of the front windows.

"Blarm yer! wo!" cried the postboy, backing his horses violently. "Wo! D'yer want to get into the dike?"

And in an instant — in the twinkling of an eye — and with all the ingenuity at his command, he pulled the chaise into a ditch, which contained, instead of water, black mud, thickly coated with chickweed.

"Oh! we shall be drownded!" shrieked Mrs. Gills, and that shriek was duly echoed by the maid, who entertained the same opinion.

"I *thought* what you was up to!" cried the postboy, who was something of a wag in his way. "I knowed you was arter suffin'. What d'yer mean, hay? Ain't the rood wide enow for yer? Blarm yer carcasses! couldn't yer be satisfied arout gettin' into the dike?"

"We shall be killed! — we shall be killed!" exclaimed Mrs. Gills frantically. "Oh! my good man! my dear—dear good man!—pray get us out—*pray* do!"

"Don't be alarmed, mum! — oh! don't be alarmed! There's nothin' bruk! It'll be all right ag'in in a little while, blarm 'em! They *must* get into the dike! I knowed what they was arter! They're about the most warmentest cattle as is. If they ever take anythin' into their heads—"

"Well — well — well! get us out! Pray — pray get us out! Oh dear! I am ready to die."

The fellow then opened the door, and with his aid they managed to alight in perfect safety, when he begged of them both as a favour not to be frightened, and set to work with the apparent view of getting the chaise out of the ditch.

And his efforts were desperate! They were almost indeed superhuman. He reasoned with his horses, and lashed and pulled, while the wheels sank deeper and deeper still, until at length, having dexterously backed into two good feet of consistent mud, he gave the thing up in despair.

"It's o' no use," said he, in a state of steaming perspiration. "It bean't a single ha'p'orth o' use! I *can't* get un out!"

"What on earth are we to do, then?" exclaimed Mrs. Gills.

An idea seemed to strike him. "I have it!" said he; and he had. "Just walk aboot a little bit, ladies, and I 'll just gallop off for soom help."

This was held by Mrs. Gills to be an admirable thought, and he immediately took his horses out, tied the head of the off-one to the wheel, mounted the other, and started back to Faversham for assistance, while the ladies promenaded in front of the chaise, in a horrible state of alarm.

Now, although the fellow went at a slapping pace until he had got out of sight, truth prompts the admission that he was, after that, in no hurry at all. He did, however, manage by dint of perseverance to do the last mile in about fifty minutes; and, having accomplished that extraordinary feat, engaged three stout men, with whom, after having had four pots of ale, he hastened back at the rate of full six miles an hour, until they came in sight of the chaise, when he started off again at full gallop, while the men commenced running as if from a fiend.

By this time the patience of both Mrs. Gills and the maid was as nearly as possible exhausted. To them the man appeared to have been gone a day and a half! His re-appearance, however, cheered their weary hearts; and when he and his men came up breathless and hot, he received great applause for his noble exertions.

They then commenced work, and after having ingeniously experimentalized for about twenty minutes, they happily succeeded in getting the chaise out; and when Mrs. Gills had rewarded the men, and begged of the postboy to drive with all the speed that might indeed be consistent with their safety, they started once more.

The postboy, who then seemed most anxious to prove that his chief characteristic was caution, got his horses fairly into a legitimate jog and explained to them at length what he thought of their conduct with due indignation and point.

Having finished this lecture to his own satisfaction, he began to sing with nearly all the voice he had in him; and thus did he amuse himself, quite at his ease, until he arrived within half a mile of Canterbury, when, in order to finish his work with *éclat*, he treated his horses to a fair full trot, and dashed into the town.

Here immediate inquiries were made for the Countess and her companion; but, instead of finding them there, as she expected, Mrs. Gills ascertained that after waiting some time they had gone on. She therefore instantly ordered a fresh chaise, and followed them to Dover with all possible speed, but her search there was equally fruitless; for the Captain, on his arrival, having learned that a packet would start in an hour for Calais, instructed his servant to take all the luggage on board, which being effected, the Countess, of course, felt compelled in a measure to go on board too. This, however, was not done without great reluctance. She naturally wanted to wait for her mamma. What on earth could have become of her? What could she do on her arrival, when she found that they were gone?

The Captain calmed her fears by explaining that her mamma had in all probability been taken "the longest way round;" that, of course she would be certain to find them at Calais; and that his servant,—to whom he had given private instructions—should remain to attend to her when she arrived; and having thus overruled her objections, they went on board the packet, which left Dover nearly two hours before Mrs. Gills reached the Royal Hotel.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER V.

In which Richard Savage makes a very remarkable discovery, and finds that he has made as remarkable a mistake.

If a man knew precisely when to stand still, and when to go forward, he would, in most cases, be extremely active when he is quiescent, and altogether passive when he is in an absurd hurry. Would that, satisfied with my present position, I had sought to know no further; but, like a good, honest, comfortable worldling, had applied myself to Myte with a praiseworthy (some would call it a servile) diligence, with a view of pushing myself in the world. I may urge that my nature was abhorrent and aberrant from the beaten paths of every-day life,—that Lady Mason, by avowing, while she preserved, the mystery of my birth, had made me unfit for any station by withholding from me a knowledge of the station to which I belonged. Would, then, that she had never tampered with my fortune,—that she had at first consigned me absolutely to Freeman,—that I had been made to believe, and had grown up in the conviction, that I was his child; so had I,—grovelling on in sordid satisfaction, contented as a swine, as fat, perhaps,—grunted through life, another Ishmael Short; or, more wise in my generation, and more despicable, glozed along the slimy track of existence, a second Joseph Carnaby. Vain and bootless wishes; and now I bethink me, no wishes of mine. It is better as it was—and as it is.

A good understanding subsisted between Ludlow and Myte. The latter had long ceased to sell houses, and was in reality a lender of money to great people and young heirs, which latter, he used to say, if they were determined to run through their estates, might as well buy their shoes of him as of anybody else. His transactions, therefore, required no assistance of mine. My days, indeed, were spent in his office, and not unprofitably, for he gave me free access to his library; but my evenings were entirely at my own disposal.

Ludlow came frequently to visit me, and on each successive occasion with an apparent increase of satisfaction. He supplied me with abundance of money, and bade me want for nothing I could reasonably desire, which money might procure. Of daily

wants Myte was a most liberal purveyor; but I soon became anxious to qualify for a pretty fellow: and, accordingly, I recruited and embellished my wardrobe; took lessons in fencing and dancing; sometimes showed myself at a play; frequented a coffee-house of minor pretensions; ogled the women, and made "the passion" my study.

Myte was greatly amused at the gradual change in my appearance and manners. "On my word, Ricardo," he would say, turning me about, "Woful's money looks gay, rolled out into lace upon that coat of thine. You have already turned my Goth and Vandal's brains. They want hoops; and Flusterina will have it so. Hoops! when they get them they must knock them off the tub of Diogenes, and bring me the old cynic's lantern, that I may look after two honest men to take them off my hands afterwards. Get a rapier next, and, the first thing you do with it, pink Jeremiah Woful. A few ounces of blood taken from him would do him much good."

But if Myte was amused, Ludlow was delighted. "That's it—that's it," said he one day; "this is what I always intended, but the bowl, as I may say, was not rolled on the right bias. Do you see much company up stairs?"

"O yes; frequently."

"Young fellows, I suppose, after the daughters?"

"There are two or three who, I dare say, meditate ——"

"Marriage?—um!" said Ludlow; "well; that's no business of ours. Have you seen any one you know, Richard, since you have been here?"

"Whom *do* I know?" I replied.

"I mean," pursued Ludlow, "any one you have seen before?"

"Not a soul."

Ludlow was silent for a short space. "Mr. Burridge has been in town," he said, at length.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and waited upon Lady Mason, who declined to see him."

"Is not that rather extraordinary?" said I.

"I don't know," he returned. He wanted to know where he could find you, but I was forbidden to tell him."

A scene of anger on my side, and pretexts and excuses on his, ensued.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, in a rage, "am I ever to be treated thus? the only man in the world for whom I entertain a respect and affection."

"Except me—except your poor friend Ludlow."

"I except no man," said I, hastily. "You are not taking the right way, sir, to increase my respect, or to retain my affection."

"Oh, but I am," said he, repeating it two or three times earnestly; "and you'll say so."

"When I have cause, I will."

"Cause?" he rejoined, — "cause? The cause will soon be called on, I promise you. What shall we term it, Richard?"

"Freeman *versus* Ludlow," said I.

"Aha!" and his eyes suddenly brightened; "not that — not that; Ludlow *versus* ——; put a dash for the name, Dick,—a dash. I will see you again shortly."

"Half of the three months are gone," I said, calling after him as he walked to the door.

He turned, and nodded his head. "I know it," said he, coming towards me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder. "Perhaps you may know all — *perhaps*, before the other half comes to an end."

He retired with a wise solemnity of countenance, at which I could not forbear smiling. Poor Ludlow! even now, my heart can spare one sigh, more than for myself, for thee!

About ten days after Ludlow's visit, a lady stepping out of a chair, entered the office—the very lady whom I had seen, for a moment, at Lady Mason's house. I laid down the book I had been reading, and advanced from my desk. She started — no, the word is too strong — she drew back her head on perceiving me, and inquired if Myte was at home. I replied that he was.

"Surely, young gentleman," she said, "I have seen you somewhere—not here—but——"

"At Lady Mason's house, madam," I replied.

She *did* start, then; and a gravity took possession of her face. "I remember. You are, then, Ludlow's nephew?" with a forced complaisance. I bowed.

"Will you be so good as to apprize Mr. Myte that I am here?"

"Certainly, madam," and I proceeded to Myte's private office. "Mrs. Bellamy, sir, desires to see you," said I, accosting that gentleman, who was engaged upon an occupation very common with him, namely, carving with his penknife a small hideous head out of wood.

"Mrs. Bellamy!" he exclaimed, laying down the subject of his labours. "And who, Ricardo, is Mrs. Bellamy?"

"I really don't know," I replied.

"Nor I," he returned. "Bellamy? Bellamy? Let 's call in the aid of one's optics. We'll go and see Bellamira. Come along."

Myte fell back a pace or two when he beheld his visiter. "Why, Ricardo," he cried, with an inquisitive side-eye, "who told you this lady was Mrs. Bellamy? Madam," turning to her, with a low bow, "the honour you do me——"

"Will be soon forgotten in the occasion, no doubt," said the lady, smiling. "I have come upon my old business."

"My dear madam," returned Myte in a deprecating tone, "if I had Plutus' mine, my very good friends would exhaust it: nay, it *is* worked clean out."

"You must discover a new vein for me, however, good Mr. Myte," she answered laughing. "But I mistook you for a man of gallantry, sir. Do you keep a lady standing?"

"A thousand pardons!" cried Myte, hurrying to the door of his private office, which he opened. "Be pleased to honour me by walking this way."

As the lady swept past him into his room, Myte faced about towards me, casting up his hands and eyes ruefully; and then, throwing out one foot, and turning round swiftly upon the toe of the other, tottered after her.

I awaited with indescribable impatience the termination of the conference between this lady and Myte. What did Ludlow mean, who must have known better, by calling her Bellamy? Why did he inquire of me whether I had seen any person since I had lived with Myte, whom I had ever seen before? Besides, there was something in her appearance, in her face, in her air, that would have excited my curiosity, and engaged my interest — I think so — had I beheld her under the most ordinary circumstances. Wherefore should Ludlow have withdrawn me from her presence in so abrupt, so alarmed, nay, in so terrified a manner? Why did Lady Mason turn pale and tremble? Why, lastly, was I such a blockhead as to give credence to the wretched story — the lie, which Ludlow, at a moment's notice, had set up, and which had stood thus long?

While I was yet revolving these doubts, the lady and Myte came forth; the latter, bustling forward to hand her to her chair. She regarded me, as she passed, with a look of more than common observation. I returned her gaze, for the first time in my life to a human being, timidly, and with hesitation. There was a fascination in her eye which held me spell-bound. Beautiful she was, but not young. She might be—my heart fluttered in my bosom at the thought — my eyes filled with water — she was gone.

"Do you think," said Myte, returning, "because you are one of the sons of Adam, that his prerogative has devolved upon you of bestowing what names you please; or are you going to take a leaf out of my book, or to snatch my book out of my hands? Bellamy! But what? what? you are ill, Ricardo. What ails you? You're as white as a chamberlain's wand."

I replied that a sudden faintness had seized me, but that I was now better. "Who, then, sir," I added, "is that lady? Mr. Ludlow told me her name was Bellamy."

"Epigrams upon a tombstone!—Woful turned wag!" cried Myte: "*I* call her Semiramis; she's as proud as the Queen of the Assyrians,—as high as the tower of Belus. Common mortals call her Brett—Mrs. Brett."

"Do you not think her a very fine woman, sir?" I inquired.

"Pandora's box looked like a casket," answered he. "If I were to tell you her history — but, Lord! Ludlow has done

that, no doubt, and called her Bellamy to conceal the relationship."

"Related to Ludlow!" cried I, in amazement.

"I hope Jeremiah has worthier kin," said he. "No—to Lady Mason—she is Lady Mason's daughter."

Oh, Ludlow! I cursed him at that moment. "No more related to Lady Mason than you to her." He had said this. Lying rogue! And yet, what, after all, if he had spoken truth? I was in an agony to learn all that Myte could communicate. "Pray, sir," said I, "tell me the history of this lady."

Myte, having seated himself, had thrown his leg over his knee, which he was smoothing with his hands, preparatory to the expected narrative, when a young gentleman walked into the office. I wished Mr. Langley, for that was his name, in a certain place, which, perhaps, will never receive him, for his ill-timed visit.

Mr. Langley was a gay young fellow about town, heir to a good estate and a baronetcy, of considerable collateral expectations, with a tolerable figure, good teeth, and great vivacity, which he mistook for wit. He was a frequent visiter at Myte's house, and the very humble servant of Madam Margaret, whom her father with good-natured injustice, termed "Goth," and who, countenanced by her mother, graciously received Mr. Langley's attentions,—attentions which Myte himself could not, or would not see.

"My dear '*multum in parvo*,'" cried Langley,—"thou 'sunshine in a shady place,'—I want a ray of beneficence from you. Shine out fifty pieces, or I am undone."

"I can't, Alcibiades Wildgoose," returned Myte, looking up, with his foot in his hand. "Can't. Mrs. Brett has been here, and has shorn me of all my beams. I 'm as dull as a pewter platter."

"Hang her! syren," said Langley; "as gay and extravagant as ever. But what am I to do? If I run after the Israelites I shall soon be, like Pharoah and his host, under water."

"Borrow of the wandering Jew," answered Myte; "he must have saved money by this time, or the devil 's in it."

"Nay, if the devil 's in it," retorted Langley, "he has got it by him. Can you help me to a knowledge of his residence?"

"Somewhere in the Mint," said Myte. "But, to be serious, do you call the life you lead pleasure?"

"Why not? Ask Freeman. What do you say, Dick?"

"Toiling in a perpetual round," continued Myte; "running fruitlessly after happiness, when, if you stand still, you have it. I say, Wildgoose," he added, "did you ever see a kitten in pursuit of its own tail? round and round goes the little devil, now on one haunch, then on the other, gravely kicking and grinning, and all for what? Why, if it sat still, there 's its tail under its nose. Now, that 's the 'moral' of a young fellow of pleasure."

"I take you," said Langley. "But did you ever see an old cat sitting with its nose on a level with the knob of the poker? There it sits, winking and blinking—now a purr—now a sneeze —then a chasm of a mouth—then a cushion of a paw rubbed over face and ears—presently a long doze, and after that a long stretch, with an inverted semicircular back, and a hind-leg stuck out, as though it wanted to get rid of it. Now, that's the 'moral' of an old fellow who thinks himself happy. Come—come, let me have the fifty pieces."

"If," exclaimed Myte, "you were to cut me into fifty pieces, and could make a little Daniel Myte out of every one of them, and were to send all of them prancing about town to raise the money in my name, it would be of no avail. I tell you, you can't have it. I'll stand godfather to your extravagance no longer. What, if the old gentleman were to come to me, saying, 'Daniel Myte, Daniel Myte, why do you lend my son money which is to be paid down on my coffin-plate?' What should I answer to that?"

"This," said the other. "Everard Langley, Everard Langley, why have you not an eye to see your son's merit, and why don't you make him an allowance worthy of a man of his figure? If you did, Daniel Myte would keep his money, and your son wouldn't have to melt down your coffin-plate, which, if you don't mind, he'll be compelled to do. That speech would go far to melt *him*, Daniel Myte. Are the ladies at home?"

"They are," answered Myte, "and I intend they shall remain so."

"Well," said the other, "I'll but pay my compliments to them, and be gone. Your servant, Myte; yours, Dick."

"When a man wears red-heeled shoes, and carries a cane at his wrist,"* observed Myte, after Langley was gone, "I give him up. I should like, Ricardo, to exercise the cane over the shoulders of such pretty fellows—fellows of fire, as they call themselves; I'd make 'em take to their red heels. A pity, too; the man's not without sense or spirit."

I should probably have forgotten this trivial talk long since, but that the critical time at which it took place has made it inseparable in my memory from the conversation that preceded and followed it.

"Would you oblige me now, sir," said I, "by telling me all you know about Mrs. Brett? I am quite curious," I added, with as much calmness as I could command, "to hear her history."

"I had forgotten Semiramis," cried Myte. "I wish she

* To wear red-heeled shoes, and to be an adept

"In the nice conduct of a clouded cane,"

which was carried suspended from the wrist, were the prevailing coxcombries of the "pretty fellow" of the days of Queen Anne and George I. Hogarth has seized, and conveyed him to his canvass, where he exists, life-like, for future generations.

could be brought to forget me. Why, Ricardo, that woman, some years ago, was Countess of Macclesfield; aye, you may stare—a Countess. Well, sir," and here he looked into my face some seconds before he resumed, "to what a pitch human assurance — shocking, hideous impudence — may be carried, was only conjectured, nay, perhaps never imagined by mankind before, till she exemplified it!—What do you think that woman did?"

I was surprised and shocked, and answered nothing.

"What do you think she did?" he repeated in a measured tone. "Can you conjecture?"

"No, sir."

"No, sir," said Myte assentingly, "and no sir ever could, of his own mind, or madam either. Some months before she brought her child into the world, she declared, voluntarily, — with a voice like a human being, not a fiend as it should have been,—and with a face without a vizard, that her child, then unborn, was not the child of the Earl of Macclesfield, but of Earl Rivers."

"Earl Rivers!" I exclaimed involuntarily,—"what! the fine house in St. James's Square?"

"Yes, the fine house," said Myte; "he lived in a fine house; but he 's lately gone to a house not nearly so fine, where he does *not* live."

"And was it the child of Earl Rivers, sir?—a boy?"

"Who was its father, and what its gender, I don't know," returned Myte; "but I beg her pardon,—I believe she spoke the truth as to the paternity. A few months after the birth of the infant, the Earl of Macclesfield succeeded in getting a divorce; her fortune was returned to her, and she shortly after married Colonel Brett; and that 's the end of my story. If you want to know more, Woful 's your man." So saying, Myte betook himself to his own room.

It was a relief to me that he did so. Everything concurred, when my mind acquired sufficient serenity to enable me to compare and combine the several circumstances before me, to the conviction that I was that child. It must be so. I had seized my hat, and was hurrying away to Ludlow, when it occurred to me that I had best unwind this ravelled skein myself. Ludlow and Lady Mason were in a plot, not against me alone, but against my mother. I did not reason why it should be so; or, rather, I did not labour that thought. I felt, at once, that no human motive could be assigned for such atrocity of wickedness — and yet the suspicion arose again and again. Feelings that I had never before known began to stir within me. A mother—and such a mother! I was thinking of her beauty, then, —her grace — her sweetness; but presently all that Myte had said returned to my memory. And what was there in his story? He was violently prejudiced against her; doubtless by Ludlow,

the emissary of her relentless and persecuting mother, who had wrested me by force from her maternal arms. Grant the first shame — the wrong done to her husband — all else was noble. She might have imposed me—*me*—for Richard Freeman it was —upon her husband as his own child,—she might have remained a Countess, and retained her reputation. She loved him not; but she would not do him a dishonour, even though it should be known to herself only: rather than that, she had brought dishonour upon herself, to be known to the whole world.

I cannot control the smile with which my lip is now writhing, while I recal the fond impulse that determined me to cast myself at her feet. Yes—it should be the study of my life to make reparation to her for the infamy which innocent I had brought upon her. My presence, so long anxiously sought, (that notion entirely possessed me,) should solace and sustain her declining years. I would dedicate my life to her. I would be her devoted and very humble servant. Ha! ha! ha!—nothing but laughter will do for it — laughter in which I hope all such will join who have lungs and leisure for the ebullition, as have deemed the sign of the tavern a symbol of the entertainment to be found within, and having drunk vinegar instead of wine, have reckoned without their host, into the bargain.

I was tempted, when next I saw Myte, to put one or two further questions to him.

"Pray, sir," said I, "do you know what became of that child?"

"What child?" asked Myte. "Lord! how the booby stares! One of the children in the wood, or the babes in the Tower? 'That child?' Do you mean that child with two heads shown at Smithfield some years since? When one of its heads fell off by accident, the Merry Andrew picked it up, and put it in his pocket, saying it was a serviceable trifle, and would be wanted again at Epping, next day."

"No, sir," I replied, "I meant the child of Mrs. Brett."

"You take a deep interest in Mrs. Brett," said Myte. "Brett and brat are alike indifferent to me, Ricardo. The child died."

My heart sank within me. "Died, sir? are you sure the child died?"

"Well," said Myte, with an oblique eye, "as I am neither a doctor nor an undertaker, I didn't help to kill or bury it. Ludlow told me, many years ago, that the child was dead."

"Do you remember, sir," I inquired hesitatingly, "how many years it may be since the divorce of the Earl of Macclesfield from Mrs. Brett? I ask merely out of curiosity."

"So I suppose," returned Myte; "most questions have their origin in curiosity. But I do remember that. It was in the March of the year in which Aunt Judith died, who stood godmother to Vandal, and who, like many ladies who have nothing to do, interested herself greatly in what didn't concern her; for

instance, this divorce, of which she was always chattering. 'Divorce!—divorce!—divorce! Oh! the shocking creature! Oh! the unhappy gentleman!' I thought she'd have divorced my soul from my body. It was worse than James the Second and the Pope. I had had that so many years that I had grown callous. I do assure you, Ricardo, I couldn't feel her loss so acutely as I might have done had this divorce never come to pass. So far I owe Semiramis something."

"In what year was that, sir?" I inquired.

"In the year sixteen ninety-eight."

The very year! And they had told my mother I was dead; and she believed it. But we should be more than a match for them, yet.

"Mrs. Brett lives in the neighbourhood, sir?" said I.

"Not a child's trot off," answered Myte. "I wish it were a giant's stretch. Hard by—just round the corner, in the next street."

I awaited the approach of evening with the utmost anxiety. I would see her—I would discover myself to her, and baffle the plans with which Lady Mason and her worthy coadjutor were teeming. So entirely had a belief of Ludlow's treachery possessed me, that I utterly overlooked certain otherwise obvious circumstances of his conduct that might have inclined me to a contrary opinion. At present, it appeared to me that they had been putting me off with promises, in order to gain time for the concoction of a plausible falsehood, by which it was designed, not only to conceal from me the secret of my birth, but, by the inducement of bribery, to prevail upon some obscure person to own and claim me, and so shut the door against future complaints or proceedings on my part. Two or three times I had resolved upon writing to my mother—endearing name! by which, in my early years, although conscious of its falsity, I had been taught to address, and as I now for the first time knew, to honour the persecuting and intolerable Mrs. Freeman. But, how could a letter—made up of set conventional phrases, of lifeless, inarticulate words—express the feelings that were throbbing in my bosom, and which my living presence alone would enable me to transfer to hers? Judging of her emotions by mine, I conceived and dwelt upon the rapture with which she would fold to her heart a son the more endeared to her by his wrongs, akin and equal to her own. Surely, the long-imagined dead must be welcomed with a fervour of affection such as may be conceived to glow through spirits when they meet once more in heaven!

Nor did these tumults in any degree subside as the time drew near for presenting myself before her. A strong imagination supplied the deficiency of those feelings, which only expand and mature under the sense of maternal love—of a mother's watchful care—of a parent's anxious protection; and when, at length,

I left Myte's house, having habited myself in my best apparel, and proceeded towards the dwelling of Mrs. Brett, I believe I experienced at the time some such yearnings of the soul, and palpitations of the heart, as a long-absent son may be supposed to feel, returning to a mother whom he had loved from his infancy, and whom in his infancy he had been taught, and had known cause, to love.

It was not, however, till I got to the door, that I bethought me of the probable effect so sudden and unlooked-for a discovery must produce upon the delicate constitution of a woman. Here, again, my imagination was at work to magnify the consequences of my visit, and, perhaps, to palliate to myself the weakness that absolutely overwhelmed me, causing my fingers to withdraw from the knocker, and my feet to betake themselves to the other end of the street. During some hours I wandered up and down, on the opposite side of the way, looking wistfully at the house as I passed and repassed it, striving to extract resolution from the steadfast bricks and mortar which each successive time looked more awfully prohibitory. Ought I to be ashamed to acknowledge that I went home that night as wise as I came, satisfying myself with excuses for my pusillanimity, which I had occasion to make use of on the next night, and on the next.

I saw her once in the course of these perambulations. She came for an instant to the window. Her back was to the light, so that I could not distinguish her face; but her figure was not to be mistaken. Upon this occasion I was so agitated, that when I recovered myself I resolved, and fortified my determination with an oath, that on the following evening I would make my way to her feet. I could no longer bear this state of suspense.

I was there at the accustomed time, at my old spot, opposite the house. Again I beheld her at the window. She was gorgeously attired — I conjectured for an assembly; and looked out, as though observing the night. Presently a footman opened the street-door, and ran to the corner. He was gone to engage a chair. No time was to be lost. He had left the door open. I crossed the way, and entered the house. Not a soul in the hall, or on the staircase. The door of the room was partially open. I glided in, how I know not—nor did I approach her and throw myself at her feet, as I had intended; but I stood stock-still, — no, not so: still, that is to say, silent; but trembling violently.

I think I must have looked wofully white, for when Mrs. Brett saw me, she uttered a half-scream.

"Who are you, sir?" at length she said imperiously. "What do you want? You should have knocked before you entered the room. Were you admitted by the servants?"

I took courage, and approached.

"Ha! I see — Mr. Myte's young man — Ludlow's nephew: what is your business here, young gentleman?"

I fell upon my knees before her. "Bless me, madam."

"Bless you!" she exclaimed with a laugh. "Bless *me*, boy! what is the meaning of this? Why do you apply to me? What can I do for you?"

"Bless me, madam!" I repeated. "You see before you your son—I am your son."

"You are a mad-brained youth, who deserve a whipping for your impertinence," she said, after a minute's pause, and she laid her hand upon the bell-rope. "Rise, you young fool, and go away; or my people shall take you where you will be well punished. This is one of your master's sorry jests—insolent old coxcomb! Rise!" stamping her foot.

I found my feet and my tongue too. The worst was over, and I was not to be so repulsed. Snatching her hand, I said, "Nay, but hear me, madam; you must—you shall hear me. This is no jest—it is the truth. I am your son—the son you have so long believed dead."

Her lips were parted for a scornful laugh,—her eyes dilated,—her brows raised; and then she saw me—gazed at me—into me. An unmoved eye confronted hers. A sudden change—a change as ghastly as sudden. There was paint upon her cheeks, and on her lips—the rest was ashy.

"Good God!—good God!" she exclaimed, not smoothing, but dashing the hair from my forehead. "It cannot be. Who are you?"—quickly—"you are Ludlow's nephew."

"Your son, madam," I replied,—"your son, as there is truth in heaven. Lady Mason knows it. Ludlow can vouch for it, and shall be made to do so. Lord Rivers ——"

I had scarcely uttered the name when she franticly flung me from her.

"Base, unheard-of imposture!" she cried, her eyes flashing as she spoke. "He shall answer it—Ludlow shall answer it, I say. Hence, at once, or I will alarm the house."

Again my eye caught hers, and again she scanned me, drawing herself up proudly. "Cunning, clever tool of an awkward journeyman," she said contemptuously. "If he knew how to use you! but he does not. You will cut his fingers, fellow,—or I will."

"You do him wrong, madam," said I, hastily, "if you mean Ludlow. He knows not of my visit here,—he is ignorant of it, and that I have made this discovery."

By this time, she had completely regained her self-possession. I watched her face. It was calm, cold, and malignant. She rang the bell violently, slowly nodding her head to me, as she did so.

"We will make another discovery between us, young gentleman," she said; "we will discover whether my house is my own or no." She heard feet upon the stairs. "Help! murder! thieves! Lucas! John! where are you?"

I cast myself at her feet. "For heaven's sake, madam, if you will not own, do not endeavour to degrade me."

"Where are my servants?" she said, (what a hideous face it was at that moment!) addressing a little girl about twelve years of age, who ran into the room.

"I hear them coming, madam," answered the girl. "What is the matter?"

"A thief has broken into the house. Oh! you are come at last?" turning to two brawny rogues as they entered. "Secure that young robber."

The fellows laid hold upon me, and began to pull me zealously about the room.

"Oh, madam!" interposed the girl, "he is not a thief: I know he is not. He is a young gentleman. You did not mean to rob, did you, sir?"

"I am no thief," I cried, breaking from the men who held me, "and she," pointing to Mrs. Brett, "knows that I am not. She *shall* know that I am ——"

"Silence him! away with him!" vociferated Mrs. Brett.

"Shall we give him to the watch, my lady?" said one, seizing me by the throat.

"Yes—no," she answered, "turn him out of the house. He will not repeat his visit, I dare say," she added, with a shocking smile.

"Do not hurt him, Thomas," cried the little girl; "you will strangle him."

"He's kicking my shins to splinters, Miss," remonstrated Thomas, dragging me, with the assistance of his fellow-servant, to the door.

What could I do against the well-fed villains who now forced me from the room with blind impetuosity, precipitating my head as they did so into the stomach of an old gentleman who had been listening on the landing.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Lucas," cried the more strenuous of the two, "we have got a thief."

"What! eh? what! what!" cried the old man, heaving and panting. "A thief! No such thing. He's Mr. Myte's youth. I've seen him there. A thief! He's nearly stolen all the breath out of my body, if that's being a thief; and I haven't much to lose. My lady is mistaken. I must let her know who he is. Stay where you are," and the old gentleman walked into the room.

"A pretty business this," said one of the men to the other, as they waited for orders, wiping his perspiring face, "thief-catching must be hard bread."

"And keeping when you have caught," returned the other, —"that's all crust."

Lucas now came out of the room, closing the door after him. "Let him go quietly now," he said. "You have terrified Mrs.

Brett very much, young man," he added, turning to me: "but you won't do so again—eh? what! what!—no, you won't."

"They will treat me with more respect when I come a second time," said I, "and so will she—your mistress, and yours, fellows."

"Ay, ay, so they will, so they will," said the old man, putting my hand quietly between his own. "You 're no thief; no, no, no: but you robbed me—he! he! he!—of my breath; you did, you did; and now you 're going to rob us of your company, ain't you? So, so, so."

And the old man led me down stairs, and tottered through the hall to the street-door, which he opened.

"Hark'e, young man," said he, first cautiously looking round, lest he should be overheard, "I shall see you again, eh? — soon, soon, soon; at Mr. Myte's: you 've seen me there: yes, yes."

"Once, I believe I have, sir," I replied.

"You shall see me again, eh? again, again. I want to speak to you." This he said confidentially, nodding his head. "Good night! eh? your hat 's wrong end foremost; put it right; ah! that 's right. We heard more than you thought for — I and Miss Elizabeth—in the next room, eh? — folding-doors, with a wide opening. Walls have ears, and so have I; and little pitchers have long ears; eh? long ears — sharp ears. Mum — mum. Good b'ye; good b'ye."

So saying, the old man winked a watery eye, placed a shrivelled finger on the side of a peaked nose, and closed the door against me.

CHAPTER VI.

In which a scene takes place too important to be lightly passed over. With Ludlow's appearance in a new character.

I DARE say the reader, whoever he may be, will agree with me in the opinion that I followed a very foolish course, when, without ceremony or introduction, I intruded myself into the presence of my mother, and importunately and inopportunely claimed her blessing. But, let such reader reflect that I was profoundly ignorant of the art by which a mother's affections are to be come at, — that I had no precedent whereby to direct myself, — that, in short, my own feelings in the matter being factitious, suggested a line of action of a surprising and artificial character. Having reflected upon these points, he will then, perhaps, also agree with me, that the folly of my conduct was only to be determined by the result.

It was a folly, however, that as soon as I recovered the free exercise of my faculties, I made a solemn vow (but there was little occasion for that) never to repeat. The rough treatment I had met with at the hands of her menials had shaken all the ten-

derness out of my nature; and had Mrs. Brett ventured forth to her chair, which was waiting for her reception, while I lingered about the premises, I am not sure that I should not have whispered—it may be, hallooed a word or two into her ear that might have savoured less of sentiment than of revenge.

My rage must find vent somewhere; it was directed to Ludlow, who had been the cause of my disgrace. To him, therefore, I made all speed. I found him at home, deeply engaged over his lady's accounts.

"Well, Mr. Ludlow," said I, without needless preface, as I walked up to his table, "here am I again — once more in Lady Mason's house."

He looked up. "Good Heavens!" he cried, "what 's the matter? You appear discomposed, — your dress disordered,— your face flushed. Have you been fighting?"

"Yes," I replied, "with a fury, and have had a mauling for my pains. I have been to see Mrs. Bellamy."

"Who 's Mrs. Bellamy?" inquired Ludlow innocently.

"Oh! I thought you knew her: she has vast influence here. She has been called Countess of Macclesfield; afterwards, and for the second time, Mistress Mason; now Mrs. Brett; ever, my mother—my excellent mother, Ludlow."

Ludlow sprang from his seat while I was saying this, overturning inkstand and account-books.

"Who told you that?" gasping. "Gracious powers! how came you to know—a—a—a—seen her, did you say? how? where? what?"

"At her own house," I replied; "but why this terrible agitation?" for he fell back in his chair, overpowered.

"Not at all—agitated," he said, with a grim smile, or rather, grin. "Well?"

"I went to crave her blessing — told her who I was — said that ——"

"You did?" exclaimed Ludlow with a sort of scream, "how came you to know?—yes—well—"

"She repulsed me with scorn and indignation,—rang for her fellows ——"

"Kicked you,—trod upon you,—tried to murder you," Ludlow broke in, and he jumped out of his chair, shouting, "It 's out—out—all out. Now Heaven have mercy upon every one of us,—it 's all out."

I thought he had gone distracted, and became alarmed. I seized him by the arm.

"But mind," he continued hastily, "I did not tell you this. You can swear not a word passed these lips, — you must swear that. By all the angels and saints in Heaven, I never breathed a syllable—never would have breathed a syllable ——"

There was a terrific knocking at the street-door, succeeded by as violent a ringing of the bell. Up went Ludlow into the air.

"God of Heaven!" he said, clasping his hands, "her knock! —she's come! what shall I do? what shall I do?"

He rushed to the door of the room, which he opened, and pulling the key with inconceivable swiftness from the outside, thrust it into the lock, and fastened us in.

"Hush! hush!" he cried, listening at the door. "Where are you, Richard?" and he extended his hand behind him, as though feeling for me. I advanced. He griped me by the arm. "Keep with me, Dick," he whispered; "do I tremble much? not much, I think. Hush!"

The door was opened. A quick rustling of silks through the hall. "Your mistress is in her own room?" It was Mrs. Brett's voice. We heard her ascend the stairs rapidly.

"There'll be high words presently," said he, looking back. "What if we get our hats, and make off—just for a walk—eh?"

"I'd not stir an inch for an empress," I replied. "I'm glad she's come."

"Are you?" he rejoined. "What a spirit you have! So am I glad—at least, I ought to be so. Do you know, Dick, when I was a boy—a country boy—I was benighted on Corley Moor. A storm came on. Well, I saw a tree—there was but one—all waste around—the lightning showed it to me. Well—well—the lightning came down, and played around it, and about it, and seemed to lick the trunk, and run along the branches; and presently down came a thunderbolt—down it came, and clove the tree asunder. Down I fell, like a stone."

"Well, and what of that?" I inquired. "Here you are—none the worse."

"What of that?" said he. "I don't know; only, somehow, this reminds me of it."

I could not forbear laughing in the pitiable face of the narrator. "Pish!" said I. "Courage, Ludlow: this is a storm that'll soon blow over. What part do you purpose playing in this tempest—tree, or thunderbolt?"

"Ha! ha! very pleasant!" cried Ludlow vaguely; "perhaps both. Whew! They're at it."

And so they were,—rather, so was Mrs. Brett. Her voice was heard above, in what Ludlow called a "towering" passion, and a rapid footstep overhead told us she was pacing the room vehemently. Presently, a loud alarum of the bell. A servant obeyed the summons. We heard the door open.

"Mr. Ludlow! Mr. Ludlow!" The servant ran down in haste. "You are wanted immediately, Mr. Ludlow," he said, knocking.

I opened the door, while Ludlow staggered back into a chair.

"You're wanted, it seems," turning to him.

"Coming, Nat,—coming," said he, jerking his head backwards.

"Fetch up a good heart," said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "what! afraid of an angry woman? One would think you had once had a scold for a wife."

Ludlow sprang upon his feet at this. He drew a long breath, —plucked at his cravat, and laid out the cuffs of his sleeve.

"Go with me, Dick," he said; "stand by me. I shall want you."

"I mean to do so," I replied, drawing him on, — "a dutiful son, ever anxious to attend his mother."

"That 's right! — that 's right!" returned Ludlow. "Here we go."

How I got him up stairs I know not. He hung back sadly as we approached the landing. The door was partially open. I drew him forwards.

"Will the man never come?" said Mrs. Brett, as we were about to enter. "I am in haste to go; and must not be kept all night. This delay, madam, might suffice to assure you that the fellow is a false and cowardly knave, — willing, indeed, to play the villain, but weak in the execution of villany."

On hearing this, regardless of Ludlow's objugatory and yet pitiful face, which during Mrs. Brett's speech he had directed towards me, I took him under the arms, and fairly thrust him into the room.

"Oh! you are come at last?" cried Mrs. Brett; "now, my good man, step forward, and let us hear the notable story that brain of thine has fashioned."

A painter should have seen the woman at that instant. She dazzled—almost daunted me. Lady Mason was dreadfully pale and agitated, —her clasped hands upon her knees,— her glance eagerly bent upon Ludlow. Her daughter stood by the side of her chair,—her majestic figure drawn up to its full height. Her arms were crossed over her bosom, — her fan playfully smiting her chin. Such scorn upon the beautiful lip! such indifference in the half-closed eyes! On my soul, I could have loved her then. I was proud of my mother.

"I must not hear my servant insulted," said Lady Mason: "his story is true, — no recently-invented tale. It is not my fault, nor his, I dare to say it, that this secret has been discovered. Oh Anne! you have overborne me with a high hand; but it has come home to you at last."

"See!" cried Mrs. Brett, not heeding her, "what a sneaking hound it looks, with its puppy by its side. Art dumb, dolt? Open that frightful mouth, and speak thy speech, and make thy bow to thy mistress, and begone with thy creature."

"I am no creature, madam," said I, firing. "Whatever baseness belongs to me, I derive from you."

"Ha!" she exclaimed, eyeing me with a pleasant smile; "well-schooled, madam. This nephew will make his uncle's fortune before he gets his neck in a halter."



Mr. Brett interrogating Lialla

London. Richard Bentley, 1841.

"Speak out," said Lady Mason to the gasping Ludlow; "tell this proud woman,— convince her, if you can, for I cannot, — that she is mother of that boy."

Ludlow opened his mouth, and committed himself to speech, with a voice so loud as to startle all of us — himself of the number.

"Now," he cried, "as God made me! — as He is at this moment my witness,—as He will one day be my judge,—that boy, Mrs. Brett, is yours."

"Some human witness, good Mr. Ludlow; some living witness, worthy Mr. Ludlow; if it be not too troublesome a request," said Mrs. Brett.

Ludlow cast a glance towards her. I was surprised to observe it was not one of fear.

"Your ladyship," he said, turning to his mistress, "can testify that it was in obedience to your orders I delivered the infant to he care of Mrs. Freeman. It is for your ladyship to tell her —her," pointing to Mrs. Brett, "why you thought it necessary to impose upon her the belief that the child was dead; why you bound me by an oath never to reveal to the child who were its parents."

"True — all this is true!" cried Lady Mason. "I will not now tell you, Anne, why this imposition was practised."

"And why not?" said her daughter, hastily,—"if there *was* an imposition. That there *is*," she added, "I need not that fellow's oath to the contrary to believe."

"Do you doubt me, too?" cried Lady Mason reproachfully. "I say that I will tell you when we are alone."

"Leave the room, you two," said Mrs. Brett.

"Not now: I cannot tell you now."

"Strange relations, here!" exclaimed Mrs. Brett, with a scornful laugh. "I shall begin to doubt, madam, whether *you* are *my* mother. Credulous woman!" she seized Lady Mason by the shoulder. I thought she was going to shake her. "Credulous woman! that can permit this servant, this sorry rogue of yours, to overlay your easy brains with a figment borrowed — stolen from a grandam's book."

"It is all truth—very truth!" exclaimed Lady Mason, bursting into a passion of tears. "Leave me, I entreat. I cannot longer bear this."

"It is all truth," repeated Ludlow. "The orders of my mistress were exactly obeyed. Richard, I never told you this? No. Not even Mrs. Freeman, the woman who brought him up,—my sister, my own sister,— not even she knew the parents of the child."

"Your sister?" said Mrs. Brett: "where is she? Let her be produced. Something may be made of her, if you have quite done with her, my good man."

"She is dead, madam," said Ludlow.

"*Her* child, by Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Brett quickly. "Oh, madam! do you not see through this? But, no; you are right; you cannot bear these scenes. Retire—or I will. The story will keep till to-morrow. We shall then decide whether this wretched rogue is to continue to enjoy your concurrence to his base imposture."

"No base imposture," said Ludlow. "Look upon him, madam; let the world see him, and decide whether he is not your son. His face bespeaks that he is: his spirit assures it: his spirit, madam, so like your own. Surely you will acknowledge him?"

"Slave!" cried Mrs. Brett.

"I am sure you will," persisted Ludlow. "I know that you will love him. Oh! your ladyship," addressing his mistress, "before your good daughter leaves you, prevail upon her to take to her arms a son so worthy of her."

This speech from Ludlow! I was astonished, and turned to him for explanation. There was an expression in his face I had never seen before. He repeated his request; and then I detected a sneer beneath his words, and an insolent malice in his eye.

"Lady Mason," said Mrs. Brett, stepping shortly up to her, "your menial shall repent this indignity."

"Indignity!" cried Ludlow, "I did not mean ——"

"Mean?" echoed Mrs. Brett,—"mean?—mean wretch! I thought you had known me too well, years ago, to dare ——"

"Oh, madam!" interrupted Ludlow. "I knew you years ago, and know you now—too well, as you say."

"Ludlow!" cried Lady Mason, looking up, "you must not presume to insult my daughter."

"Oh, my lady, but he may," returned Mrs. Brett, "he has your warrant for it. But not with impunity," she added, suddenly approaching Ludlow, and striking him a violent blow upon the face with her fan.

Ludlow bore it without flinching; nay, not merely that, but he projected his face as though courting a second salute of the same nature.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Mrs. Brett, humouring his conceit by bestowing upon him a second and a third blow with additional force, which he received in the same manner.

After a time he spoke calmly and quietly: "Madam, you remember Jane Barton?"

"Jane Barton?"

"Afterwards my wife."

"I do remember the creature," said Mrs. Brett. "Go on, sir. Well?"

"Well," said Ludlow,—"well."

"What does the fool mean?" cried Mrs. Brett, looking

around. "Nephew," turning to me, "expound; this, I suppose, is another of your joint performances."

"I do not know what he means, madam," I replied, "and I cannot expound mysteries."

"Madam," resumed Ludlow, "since you remember her, perhaps, you have not forgotten Mr. Bennett,—the gay, the handsome Mr. Bennett,—your friend, Mr. Bennett."

"I have not forgotten Mr. Bennett."

"I say 'well' again, then," cried Ludlow.

"Thank you, boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Brett, turning to me, and patting my head,—"you are a very good boy; indeed a very good boy. You would not second this branch of the lie. Madam," to her mother, "I hope you now see the gross web this poor thing has woven out of his worsted brains. And so, because his wife was young, and vain, and giddy, and he had neither sense nor spirit to control her; and because our friend, Bennett (you know the whole story) was young and handsome, —and fortunate," she added, with a provoking shake of the head at Ludlow, "has this fellow harboured a resentment against me, which he seeks to gratify by palming off his nephew upon me for my son. Begone, thou wretched animal! Out of my path, thou base and spiritless worm!"

Ludlow met her as she advanced, and grinned in her face. "Worm? am I?" he said; "how do you know I am a worm? how do you judge I am a worm? how do you know a worm? by its shape? by its size? by its crawl? Ha! ha! you may be mistaken in your worm—perhaps, I am an adder—an adder. They are alike—but one stings."

"An adder be it, worthy Ludlow: what reptile you please," and she turned from him with a contemptuous smile. "And for you," taking me by the chin, "what shall we call *you?* Lambert Simnel? or shall it be Perkin Warbeck?"

I flung from her indignantly. "They, madam," said I, "aspired to a crown. You know best whether I propose much honour to myself by claiming you for my mother."

That stung her. Conceal it she could not. "Nay, madam," I continued, "you shall not do yourself the indignity of striking me." Her eyes spoke sufficiently plain; but from her tongue not a word. She retired hastily from the room.

During this scene, Lady Mason had raised herself in her chair, and was gazing at us by turns in a state of the extremest perplexity and alarm.

"Good Heaven! Mr. Ludlow!" she said when her daughter was gone, "what am I to think of all this? This boy, surely, cannot be——. Come hither, Richard." She looked at me earnestly for some seconds, and then clasped me to her bosom. "Oh, no, no, no—there can be no mistake. He is, indeed, my daughter's son."

"What shall I swear by, that he is?" said Ludlow. "Is

there need to swear? His face vouches for him. Oh, madam! on my knees let me beg you to pardon me that I intruded my own private wrongs into a cause so sacred as this—the establishment of Richard as the son of Mrs. Brett."

"What wrongs?" cried Lady Mason in surprise. "I never heard that she had wronged you. What wrongs?"

"They have lain here so long—thirteen years and more," returned Ludlow, striking his breast, "that I know not how to heave them out of my heart. Forgive me, madam; I will go below, and recollect myself. You shall know all."

"Stay!" exclaimed Lady Mason, "how came this boy to learn the secret of his birth?"

"I do not know," returned Ludlow, — "not from me, I swear, by all ——"

"Do not swear," interrupted Lady Mason; "if you have broken your former oath, what avails one now?"

"Let me swear that I am not forsworn. But, no. Richard will do me that justice. To the letter I have obeyed you."

So saying, with a low bow to his mistress, and a glance at me, as though inquiring what I thought of all that had passed, he left us together.

"There is something so strange in Mr. Ludlow's conduct," said Lady Mason, "that I cannot at all understand it. Tell me," taking me by the hand, "and I know you will tell me truly,—did he impart to you this secret, which he was sworn—you know the awful obligation of an oath—never to divulge?"

"Upon my honour, madam, he did not," I replied. "Not a word passed his lips."

"How, then, did you discover it?"

"Madam," I said, "I will tell you all. It was only natural that from the first, — when I first made this matter a portion of my thoughts, — I should have concluded that I was, in some way, connected with you. Mr. Burridge, my tutor, confirmed me in that belief. When I was brought from school to London by Mr. Ludlow, as we passed through St. James's Square, he casually pointed out to me the house of Lord Rivers."

Lady Mason started, a slight flush arose upon her cheek. "Go on."

"He told me it was the house of Lord Rivers, and that he was lately dead. I thought no more of that. It passed. You must remember, when I ran away from the shoemaker, and obtained an interview with you, that we were interrupted by Mrs. Brett. I observed your agitation; it was no less apparent in Ludlow. He evaded my questions as well as you yourself could wish. He told me she was a Mrs. Bellamy, and that she was not in the most distant degree related to you. That, also, passed; but not so quickly. Think, madam, when I obtained the clue, how easy to arrive at the truth."

"But how did you obtain that clue?" said Lady Mason, hastily.

"I saw Mrs. Brett once again."

"You saw her once again! Not here, surely?"

"Not here, madam; and then I learned who she was — that she *was* Mrs. Brett — her whole sad history, shortly told. The very falsehood of Ludlow strengthened my conviction. Lord Rivers ——"

"But where — but where was this?" cried Lady Mason, impatiently. "Who furnished this clue?"

"Mr. Myte; from him I learned it."

"Mr. Myte!" cried Lady Mason in the greatest surprise. "By what means did you become acquainted with him?"

My surprise was equal to her own. "Do you not know, then, madam, that I am now, and have been for some weeks, living with that gentleman?"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Lady Mason. "I thought you had returned to the shoemaker. Ludlow told me that he had prevailed upon you to do so."

"And he told me," said I, "that you had consented, — nay, that you were delighted, that I should be placed with Mr. Myte; and, moreover, that you had faithfully promised that within three months I should be made acquainted with my birth."

"Then you did not return to the shoemaker, even for a day?"

"Not for an hour, madam; and I am sorry you should entertain so despicable an opinion of me as to imagine that I would. Lady Mason," I continued, "you are not well, and have already been too much excited. I reserve, therefore, what I have to say, and what I have to hear, touching your joint management of a mystery, which, thus suddenly revealed, has at once found and lost me a mother. Tell me but this, now. Did you purpose that I should never know my parents?"

"I cannot tell you," said Lady Mason. "Leave me, my good boy, — leave me, I entreat. Send Ludlow up to me. He has, indeed, obeyed me *to the letter*. You have discovered that which, perhaps, had better been for ever unknown. It is not your fault. It is your fate."

I bowed distantly, and withdrew, hastening away to vent my wrath upon Ludlow, who, it struck me very forcibly, had, for some purpose of his own, been playing me off against Lady Mason and Mrs. Brett, with an utter disregard of my interest.

I found him striding about the room, with his hands thrust resolutely into his pockets. There was a bottle upon the table, and a glass by its side, which upon seeing me he replenished, swallowing its contents at a gulp, with a friendly nod of the head. I delivered my message to him from Lady Mason, telling him that I should await his return, having something parti-

cular to say to him. He received it in silence; but rang the bell.

"Nat," said he, as the man entered, "her ladyship has sent word by this young gentleman that she wishes to see me. My humble duty to her, and I am too ill — too ill to wait upon her to-night. Why that fool's stare? I say, I am too ill."

Nat wonderingly went his way, and Ludlow turned to me.

"Dick," he said,—"dear Dick, to you the first explanation is owing, and you shall have it. There 's wine — take a glass or two, while I collect myself. Nay," perceiving that I hesitated, and would have declined it, "it 's mine — I sent out for it — for I know not whether I shall be entitled to anything in this house much longer. I know her, Richard — no more Richard Freeman, but Richard Savage."

"Savage!" I repeated.

"The family name of Lord Rivers, which you will now assume. I know her — her — the woman who struck me three times upon the face. I took that coolly, I think," grinding his teeth. "Ho! ho! but I have her now."

"Remember, you are speaking of my mother, Mr. Ludlow," I said in displeasure.

"Your mother!" He gazed at me with evident astonishment. "Who was that woman? — what was her name?" he said at length, "it 's in some book of history — but I have such a head at all times, and my brains, just now, are turned topsy-turvy; who was that she-devil who drove her chariot over her son's dead body? Keep out of the way of *her* horses' heads — your living mother, I mean; or she 'll show herself the better of her reading. Your mother! to be sure she is, and we 'll make her acknowledge you, too; but you must not call her 'mother,' —it 's infamy."

"Be it as it may," I began.

"You must forgive me, Richard," he interrupted, "one thing I said. It was to torment her, — and it *was* a torment,— none the less for those smiles of hers. I said you were a son worthy of her,—you must forgive me that."

"When I know all," I exclaimed, "I shall know what to forgive, and what to resent. I fear I have been shamefully treated."

"Oh!" cried Ludlow, not heeding me, and he drank a glass of wine, smacking his lips in a kind of ecstacy,—"oh! excellent — most excellent. I *have* driven one rusty nail into her heart, and it has gone to the head."

"Pr'ythee, cease this exultation," said I, impatiently, "and let me know soberly how you and your lady have been managing matters for me these sixteen years past; and why the person you call my mother, and whom I believe to be so, should venture to affect before you an ignorance of my existence."

"She thought you were dead," replied Ludlow with a saga-

cious wink, setting down the bottle; "but a wished grave is long in filling; and we don't always go when they want us gone, or she had been worm's meat long ago."

I saw that it was hopeless to expect to get anything out of him in his present frame of mind, unless I spoke peremptorily to him. The wine he had taken — but a few glasses, for Ludlow was no drinker—had mounted into his head, and the scene above stairs had so disordered his spirits as to make it of double potency.

"It is getting late," said I. "I must be gone. To-morrow I call upon Lady Mason for an explanation, which, although you defer it to-night, shall not be longer withheld."

"Now — now," cried Ludlow, sitting down. "I am ready. Who told you Mrs. Brett was your mother? Who led you to believe it?"

"Myte," I replied.

"To be sure he did. I thought he would. That's why I placed you there. I kept my oath — didn't I? *I* never told you."

"Well—well—go on!" I cried peevishly. "You have said that before."

He took a minute's thought, with his head between his hands. "What *was* Myte's story?"

I repeated what he had told me.

"When she was turned out of doors by Lord Macclesfield," he commenced abruptly, "she came home to her mother, here. She shortly afterwards gave birth to a son. You are that son. Well, (let me tell it in the order of time,) in two or three months the divorce passed the House of Lords. It was a thought amongst us servants that, after this, Lord Rivers would have married her. I believe my lady had hopes to that effect. What she—the woman—hoped or expected, Heaven knows—perhaps the other place; for it was not long before it was plain to every one that she had conceived an unnatural hatred to you. What she attempted ineffectually against Lord Rivers once, was three times practised against you — thank God's mercy, not hers, — with equal ill success. She tried to take away your life, Dick, —that we knew; as she had done that of your father, as we were told, and as we believed. Upon this, Lady Mason thought it humane and prudent (for the woman would have been hanged, Dick,) to get you removed; and she took me into her counsel. You were taken to my sister, Freeman. There was another reason—*that* was Lady Mason's own—why it was expedient you should be got out of the way. Colonel Brett became constant in his visits. I know not whether it was the hope of securing the Colonel for her daughter, or the fear lest her malice should pursue you to death, that influenced my lady to give out that you were dead; and to bind me by a solemn oath—but that I have told you. Lady Mason has since, and often, inform-

ed me that she continued to indulge the expectation that time would assuage the malignity of Mrs. Brett, — that an opportunity would at last present itself of doing you full justice by restoring you to your mother. Lord Rivers had caused you to be baptized in his own name, and had assured my lady many times during your infancy that he would provide handsomely for you." Here Ludlow sighed and paused.

I had listened to him with breathless attention. "There are two points," I said, "that I wish cleared up. Why was I taken from your sister, and sent to school, with assurances that I was one day to be a gentleman; why, after four years, was I abruptly removed from St. Albans, and sent to the shoemaker?"

"Your godmother, Mrs. Lloyd," answered Ludlow, "died at that time, leaving you three hundred pounds. She was my lady's intimate friend, and was in the secret; and had often insisted with her that you should be brought up as a gentleman; saying that she was assured Lord Rivers would keep his word. But when his lordship died, it was discovered that he had not left you a farthing. And that is why you were withdrawn from school, and handed over to the shoemaker."

"Lady Mason was in constant communication with his lordship, of course?" I inquired. "He knew that her ladyship relied upon his promise?"

"Of that I am not aware," replied Ludlow.

"Well, I will bid you good evening," said I; "your story has robbed me of all sleep for this night. I shall think over this affair, which likewise must not be permitted to sleep. Would that your lady and you, bungling accomplices that ye are, and have been, had left me to the tender mercies of my mother!"

"You may ensure them now," he answered; "but you are of an age to withstand them. God bless you! Call upon me to-morrow evening. The worst is over, — all easy-sailing now. Nay, don't ask me about the other at present. I am sick — horribly ill—that woman has set my heart in a sort of whirr—and my brain spins, too. I have a trial to go through to-morrow morning, and must rest for it—if I can."

It did not once occur to me, till I had proceeded some distance towards home, so absorbed was I in reflections upon the strange events of the evening, to question Ludlow concerning the private wrongs of which he had spoken, and which, at least as strongly as a concern for my welfare, had incited him to reproduce me before my mother. I was tempted to return to him, and demand explanation on that head, but the lateness of the hour prevented me. After all, it was of no great moment. As it had not contributed to my present state, so it could not alter my destiny. His object, it seemed, had been best served by a religious obedience to the orders of his mistress.

When I got home Myte rallied me, as he had done on several

previous evenings, on my singular gravity, telling his daughters to "go hang," for that I was the captive of Semiramis. "When Ninus goes to 'Ninny's tomb,'" said he, "behold his successor. A spinster's doom, Goth, is thine. Vandal, thy portion is celibacy."

Goth blushed exceedingly at this raillery, whilst Vandal, her father's darling, laughed in hearty concert with the old fellow. Mrs. Myte preserved a staid and uncommon formality of aspect, and shortly took occasion to beckon her elder daughter out of the room. Vandal quickly followed. Myte fell asleep; and at last I retired to bed, after having minutely examined every lineament of his droll countenance, with an endeavour to ascertain how a sudden announcement of the discovery I had made would be likely to act upon it. I reserved a solution of that problem till the morrow.

FREEDOM.

BY SIMON DACH.*

Love, thou didst possess me once,
  And didst steal my trusting heart,
Prudence, caution, all gave way,
  Lulled by thy too cunning art.
Good night, Cupid, and good b'ye,
Free and full of joy am I.

Rescued from thy heavy yoke,
  How my present lot I bless:
Love, I have at length escaped
  From thy luscious bitterness. Good night, &c.

Cast thy longing eyes around
  If thou canst new victims see,
Fools, who, when thy bow is bent,
  Blindly trust their hearts to thee. Good night, &c.

And thou, goddess of my thoughts,
  Fairest, whom my fond heart chose,
How I worshiped thee, till Time
  Did thy perfidy disclose! Good night, &c.

Never more shall thy caress,
  Falsely tempting, fetter me,
Far from Pleasure's luring net,
  Wiser than I was, I flee. Good night, &c.

And ye eyes, ye dazzling suns,
  Ye that once enchained my soul,
I, a novice in deceit,
  I have 'scaped your bright controul. Good night, &c.

Freedom is my heritage,
  Where my fancy leads, I rove:
Virtue's soothing balm will heal
  Ev'ry wound of injured love. Good night, &c.

* Born 1605, at Memel. Died 1659.

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

A FAC SIMILE.

I HAD landed at Agra, and seen the wonderful Targe, (I always spell Hindostannee as it is pronounced,) with its splendid pillars inlaid with precious stones; though some persons profess to be sceptical on this subject, and boldly assert that the original rubies and emeralds have long since made place for coloured glass. I had visited the old man who has for twenty years lived (according to his son's account) inside the great gun which lies upon the beach. I had seen some of the wonderful tricks of a famous juggler who was exhibiting in this far-famed city. At length, tired of lionising, I walked out to pay my respects to Mr. L. the government resident, one of the mildest and most gentlemanly men in British India.

What then must have been my surprise, as I walked up the principal staircase of his house, to hear a sudden scream of terror, and in the next moment to find a wretch fly past me with a fleetness which a sharp kick alone could have imparted to his motions; for the fugitive was evidently a Chinese, (or, as we call them in Bengal, a Chinaman—one of a race who never hurry their movements save by compulsion,) and, on looking up, to perceive L. rush out after him, uttering a volley of the most violent execrations!

On seeing me, my usually quiet friend suddenly stopped, ashamed at being thus caught in this most undignified situation. I confess I could not help smiling.

"Holloa! Charley, what puts you in such a rage? — and whence comes the Chinaman? I did not know you had any of their race in these parts."

"Confound them all!" replied the irritated civilian, trying to check his passion. "He comes from Calcutta, and be hanged to him!"

"Who is he? What is he?"

"A painter — the rascal paints miniatures. I really have to apologise for this fit of passion; but—" And he paused for a moment.

"I suppose you had some just cause for it?" said I. He hesitated. "Come, tell me what it is all about."

L. reddened up as if ashamed. "Upon my life, I believe I was wrong; but at the moment I could not help it. But, after all, it was a very foolish affair."

"Come, then, let me have it." So, while we were eating our *tiffin*, and smoking a *chillum*, he related to me the following facts.

It appeared that the unhappy Chinese had travelled up from Calcutta, on speculation as a miniature-painter, and, when unsuccessful in this profession, had occasionally recurred to the never-failing resource of a Chinaman, the noble trades of shoemaking and tailoring; for by these two arts, sewing and painting, every son of China in Bengal manages to live.

Tempted by his assurances of skill, L. had desired him to take his portrait, well knowing that at least he might count on his candour and accuracy; since he had often heard the story of the Englishman, who sending his coat as a model to a Chinese tailor in Calcutta, omitted to mention that the old habit had a patch in it. The consequence was

obvious; the new coat came home so thoroughly made in imitation of the pattern, that not only was it exactly the same size and form, but the same patch appeared upon it, — the new vestment having had the piece carefully cut out, and sewed in precisely similar to the old one. But to return.

The artist went to work, and traced the lineaments of my friend (who, by the by, was as yellow as the effigy of our gracious sovereign on a guinea, and was awfully pitted with the small-pox). He first drew the pencil-sketch, and showed it to L. who was greatly pleased with it, since he considered it a flattering likeness; and that was what he particularly wanted, as he intended to send it down to Calcutta to a young lady, on whom he had matrimonial designs. The painter, proud of his approbation, now began the colouring, and for some time went on well, both parties highly pleased.

On the second day, however, he produced a pair of compasses, which he almost every instant applied to the face of Charley, and as often to the portrait before him, which L. had agreed not to look at again till it was finished. The artist seemed well pleased with the work, and more careful and minute than ever. At length the touches of the compass became so frequent, that the civilian could not help asking the painter to what use he applied them. After reiterating the question once or twice, the Chinaman turned round, and with a look of triumphant knowledge replied,

"I tell you, massa, I tell you; me measure little holes in massa's face, to put 'em in picture, massa."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed the enraged European, as he started up, and proceeded forthwith to expel the Chinese, appearing almost to consider him as a football. The Chinaman was never again seen in Agra, and for a very excellent reason, I believe. My friend sent him money to be off as quickly as he could, and never to publish the story. He forgot, however, to include me in the promise.

RUNNING A MUCK.

One of the greatest objections to India is the almost certainty of every young man forming those *liaisons* which are not only dangerous in a moral point of view, but often destructive in our worldly career. Encouraged by example, shut out from the more refined society of European ladies, without a hope of marrying, and unchecked by the laws of society, the young soldier or civilian in India, stationed in some dreary spot, removed from the awe which the presence of virtuous females inspires, is apt to form a connexion as revolting to European taste as opposed to every moral precept.

Mr. A—— was unmarried, young, and handsome; he had won and carried off a lovely girl of sixteen (that is to say, if loveliness can be imagined with a dark skin). He had lived with her about three years, and had by her two children, whom he in after-life acknowledged and cherished. In him the act was wrong; in her it was excusable, since the form of marriage, the mere thought of such a thing, had never entered her head; her very parents were proud of the honour done her; her rude ignorance blotted out the blame that would otherwise have attached to her: while the only excuse he could offer for the seduc-

tion of a mere child was the force of example — the custom of the country.

Ayah (so will I call her) was in the bath with her two little babes, amused with their infantine screams, as they nestled closer to her bosom, and shunned the water she occasionally immersed them in: her brother held a post in the house; her sister was her companion; her father filled the situation of porter at the outer lodge-gate.

The first of these was a religious enthusiast; he had been wrought on by certain Brahmins; he had committed many faults; he determined at once to expiate them. One way only is thought by the pious Malay to lead straight to Heaven, and on this he resolved; he offered up his prayers, performed his ablutions, and prepared to run a muck.

The fanatic who thus determines first vows to his God to destroy every living thing he may meet on his path; to spare neither sex nor relationship, to turn neither to the right nor the left, but to sacrifice all indiscriminately, till he himself in turn be sacrificed. He first proceeds to oil his body all over to elude capture as long as possible; (for the more victims he makes, the more certain is his road to Heaven;) he casts off everything that may be caught at; shaves his head, lest he should be seized by the hair; takes a large potion of opium, or some other maddening poison; then arming himself with a knife or creece in either hand, he rushes forth to immolate all he may encounter.

Ayah was leaving the bathing-room, with her children in her arms, her sister and her attendants were following her, laughing and playing with her little babes; a more innocent, a more happy group could not have been found. They were already in the passage, when a sudden noise made the young mother turn round; in another instant she fell a corpse, struck down by her own brother—that brother she had loved so tenderly. A single blow had nearly severed her head from her body, and as she fell the blood gushed over the unconscious little ones that fondled in her bleeding breast; a scream burst from all, as the madman bounded away, triumphing in the act. He fled along the passage; an old bearer met him, — in less than time for thought his head was nearly split in two, and his grey beard deluged in blood. The surviving sister rushed after him to stay him in his wild career; he repulsed her, turned to look at her for an instant; he hesitated — he doubtless repented? No, he paused but to make his aim more sure; the creece he carried in his left hand was buried in her breast; he smiled as an exulting demon, and rushed on; the alarm was given; a general pursuit took place, but without effect; the porter was called to close the gates; he came out, and saw his infuriated son; he read his purpose; he hesitated for a moment, and as the parricide sprang towards him, the father stepped back, and discharged the contents of his musket into the heart of his child, who, quivering, fell, still grinning in diabolical agony; he died at the foot of him who gave him birth, impotently attempting still to strike those who dared not approach to succour him.

One of the two bereaved children, fostered by the generous woman who afterwards married their father, died in action, a major in the British army; the other was for a short period the beauty of Dublin; but, unfortunately, after a masquerade at Lady B.'s, where she had gone, dressed as a Sultana, she imprudently washed her face with cold water, and a few hours afterwards was a corpse. She was generally

mourned, but none more beautifully expressed his grief on this melancholy occasion than the unfortunate Lord Kilwarden, who was murdered only a few months afterwards. His lines may yet be remembered by many, though I only recollect the following portion of them:—

"Immortal A***, at whose great name
The flippant Deist feels the blush of shame!
Could not the worth of that illustrious line,
Which from his pen, bore evidence divine—
Could not each virtue, mingled with each grace,
Which from thy heavenly soul illumed thy face—
Could not thy budding goodness save
The lovely victim from an early grave?
* * * *
* * * *
God saw the blossom of celestial root,
And to its native Heaven consigned the fruit!"

EXPECTATIONS.

I WAS sent out to India in order to check my extravagant habits, and for the sake of restoring me to the good graces of an old great uncle, whom I had offended by some acts which really had been so grossly exaggerated and mis-stated to him that no wonder the old gentleman had scratched me out of his will. From him I expected one hundred thousand pounds. My uncle's maxim had ever been, "Do whatever you will, but always show courage." Now it so happened that on the eve of a duel I had gone to a mess-party, and had got tipsy; and returning in that state to my own lodgings, I had been taken up, lodged in a watch-house, and (during my insensibility and forced detention) had been posted as a coward. This statement had been repeated to my peppery old uncle in false colours; he erased my name from his will, and I was sent out to regain his favour by a proper and manly appeal, carrying with me the subsequent apology made to me by my adversary after exchanging three shots.

My next best expectations were from my grandmother, who possessed sixty thousand pounds, and promised to leave it all to me, provided I never wilfully deviated from truth. She absolutely idolized me, and made me promise to write to her by every ship.

My father's first cousin, a widowed dame, was extremely pompous, and fancied she conferred an honour on every one she noticed. She possessed thirty thousand pounds, which, when I left England, she had willed unconditionally to me.

And lastly, my poor father, a good, worthy old soul, who had been at the period I refer to a widower thirty-eight years. He was staid, starch, and unbending to all save me. He hated the very name of marriage, loved his club, and played a good rubber of whist. He had often offered to settle everything he had (an estate of two thousand pounds a year) on me, which I had as constantly refused, notwithtanding his reiterated wishes to this effect.

Now let us see the result of expectations amounting to one hundred and ninety thousand pounds, and an estate of the foregoing amount.

On my arrival in Calcutta I found a letter from my uncle, who was in a dying state at Moorshedabad. I hastened up. He was still alive,

and I was allowed to see him. He was delighted to see me, kissed me, fondled me, assured me he had learnt the true state of the case, and was sorry for having disinherited me, but thanked Heaven it was not yet too late. His lawyer had been waiting my arrival to alter his will. "So now, my dear George," cried he, "call him in, and let me repair this injustice."

The physician on the other side of the bed beckoned me aside. We retired to a far corner of the room. The doctor spoke: "You love your uncle?"

"Sincerely."

"Would you cause his instant death, or allow him to live, which he may yet do several days?"

I was surprised, indignant at the question.

"Well, then, don't allow him to exert himself just now; the excitement of altering his will will kill him. Give him this anodyne, let him rest after it, and with recovered forces he will be able to go through the task I so anxiously desire to see him perform."

I assented, though my uncle rather opposed my wish, and gave him the opiate. We then retired from the room, leaving the good physician to watch by him.

We sat in anxious vigil in the ante-chamber. The lawyer mended and remended his pens. I confess I fidgetted. The distant relations, and those who expected small legacies, offered me every attention.

At last a footstep approached; our voices were instantly hushed. The attorney gathered up his writing materials. I rose as the doctor entered.

"Alas!" said the medical practitioner, "our friend has breathed his last."

My first breath after this announcement was a curse on my own folly. The doctor proved to be my uncle's sole heir.

"I am a soldier of fortune now," cried I; so I immediately joined my regiment up the country, and regularly wrote to my good matter-of-fact grandmamma. Desirous of amusing her, I sent her an account of our military movements; and, amongst other facts, mentioned that we nightly encamped in the *topes* (clumps) of mango trees, which abound in these parts. Now it so happened that a drop of salt-water, an accidental erasure by friction, the seal torn off, or some such accident, had carried away the letter *e*; so, to my no small horror, by return of post I received a severe lecture from my grandmamma on the superiority of truth, as compared to the horrors of falsehood; with the pithy but annoying wind-up, "that she (*i. e.* granny,) was sorry to see I still persevered in my habits of romancing; that I evidently tried (living in a foreign country,) to deceive those I ought to love and cherish.—In fact," she said in conclusion, "though I believe that a poor deserted traveller might by accident seek shelter from the wild beasts you describe by climbing up one of these trees, and even pass a night in so dangerous an elevation; yet that a whole regiment should perch themselves in such a situation as the *tops* of mango trees, I never, I never will believe. Fie! fie! thus to attempt to play on the credulity of one who has loved you as I have done."

By the same packet I received the account of the old lady's death, and the foundation of a Methodist chapel, endowed with all she had possessed.

It was while I was yet in mourning for this mistaken relative that I

received a note from my lady cousin, requesting to know whether, in an invitation she had sent to a half-sister of mine some years before, she had invited her to a party by requesting the "honour of her company," or whether she had desired her "to oblige" her by her presence? I was busy when the communication arrived, and hastily sat down, and replied, that to the best of my recollection the invitation had been coldly worded, and "that there was neither honour nor obligation in it." By this answer I intended to please my relative. In her will a few months afterwards, she stated "that as it appeared there was neither *honour* nor *obligation* in her invitations, she conceived I might think the same of her legacies:" so she left all her property, without reservation, to Miss Smirke, her dear companion and toady.

These disappointments made me determine to return and live on our family estate with my father (whom I had not heard from for some time): so I sold my traps, got leave, and was about to proceed to Europe, when I received the following laconic epistle from my father:

"DEAR GEORGE,—I have been so lonely since you left that I am sure you will agree with me in thinking I have done the wisest thing possible in my situation. I have married a charming creature—a perfect angel, who adores me; and I intend to devote the remainder of my life to her happiness. I have sent your brother John to sea, and your sister Fanny (who has turned out very ungrateful and disobedient to my dearest wife,) to live with a family as a nursery governess; so now I am quite happy—I may say blessed. Times are extremely hard and rents badly paid, but I send you five pounds, and your mother's blessings. After you have completed your twenty years' service, to entitle you to receive full pay for life, we shall be delighted to see you.

"Your affectionate father, JAMES SMITH.

"P.S. Charlotte (my angel wife) has just blessed me with a beauteous babe."

This was a closer. I rejoined my regiment, and never heard from my worthy parent again, who soon afterwards died, leaving all to his dearest Charlotte, the present wife of a handsome pseudo German baron.

As for me, I have lived to outlive all expectations, and consequently feel for the first time in my life happy and free.

DELIGHTS OF BENGAL.

I AROSE at *tope duggah* (gun-fire), and by the fast breaking daylight rode uncomfortably along as far as the lines. When I say my ride was uncomfortable, I feel myself borne out by the fact that the morning was foggy and damp, and that the dress I wore was that which every military officer wears in Bengal, namely, a complete suit of the very thinnest linen which can possibly be procured, churamed, starched till it becomes as stiff as buckram, and quite as disagreeable. I had been kept up late the night before, losing my money; so I rode sulkily along, alternately venting maledictions on my horse for his constant stumbles, which, by the by, every true Arabian indulges in, and somewhat galled in my proud feelings of manhood as I beheld my *syse*

(groom) trot barefooted beside me, ready to hold my horse if I dismounted, or brush away the flies, should any dare to settle on him. The European in India seems soon to forget that the native is his fellow being, or he could hardly continue his boasts of superiority as lord of the creation, and yet allow a creature of the same species, endowed with every gift that manhood can boast, save and except a white skin, to perform the most servile, the most degrading, the most revolting offices, without summoning up a blush of shame to the cheek of his fellow man. Yet such is the case; the poor *syse*, who served me as a groundwork for these reflections had often before ran twenty and even thirty miles beside me, under a burning sun, foot-sore and panting, without a thought of the cruelty arising in my breast; so much had custom blunted my feelings and natural perceptions.

Arrived at the lines, I inspected the regiment of sepoys before me. A more steady body of troops I have never since beheld, although I have seen our own best corps, and visited several of the continental camps. It is true that an Indian lacks the physical force of an Englishman; yet, for steadiness and endurance, a stern determination to follow his officer wheresoever he may lead, a readiness to obey his superior, without question or murmur, no soldiers on earth can excel the sepoy; who, fed upon rice, a stranger alike to meat and bed, yet makes an excellent appearance on parade, and a faithful follower in action.

Though the junior ensign, I was the only officer on parade; so, after going through the usual forms, under the direction of the European sergeant-major, who ranks superior to the native captains, after receiving and returning the salute of the Indian officers, and inspecting the hospital in my quality of officer of the day, I cantered back to breakfast with our adjutant.

On passing through the verandah of my friend Thompson (the aforesaid adjutant), another specimen of Indian degradation met my view: a black woman squatted on the ground, acting as wet-nurse to a litter of young English pointers. I afterwards spoke to Thompson about it, who laughed at my scruples, and made my squeamishness a joke at mess.

We eat our fish, our rice, and *ghee*, made up a match at rackets, smoked a *chillum*, and then went to the *go-down* (cellars) to taste a hogshead of claret my friend had received from Calcutta. To our infinite horror, however, we found a musk-rat had passed over it, and (however fabulous it may appear to those who have never been in the East, yet those conversant with India will bear me out,) every drop of the wine was spoiled: not a single glass was drinkable. The animal had merely run over it, and the entire of it was ordered to be thrown away.

When I returned home, I found a native captain, who, taking off his shoes, marched straight up to me, and crying "halt" in a loud voice, stopped immediately before me; then saluting stiffly, told me that a soldier had just died in hospital, saluted again; then ordering himself in a loud voice, he cried out, "Right about face — quick march," and marched off accordingly. Scarcely was this man gone, when a native havildar walked in, and gave me information of a similar event. He was followed by a corporal, and he in turn by another, and so on till I learnt from five reports that as many soldiers had breathed their last. Armed with this news, I trotted off to the commandant's, and made my statement of the melancholy fact, to the no small surprise of the worthy colonel, who had hitherto looked upon our station as most

healthy. The doctors were summoned, who denied the truth of my report. The adjutant was called for, who declared that I must have gone raving mad. In fact, a terrible fuss was made about it, which ended by the discovery that *only one* man was dead, but that etiquette required the circumstance to be mentioned to me by a Native officer of each rank, and consequently I had displayed my thorough ignorance of the language and the military habits of the country, and moreover got well *wigged* for my pains.

As I was returning I met a young lady, to whom I was sincerely attached, jogging along in her palanquin, escorted by a party of spearmen, her father being an officer of rank. I stopped to speak to her, and was telling her my late disastrous adventure, when she suddenly gave a terrific scream. I flew towards her. A centipede had fastened itself by its hundred legs or prongs to her beautiful little foot. Her very bearers stood aghast. The surgeon, who was fortunately with me, instantly crushed the animal (which was about eight inches long,) by a violent blow, even at the risk of injuring the foot, and ordered the men to carry her instantly home. For eleven weeks the poor girl suffered, and at length was forced to return to Europe, where she was compelled to undergo amputation.

Can any one wonder, then, that I hate a country where an accident the most likely to happen to any of us in the midst of our pleasures, deprived me of the presence of a lovely and amiable woman?

I had little appetite for *tiffin* that day, and early repaired to the racket-court, where I spent two hours, watching the exertions of a few half-livered Europeans, whose whole souls seemed divided between the game they were playing, and the *brandy pawny* (brandy and water) which they were drinking.

On my return, I chanced to call in at our major's, who had the best house in the cantonment. Whilst I was sitting chatting with him, I happened to look up at a beam which crossed the ceiling, and observed several small insects moving about on it. Presently one dropped on the floor, which I instantly began to prick at with a light cane I carried. The major asked me what I was doing? I immediately explained, and picked up the little animal to show him, which he no sooner saw than he turned deadly pale, and turning to his wife, instantly requested her to pack up, and remove everything. "It is a white ant, my love." The lady so addressed, immediately arose, and left the room. I asked for an explanation. It was given in few words.

"The insect you hold in your hand is a white ant. So destructive are its qualities, so extraordinarily quick its propagation, that the moment one is seen, the owner of the best house in India would give up his property, and leave it forthwith, rather than run the risk of almost certain destruction beneath its ruins by remaining. In twenty-four hours these little creatures will eat through the very thickest beam made use of in building. They are now in yonder roof, under which I shall not dare to sleep again. Nor can I take even my clothes into another residence till they have been cleansed and fumigated, for fear of carrying one of these destructive creatures with me."

"Another temptation to reside in this blessed country," groaned I, and walked off to the mess.

A better dinner I never saw; our *bobichi* (cook) had excelled himself, and we were about to sit down to the tempting feast, when a

slight buzz was heard, and every one rose from the table. A small covey of flying-bugs had just alighted on almost every dish before us. To guard against these insects and musquitoes, each candle has a glass-shade over it, each tumbler has a cover. But, alas! no covering could be put over the savoury viands, which, once touched by them, become nauseous, not only to the taste, but to the olfactory nerves; for these pests—which swarm through Bengal, and are about double the size of the European bug, smell so strong that anything touched by one of them never afterwards loses the taint.

We were all forced to leave the table, and adjourn the meal till another was dressed.

That evening I went to see the *Doorgah Poojah*, a religious ceremony, where I was sickened by beholding a live goat sacrificed to a many-armed goddess, called Vishnou, and had my clothes soiled by the deity-powder they threw over me, in addition to the nausea created by the redolent fumes of cajeputi oil, with which the idolaters had rubbed themselves.

At home I lost my money at whist, and was set down as a regular milksop because I would not bet on a race between two maggots.

Tired and fagged I retired to my bed, or rather bedstead; for over a mat was spread two sheets only, tied to the lower bed-posts, while a thin gauze inclosed me in, in a sort of cage, to keep away the musquitoes, and the legs of the bedstead were placed in little saucers of water to keep the ants from climbing up, while wench-pillars, of basket-work covered with oil-cloth, supported my limbs, and allowed a current of air to pass under them.

About two hours after I had thus retired, I was awoke by the most agonising pain all over my face. By the light, which I always burnt in my room, I discovered that through a slight rent in my musquito-curtains, those plagues had intruded, and stung my face all over, which compelled me to get up, and have my cheeks bathed in lime-juice, while other curtains were put up.

I now again sought repose, and for a short time with success. At length I suddenly awoke, I know not from what cause, and saw a cobra manilla (the most deadly of all serpents) lying on the table within a couple of feet of my bed. I never can forget or describe my horror at that instant. The beautiful monster, attracted no doubt by the light, was moving quickly about the table. I felt the chances were, that, attracted by the warmth, he would come towards me. I therefore conceived it best to call for assistance, and did so in a subdued voice; for my full utterance was gone. In an instant my old favourite English setter bounded into the room, and jumped towards the bed. The snake seemed to shrink into half its natural size. I could not take my eyes off it. Alas! my poor dog, accustomed to watch and to comply with my every look, seeing my attention attracted towards the table, instantly placed his two fore-paws on it. Quicker than lightning, I saw the snake dart at his throat, and in the next moment vanish. The servants by this time arrived. The cobra manilla was gone. In spite of the most minute search, it could never be found. Poor Carlo died in strong convulsions, and in the greatest agony I ever saw a dog endure.

I got up and dressed myself. I applied next day for leave to return to Europe. I have since married, and continually now amuse myself by opposing those who, from bad taste or ignorance, talk of the comforts, the luxuries of British India!

Merrie England in the olden Time:

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"GOOD morning (bowed Mr. Bosky) to your conjuring cap, *Wizard of St. Bartlemy!* Namesake of *Guido,* in tatterdemalion dialect, '*Old Guy!*' who, had he possessed your necromantic art, would have transformed his *dark* lanthorn into a *magic* one, and ignited his powder without lucifer or match; yourself and art being a match for Lucifer! What says that mysterious scroll? adorned with 'lively sculptures' of Mr. Punch's scaramouches, (formerly *Mrs. Charke's,*[1]) and illuminated with your picture in a preternatural (*pretty natural?*) wig, every curl of which was woven by the fairy fingers of Queen Mab!

"Mr. *Fawkes,* at his booth over-against the King's Head, exhibits his incomparable dexterity of hand, and Pinchbeck's musical clock, that plays several fine tunes, imitates the notes of different birds, and shews ships sailing in the river. You will also be entertained with a surprising tumbler just arrived from Holland, and a Liliputian posture-master, only five years old, who performs such wonderful turns of body, the like of which was never done by a child of his age and bigness before."—1730.

At the Hospital Gate, ("all the scenes and decorations entirely new,") *Joe Miller,*[2] "honest *Billy Mills,*" and *Oates,* invite us to see a new opera, called The Banished General, or the Distressed Lovers; the English Maggot, a comic dance; two harlequins; a trumpet and kettle-drum concert and chorus; and the comical humours of Nicodemus Hobble-Wollop, Esq. and his Man Gudgeon! Squire Nicodemus by the facetious *Joe.* And at the booth of *Fawkes, Pinchbeck* and *Terwin,* "distinguished from the rest by bearing *English colours,*" will be performed Britons Strike Home;[3] "Don Superbo Hispaniola Pistole by *Mr. C—b—r,* and Donna Americana

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[1] The deserted daughter of Colley Cibber, of whose erratic life some passages are recorded in her autobiography. 1755.

[2] As if to redeem the habitual dulness of Joe Miller, *one* solitary joke of his stands on respectable authority. Joe, sitting at the window of the Sun Tavern in Clare Street, while a fish-woman was crying, "*Buy my soles! Buy my maids!*" exclaimed, "Ah! you wicked old creature; you are not content to sell your *own soul,* but you must sell your *maid's* too!"

[3] The commander of the General Ernouf (French sloop of war) hailed the Reynard sloop, Captain Coghlan, in English, to *strike.* "*Strike!*" replied the Briton, "*that I will,* and very hard!" He struck so *very* hard, that in thirty-five minutes his shot set the enemy on fire, and in ten minutes more she blew up! Captain Coghlan now displayed equal energy in endeavouring to rescue his vanquished foe; and by great exertions, fifty-five out of a crew of one hundred were saved.

by *Mrs. Cl—ve*, the favourite of the town!" Dare Conjuror *Fawkes* insinuate that *Cibber*, if he did not actually "wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair," still put on the livery of St. Bartholomew, in the Brummagem Don Pistole? That *Kitty Clive*, the termagant of Twickenham! with whom the fastidious and finical Horace Walpole was happy "to touch a card," bedizened in horrible old frippery, rioted it in the "Rounds"? If *true*, what a standing joke for David Garrick, in their "combats of the tongue"! If *false*, "surprising and incomparable" must have been thy "dexterity of hand," base wizard! which shielded that bold front of thine from the cabalistic retribution of her nails!

Leverigo the Quack, and his Jack Pudding Pinkanello, have mounted their stage; and, hark! the Doctor (*Leveridge*, famous for his "*O the Roast Beef of Old England!*") tunes his manly pipes, accompanied by that squeaking Vice! for the *Mountebank's song*.[1] In another quarter, *Jemmy Laroch*[2] warbles his *raree-show ditty*; while *Old Harry*[3] persuades the gaping juveniles to take a peep at

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[1] "Here are people and sports of all sizes and sorts,
Cook-maid and squire, and mob in the mire;
Tarpaulins, Frugmalions, Lords, Ladies, Sows, Babies,
And Loobies in scores:
Some howling, some bawling, some leering, some fleering;
While Punch kicks his wife out of doors!

To a tavern some go, and some to a show,
See poppets, for moppets; Jack-Puddings for Cuddens;
Rope-dancing, mares prancing; boats flying, quacks lying;
Pick-pockets, Pick-plackets, Beasts, Butchers, and Beaux;
Fops prattling, Dice rattling, Punks painted, Masks fainted,
In Tally-man's furbelow'd cloaths!"

[2] Here 's de *English* and *French* to each other most civil,
Shake hands and be friends, and hug like de devil!
O *Raree-show*, &c.

Here be de *Great Turk*, and the great *King of no land*,
A gallopping bravely for *Hungary* and *Poland*.
O *Raree-show*, &c.

Here 's de brave *English Beau* for the Packet Boat tarries,
To go his campaign vid his tailor to *Paris*.
O *Raree-show*, &c.

Here be de *English ships* bringing plenty and riches,
And dere de *French* caper a-mending his breeches!
O *Raree-show*, &c.

[3] "Old Harry with his Raree-show." A print by Sutton Nicholls, with the following lines.

"Reader, behold the Efigie of one
Wrinkled by age, decrepit and forlorne,
His tinkling bell doth you together call
To see his *Raree-show*, spectators all,
That will be pleas'd before you by him pass,
To put a farthing, and look through his glass.
'Tis so long since he did himself betake
To shew the louse, the flea, and spangled snake.
His *Nippotate*, which on raw flesh fed,
He *living* shew'd, and does the same now 's *dead*.
The *bells* that he when living always wore,
He wears about his neck as heretofore.
Then buy *Old Harry*, stick him up, that he
May be remember'd to posterity."

his gallant show. *Duncan Macdonald*[1] "of the Shire of Caithness, Gent.," tells, how having taken part in the Rebellion of 1745, he fled to France, where, being a good dancer, he hoped to get a living by his heels. But his empty quart bottles, with "their necks downwards," produced him not the price of a full one; his glass globe Louis Ragout valued not the *straw* that stood erect upon it; and his nose, sustaining on its tip a sharp-pointed sword, put not a morsel into his mouth. That, finding his wire and trade equally slack, and that he could balance everything but his accounts, he took his French boots and French leave; left his board for his lodging, and his chair for his cheer, hoping to experience better luck at Bartholomew Fair! Posture-master *Phillips*,[2] pupil of *Joseph Clarke*,[3] exercises his crooked calling, and becomes hunch-backed, pot-bellied, sharp-breasted, and crippled;" disjointing arms, shoulders, and legs, and twisting his supple limbs into bows and double knots! *Hans Buling*[4] displays his monkey's humours, and his own. The *Auctioneer of Moorfields*[5] transfers his book-stall to the cloisters. "*Poor Will Ellis*" offers for sale his simple "effigie."[6] The "*Dwarf Man and*

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[1] "With a pair of French post boots, under the soles of which are fastened quart-bottles, with their necks downwards, *Mr. Macdonald* exhibits several feats of activity on the slack wire; after this he poises a wheel on his right toe, on the top of which is placed a spike, whereon is balanced by the edge a pewter-plate; on that a board with sixteen wine-glasses; and on the summit a glass globe, with a wheaten straw erect on the same. He then fixes a sharp-pointed sword on the tip of his nose, on the pommel of which he balances a tobacco-pipe, and on its bowl two eggs erect! With his left forefinger he sustains a chair with a dog sitting in it, and two feathers standing erect on the nobs; and to shew the strength of his wrist, there are two weights of 100lbs. each fastened to the legs of the chair!" &c. &c.

[2] "August 23, 1749, a gallery in *Phillips's booth* broke down. Four persons were killed and several wounded."

[3] *Clarke*, who lived in the reigns of King James II. and King William, was a terrible torment to his tailors; for when one came to measure him, he contrived to have an enormous hump on his left shoulder, and when the coat was tried on, it had shifted to his right! The tailor apologized for his blunder, took home the garment, altered it, returned, and again attempted to make it fit, when, to his astonishment and dismay, he found his queer customer as straight as an arrow! A legion of tailors came to Adonize him, but he puzzled them all.

[4] A well-known charlatan, who advertised his nostrums, attended by a monkey.

[5] This grave-looking, spectacled personage, in a rare print by Sutton Nicholls, stands at his book-stall in Moorfields, puffing the contents of his sale catalogue, among which are "*The History of Theves*;" "*English Rogue*;" "*Aristotle's Masterpiece*," and "*Poems by Rochester*."

"Come, sirs, and view this famous library,
'Tis pity learning shou'd discouraged be.
Here 's bookes (that is, if they were but well sold)
I will maintain 't are worth their weight in gold.
Then bid apace, and break me out of hand;
Ne'er cry you don't the subject understand:
For this, I 'll say, howe'er the case may hit,
Whoever buys of me,—I teach 'em wit."

[6] Sitting on the railings in *Moorfields*. Beneath are some lines, giving an account how "*Bedlam* became his sad portion and lot for the love of *Dear Betty*." Coming to his senses, he turned poet:—

"Now innocent *poetry* 's all my delight;
And I hope that you 'll all be so kind as to buy 't:
That poor *Will Ellis*, when laid in his tomb,
May be stuck in your closet, or hung in your room."

the Black" give us a chance of meeting our love at first sight.[1] The *Midas-eared Musician* scrapes on his violincello a teeth-setting-an-edge voluntary. *John Coan*,[2] the *Norfolk Pigmy*, motions us to his booth; and *Hale the Piper*[3] dancing his "*hornpipe*," bagpipes us a welcome to the fair!

"What," exclaimed the Laureat, "has become of this century of mountebanks? Ha! not one moving—still as the grave!"

Mr. Bosky was not often pathetic; but, being suddenly surprised into sentimentality, it is impossible to say what melancholy reflections might have resulted from the *Merrie Mysteries*, had not the landlord interrupted him by ushering into the room Uncle Timothy.

"Welcome, illustrious brother!" shouted Deputy Doublechin. "Better late than never!"

Uncle Timothy greeted the President, nodded to all round, and shook hands with some old stagers nearest the chair.

"Gentlemen," continued the enthusiastic deputy, brimming Uncle Tim's glass, "our noble Vice drinks to all your good healths. Bravo! this looks like the merry old times! We have not a moment to lose. To-morrow prostrates this ancient roof-tree! Shall it be sawed asunder unsung? No, Uncle Timothy,—no! rather let it tumble to a dying fall!"

The satirical-nosed gentleman would as soon have been suspected of picking a pocket as eschewing a pun.

"Your eloquence, Mr. Deputy, is irresistible,—"*Man* anticipates *Time* in the busy march of destruction. His own mortal frame, broken by intemperance, becomes a premature ruin; he fells the stately oak in the towering majesty of its verdure and beauty; he razes the glorious temple *hallowed by Time!* and the ploughshare passes over the sacred spot it once dignified and adorned! Man is ever quarrelling with *Time*. *Time* flies too swiftly; or creeps too slowly. His distempered vision conjures up a dwarf or a giant; hence *Time* is too short, or *Time* is too long! Now *Time* hangs heavy on his hands; yet for most things he cannot find *Time!* Though *time*-serving, he makes a lackey of *Time;* asking *Time* to pay his debts; *Time* to eat his dinner; *Time* for all things! He abuses *Time*, that never gave him a hard word; and, in a fit of *ennui*, to *get rid of himself*, he kills *Time;* which is never recovered, but lost in *Eternity!*" And Uncle Timothy, keeping time and the tune, sang his retrospective song of

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[1] "Sept. 8, 1757. Daily Advertiser. If the *lady* who stood near a *young gentleman* to see the *Dwarf Man and the Black in Bartholomew Fair*, on Wednesday evening, is single, and will inform the gentleman (who means the strictest *honour*) where he may once more have the happiness of meeting her, she will be waited on by a person of fortune. The lady wore a black satin hat, puffed inside and out; a black cardinal, and a genteel sprigged gown."

[2] This celebrated dwarf exhibited at *Bartholomew Fair*, Aug. 17, 1752.

[3] Under an engraving of *Hale the Piper*, by Sutton Nicholls, are the *music* to his *hornpipe*, and the following lines.

"Before three monarchs I my skill did prove,
Of many lords and knights I had the love;
There's no musician e'er did know the peer
Of *Hale the Piper* in fair *Darby Shire*.
The consequence in part you here may know,
Pray look upon his *hornpipe* here below."

Hail! modest piper, and farewell!

OLD TIME.

From boyhood to manhood, in fair and rough weather,
Old Time! you and I we have jogg'd on together;
Your touch has been gentle, endearing, and bland;
A fond *father* leading his *son* by the hand!

In the morning of life, ah! how tottering my tread—
(True symbol of age ere its journey is sped!)
But *Time* gave me courage, and fearless I ran—
I held up my head, and I march'd like a man!

Old Time brought me friendship, and swift flew the hours;
Life seem'd an Elysium of sunshine and flowers!
The flowers, but in memory, bear odour and bloom;
And the sun set on friendship, laid low in the tomb!

Yet, *Time*, shall I blame thee, tho' youth's happy glow
Is fled from my cheek, that my locks are grey?—No!
What more can I wish (not abusing my prime)
To pilot me home, than a friend like *Old Time*?

CHAPTER XXIV.

"QUITE *at home*" is a comfortable phrase! A man may be in his own house, and "*not at home;*" or a hundred miles away from it, and yet "*quite at home.*" "*Quite at home*" denotes absence of restraint (save that which good-breeding imposes), ostentatious display, affected style, and the petty annoyances of your small gentry, who clumsily ape their betters. Good entertainment, congenial company, pleasant discourse, the whole seasoned with becoming mirth, and tempered with elegance and refinement, make a man "*quite at home.*" "*Not at home*" is when *Mister* mimics Captain Grand, and *Madam* is in her tantrums; when our reception is freezing, and the guests are as sour as the wine; when no part or interest is taken in our pursuits and amusements; when frowns and discouragements darken our threshold; when the respect that is paid us by others is coldly received, or wilfully perverted by those whose duty it is to welcome to our hearth the grateful tribute; and when we are compelled to fly *from* home in order to be *at* home. "*Quite at home*" is quite the contrary! Then are affection, cheerfulness, mutual confidence, and sympathy, our household gods: every wish is anticipated, every sorrow soothed, and every pleasure shared!

Mr. Bosky, in his snug dining-parlour, entertaining a small party, was "*quite at home!*" There were present, Mr. Merripall, Deputy Doublechin, Mr. Crambo the Werter-faced young gentleman, who looked (as the comical coffin-maker hinted) "in prime twig to take a journey down a pump!" Mr. Titlepage of Type Crescent; Mr. Bumgarten (who had left his "*Hollyhock*" to "waste her sweetness" on *Pa, Ma,* and *Master Guy Muff!*); and Borax Bumps, Esq. the craniologist. 'Tis an easy thing to collect diners-out. High-feeding; the pleasure of criticising the taste of our host; quizzing his cuisine, and reckoning to a shade the expence of taking "the shine" out of him when *we* have our revenge! never fail to attract a numerous gathering. "Seeing company," in the *fashionable* sense of the word, is a series of attempts to eclipse those who are civil or silly enough to entertain us. Extremes belong to man only. There are

some niggards who shut out all society; fasting themselves, and making their doors fast!

Plentiful cheer, good humour, and a hearty welcome enlivened Mr. Bosky's table, the shape of which was after the ancient fashion of *King Arthur's*, and the beef (this Mr. Bosky called having a *round* with his friends!) was after the fashion of the table. The party would have been a round dozen, but for the temporary absence of Messrs. Hatband and Stiflegig, who stood sentinel at a couple of door-posts round the corner, and were not expected to be off guard until a few glasses had gone round. The conversation was various and animated. Deputy Doublechin, who had a great genius for victuals, declaimed with civic eloquence upon the *on*-and-*off*-the-river champagne, white bait, venison and turtle treats, for which Gog and Magog, and the City Chamber "*stood Sam*;" the comical coffin-maker rambled on a pleasant excursion to the cemeteries; Mr. Titlepage discoursed fluently upon waste demy; Mr. Bumps examined the craniums of the company, commencing with the "*destructive*," "*adhesive*," "*acquisitive*," "*imaginative*," and "*philoprogenitive*" developements of Deputy Doublechin; Mr. Bumgarten, who was "*quite at home!*" proved himself a master of every subject, and was most facetious and entertaining; and the Bard of Bleeding Hart Yard, after reciting a couplet of his *epitaph* upon an heroic young gentleman who was hung in chains,

"My uncle's son lies here below,
And rests at peace—when the wind don't blow!"

sang, *moderato con anima*, his

LEGEND OF KING'S-CROSS.

Those blythe Bow bells! those blythe Bow bells! a merry peal they ring,
And see a band of beaux and belles as jocund as the spring;
But who is she with gipsy hat and smart pink satin shoes?
The lily fair of *Jockey's Fields*, the darling of the *mews*.

But where is jimmy Ostler John, whom folks call "stable Jack"?
Alas! he cannot dance the hey, his heart is on the rack.
The Corp'ral 's cut him to the core, who marries Betsy Brown;
The winter of his discontent he spends at Somers' Town.

A pot of porter off he toss'd, then gave his head a toss,
And look'd cross-buttocks when he met his rival at King's-Cross;
The Corp'ral held right gallantly to widows, maids, and wives,
A bunch of roses in his fist, and Jack his bunch of fives.

Cry'd Betsy Brown, "All Troy I 'll to a tizzy bet, 'tis he!
I never thought to see you more, methought you went to sea:
That you, the crew, and all your togs, (a mouthful for a shark!)
Good for nothing, graceless dogs! had perish'd in a bark."

"I 'm him as was your lover true, O perjur'd Betsy Brown!
Your spark from Dublin up, I 'll soon be doubling up in town!
If, Pat, you would divine the cause, behold this nymph divine;
You 've won the hand of Betsy Brown, now try a taste of mine!"

The Corp'ral laid a bet he 'd beat, but Betsy held her rib—
"Be aisy, daisy!—Lying lout! we 'll see which best can fib!
A trick worth two I 'll shew you, by St. Patrick, merry saint!"
Poor Betsy fainted in his arms—the Corp'ral made a feint.

Jack ey'd the pump, and thither hied, and fill'd a bucket quick,
And chuck'd it o'er his chuck, for fear she should the bucket kick;
Then gave a tender look, and join'd a tender in the river—
What afterwards became of him we never could *diskiver*.

"The City of London and the trade thereof," and other standing toasts, having been drunk with the accustomed honours, Uncle Timothy addressed Mr. Bosky,

"Thy *Epilogue*, Benjamin. Drop we the curtain on this mountebank drama, and cry quittance to conjurors."

Mr. Bosky. "But what is an *Epilogue* without a dress coat, a *chapeau bras*, black velvets and paste buckles? *Nous verrons!*"

And the Laureat rose, put on a stage face, stood tea-pot fashion, and poured out his soul.

Mr. Bosky. Knights of the *Table Round!* in verse sublime,
I fain would tell how once upon a time,
When *George the Second*, royally interr'd,
Resign'd his sceptre to *King George the Third.*
Uncle Tim. *Bosky*, dismounting *Pegasus*, suppose
You sit, and speak your *epilogue* in *prose*,
Not in falsetto flat, and thro' the nose,
Like those
Who warble "knives to grind," and cry "old clothes!"

Mr. Bosky (resuming his seat and natural voice.) The *monarch*, glorying in the name of *Briton*, assumed the imperial diadem amidst the acclamations of his loyal subjects; the *mime*, though *not* Briton born, but *naturalized*, had done nothing to alienate his right comical peers, or diminish his authority in the High Court and Kingdom of Queerummania. But *Punch* had fallen on evil times and tongues. A few sticks of the rotten edifice of *utilitarianism* had been thrown together; men began to prefer the dry, prickly husks of disagreeable truths, to the whipt-syllabubs of pleasant fiction; all recreations were resolving themselves in "*Irishman's Holiday;*" (*change of work!*) the vivacity of small beer, and the strength of workhouse gruel! an unjolly spirit had again come over the nation; and people thought that by making this world a hell upon earth, they were nearer on their road to heaven! The contemporaries of *Punch*, too, had declined in respectability. A race of inferior conjurors succeeded to the cups and balls of *Mr. Fawkes;* the equilibrists and vaulters[1] danced more like a pea on a tobacco-pipe, than artists on on the wire; and a troop of barn-door fowls profaned the classic boards on which *Dogget, Pinkethman*, and *Spiller*, once crowed so triumphantly. Dame *Nature*, whose freaks in former times had con-

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[1] "Mr. Maddox balances on his chin seven pipes in one another; a chair, topsy-turvy, and a coach-wheel. Also a sword on the edge of a wine-glass; several glasses brim full of liquor; two pipes, cross-ways, on a hoop; a hat on his nose; and stands on his head while the wire is in full swing, without touching it with his hands." These performances he exhibited at Sadler's Wells, the Haymarket Theatre, &c. from 1753 to 1770.

"At the New Theatre Royal in the Haymarket this day, the 24th October, 1747, will be performed by a native Turk, Mahommed Caratha, the most surprising equilibres on the slack-rope, without a balance.

"Perhaps where *Lear* has rav'd, and *Hamlet* died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here *Hunt* may box, or *Mahomet* may dance."

tributed much to the amusement of the fair, turned spiteful—for children were born perversely well-proportioned; so that a dwarf, ("*Homunculi quanti sunt cum recogito!*") became a great rarity in the monster market; giants, like ground in the city, fetched three guineas a foot; humps rose, and the woods and forests were hunted for wild men. The same contradictory spirit ruled the animal creation. Cows had heretofore been born with a plurality of heads; and calves without tails were frequently retailed in the market. The pig, whose aptitude for polite learning had long been proverbial, sulked over his A B C, and determined to be a dunce; the dog [1] refused to be taught to dance; and the monkey,[2] at all times a trump card, forswore spades and diamonds. There was a mortality among the old dwarfs and Merry Andrews;[3] and the glory of Bartlemy Fair, *Roast Pig*, had departed! That crackling dainty, which would make a man *manger son propre pére!* gave place to horrible fried sausages, from which even the mongrels and tabbies of Smithfield Rounds instinctively turned aside with anti-cannibal misgivings! Unsavoury links! fizzing, fuming, bubbling, and squeaking in their own abominable black broth! "An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten mine imagination!" Your Bartlemy Fair kitchen is not the spice islands.

In 1614 one of *Dame Ursula's* particular orders to *Mooncalf* was to froth the cans well. In 1655,

"For a *penny* you may see a fine puppet play,
And for *two-pence* a rare piece of art;
And a *penny* a can, I dare swear a man
May put *six* (!) of 'em into a *quart*."

Only six! Mark to what immeasurable enormity these subdivisions of cans had risen fifty years after. Well might *Roger in Amaze*[4] exclaim,

"They brought me cans which cost a *penny* a piece, adsheart,
I'm zure *twelve* (!!) ne'er could fill our country *quart*."

"Remember twelve!" Yet these were days of comparative honesty —"a ragged virtue," which, as better clothes came in fashion, was

[1] In the year 1753, "Mrs. Midnight's company" played at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. A monkey acted the part of a waiter; and three dogs, as *Harlequin, Pierrot,* and *Columbine*, rivalled their two-legged competitors; a town was besieged by dogs, and defended by monkeys, the latter tumbling their assailants over the battlements. The dogs and monkeys performed a grand ballet; and a couple of dogs, booted and spurred, mounted a brace of monkeys, and gallopped off in Newmarket style. We are not quite certain whether Mrs. Midnight and her comedians travelled so far east as Smithfield Rounds.

[2] Spinacuta's monkey amused the French King and Court by dancing and tumbling on the slack and tight rope; balancing a chandelier, a hoop, and a tobacco-pipe, on the tip of his nose and chin, and making a melodramatic exit in a shower of fireworks. He afterwards exhibited at Sadler's Wells and Bartholomew Fair.

[3] "August 31, 1768. Died Jonathan Gray, aged nearly *one hundred years*, the famous *Merry Andrew*, who formerly exhibited at the *fairs* about London, and gained great applause by his acting at *Covent Garden Theatre*, in the entertainment called *Bartholomew Fair*."

"October 3, 1777. Yesterday, died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Thomas Carter, the *dwarf*, who was exhibited at last *Bartholomew Fair*. He was about 25 years of age, measuring only three feet four inches high. It is supposed that *over drinking* at the fair caused his death."

[4] "Roger in Amaze; or the Countryman's Ramble through Bartholomew Fair. To the tune of the *Dutch Woman's Jigg*. 1701."

cast off by the drawers, and an indescribable liquid now succeeded, not in a great measure, but "small by degrees and beautifully less," to the transcendant tipple of *Michael Roots.* From the wry faces and twinges of modern drinkers (it seems impossible to stand upright in the presence of a Bartlemy fair brewing!) we guess the tap has not materially improved. The advance of prices on the "*fine puppet play*"[1] and the two-penny "*rare piece of art,*" were not resisted; the O.P.'s were made to mind their P's and Q's by the terrors of Pied Poudre.

For many dismal seasons the fair dragged on from hand to mouth, hardly allowing its exhibitors (in the way of refection) to put the one to the other. And though my Lord Mayor[2] and the keeper of Newgate might take it cool, (in a tankard!) it was no laughing matter to the hungry mountebank, who could grin nobody into his booth; to the thirsty musician (who had swallowed many a butt!) grinding on his barrel; and the starved ballad-monger (corn has ears, but not for music!) singing for his bread. We hasten to more prosperous times. "Another glass, and then." Yet, ere the sand of the present shall have run out, good night to St. Bartholomew! We cannot say with Mr. Mawworm, "We likes to be despised!" nor are we emulous of "*crackers,*" unless they appertain unto wine and walnuts. But, sooner than our grotesque friends shall want a chronicler, we will apostrophise the learned pig, the pig-faced lady, and the most delicate monster that smokes his link for a cigar, picks his teeth with a hay-fork, and takes his snuff with a fire-shovel. Not that we love *Sir Andrew* less, but that we love *St. Bartlemy* more.

Higman Palatine[3] in 1763, delighted the court at Richmond Palace, and the commonalty at the "Rounds," with his "surprising deceptions;" and, gibing his heel, followed the toe of *Mr. Breslaw*[4]

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[1] "Let me never live to look so high as the *two-penny* room again," says Ben Jonson, in his prologue to Every Man out of his Humour, acted at the Globe, in 1599. The price of the "*best rooms,*" or *boxes,* was *one shilling;* of the lower places *two-pence,* and of some places only *a penny.* The *two-penny* room was the *gallery.* Thus Decker, "Pay your *two-pence* to a player, and you may sit in the *gallery.*" Bellman's Night Walk. And Middleton, "One of them is a nip, I took him once into the *two-penny gallery* at the Fortune." In Every Man out of his Humour there is also mention of "*the lords' room over the stage.*" The "*lords' room*" answered to the present *stage-boxes.* The price of them was originally *one shilling.* Thus Decker, in his Gull's Hornbook, 1609, "At a new play you take up the *twelve-penny room* next the stage, because the *lords* and you may seem to be hail fellow, well met."

[2] On the morning the fair is proclaimed, according to ancient custom, his Magnificence the Mayor drinks "*a cool tankard,*" (*not* of *aqua pura,*) with that retentive knight, the keeper of Newgate.

[3] "Mr. Palatine exhibits with pigeons, wigs, oranges, cards, handkerchiefs, and pocket-pieces; and swallows knives, forks, punch-ladles, and candle-snuffers."

[4] In 1775, Breslaw performed at Cockspur Street, Haymarket, and in after years at Hughes's Riding School and Bartholomew Fair. Being at Canterbury with his troop, he met with such bad success that they were almost starved. He repaired to the churchwardens, and promised to give the profits of a night's conjuration to the *poor,* if the parish would pay for hiring a room, &c. The charitable bait took, the benefit proved a bumper, and next morning the churchwardens waited upon the wizard to touch the receipts. "I have already disposed of dem," said Breslaw,—"de profits were for de *poor.* I have kept my promise, and given de money to *my own people,* who are de *poorest* in dis parish!"—"Sir!" exclaimed the churchwardens, "this is a *trick!*"—"I know it," replied Hocus Pocus,—"I live by my *tricks!*"

In after years there fell on *Mr. Lane*[1] ('tis a long lane that has never a turning!) a remnant of *Fawkes's* mantle. But was not our conjuror ("you must borrow me the mouth of *Gargantua!*") and his "*Enchanted Sciatoricon*," a little too much in advance of the age? The march of intellect[2] had not set in with a very strong current. The three R's (*reading, 'riting,* and *'rithmetic!*) comprehended the classical attainments of a City Solon and a Tooley Street Socrates. But we have since advanced to the learning of *Mr. Lane;* like the lady, who complained to the limner that her portrait looked too ancient for her, and received from Mr. Brush this pertinent reply, "Madam, you will grow more and more like it every day!" *Ingleby*,[3] "emperor of conjurors," (who let his magic cat out of the bag in a printed book of legerdemain,) and Gyngell only played, with *new variations*, the same old sleight-of-hand tricks over again. The wizard's art is down among the dead men.

As "dead men" died on the Laureat's lips, the joyous presence was announced of Mr. Hercules Hatband and Mr. Stanislaus Stiflegig. Uncle Timothy proposed a glass round; and to make up for lost time (in a libation to mountebanks), tumblers for the mutes.

"Our nephew 'is fat and scant of breath;' we will give him a few minutes to recruit. Marmaduke Merripall, I call upon you for a song."

"An excellent call! Uncle Timothy," shouted Deputy Doublechin.

Up jumped Borax Bumps, Esq. and running his shoulder of mutton palms with scientific velocity over the curly-wigged cranium of the comical coffin-maker, he emphatically pronounced the "*organ of tune*" to exhibit a musical Pelion among its intellectual nodosities.

"I should take your father, sir, to have been a parish clerk, from this mountainous developement of Sternhold and Hopkins."

"My *song* shall be a *toast*," said the comical coffin-maker:

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[1] "Grand Exhibition by Mr. Lane, first performer to the King, opposite the Hospital Gate. His *Enchanted Sciatoricon* will discover to the company the exact time of the day by any watch, though the watch may be in the pocket of a person five miles off. The *Operation Palingenesia:* any spectator sending for a couple of eggs, may take the choice of them, and the egg, being broke, produces a living bird of the species desired, which in half a minute receives its full plumage, and flies away. The other egg will, at the request of the company, leap from one hat to another, to the number of twenty. Then follow 'His *Unparalleled Sympathetic figures*,' '*Magical Tea Caddie*,' and 'above one hundred other astonishing tricks for the same money.'"

[2] This is the age of progression. Every thing (intellect and steam) is on the wing. Butchers' boys, puffing cigars, and lapping well-diluted caldrons of "Hunt's Roasted," illuminate with penny lore the hitherto unclassic shambles of Whitechapel and Leadenhall. The mechanic, far advanced in intelligence and gin, roars "animal parliaments, universal suffering, and vote by bullet." And the Sunday School Solomon, on being asked by *meo magister*, "Who was *Jesse?*" lisps "*the Flower of Dumblain!*"—"When was *Rome* built, my little intelligence?"—"In the *night*, sir."—"Eh! How?"—"Because I 've heerd grandmother say, *Rome* warn't built in a *day!*"—"*Avez vous du mal, monsieur?*" was the question put to a young Englishman, after a turn over in the French diligence.—"*Non*," replied the *six-lessons linguist*, "*Je n'ai qu'un portmanteau!*"

[3] "*Theurgicomination!* or New Magical Wonders, by Sieur Ingleby. He plays all sorts of tricks upon cards; exhibits his *Pixidees Metallurgy*, or tricks upon medals; and *Operation in Popysomance*, being the art of discovering people's thoughts. Any gentleman may cut off a cock's head, and at the Sieur's bidding it shall leap back to its old quarters, chanticleer giving three crows for its recovery!"

"TOASTED CHEESE!"

Taffy ap-Tudor he couldn't be worse—
The Leech having bled him in person and purse,
His cane at his nose, and his fee in his fob,
Bow'd off, winking *Crape* to look out for a job.

"Hur Taffy will never awake from his nap!
Ap-Tudor! ap-Jones! oh!" cried nurse Jenny-ap-
Shenkin ap-Jenkin ap-Morgan ap-Rice—
But Taffy turn'd round, and call'd out in a trice,

"Jenny ap-Rice, hur could eat something nice,
A dainty Welch rabbit—go toast hur a slice
Of cheese, if you please, which better agrees
With the tooth of poor Taffy than physic and fees."

A pound Jenny got, and brought to his cot
The prime double Glo'ster, all hot! piping hot!
Which being a bunny without any bones,
Was custard with mustard to Taffy ap-Jones.

"Buy some leeks, Jenny, and brew hur some caudle—
No more black doses from Doctor McDawdle!"
Jenny stew'd down a bunch into porridge, (Welch punch!)
And Taffy, Cot pless him! he wash'd down his lunch.

On the back of his hack next morn Doctor Mac
Came to see Jenny preparing her black!
Ap answer'd his rap in a white cotton cap,
With another Welch rabbit just caught in his trap!

"A gobbling? you ghost!" the Leech bellow'd loud,
"Does your mother know, Taffy, you 're out of your shroud?"—
"Hur physic'd a week—at hur very last squeak,
Hur try'd toasted cheese and decoction of leek."

"I 'm pocketting fees for the self-same disease
From the dustman next door—I 'll prescribe toasted cheese
And leek punch for lunch!" But the remedy fails—
What *kills* Pat from *Kilmore*, *cures* Taffy from *Wales*.

ELEANOR BINGLEY.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

Revenge is never worthier than its object. Do we need examples to prove the truth of this? They "stand rubrick" in history, in the records of crime. They accumulate daily. It must be so. Revenge is a wrong exchange. Pride may disclaim, passion may deny; but never was human creature whose working mind wrought vengeance, that, ere the brain ceased its functions and the heart had lost its pulse, did not feel that revenge is as ignoble as its cause.

Mr. Benson had late in life married a young lady of great beauty, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who had returned his affection. They were a singularly happy couple. It was natural, therefore, when his wife was taken from him, that he should have centred his hopes and wishes in his daughter. He looked upon her, indeed, as a sacred trust committed to his charge, and fell into the common error of permitting the child to see, rather than of causing her to feel, the extent of his love. The almost inevitable consequence was apparent in Eleanor, when Mrs. Marlowe was introduced into the family as her governess. She was what is called a

spoilt child, a phrase which has the merit of being at once popular and appropriate.

Eleanor Benson was a girl of great natural capacity; of a quick perception, and of a keen and accurate observation. She was diligent also, and made so rapid a progress in her studies as almost to impress a belief upon her father that her knowledge was intuitive. Regular application and facility of acquirement will together work marvels, and to those who are not daily and hourly observant of the process, the result may well appear miraculous.

But her will had been permitted too early a growth. It would bear neither curb, nor restraint, nor expostulation. She would have her own way in everything; and not because she conceived it to be right, or others knew it to be wrong, but simply that it was her own way. It may be easily believed that as she grew in years this froward disposition was not subdued. It was not even weakened.

The day arrived on which it was arranged the duties of Mrs. Marlowe as governess were to cease. Eleanor had completed her seventeenth year. Mr. Benson, however, insisted that Mrs. Marlowe should remain with him till his daughter was married; and as that lady had lived with the family some years, the proposition so urgently made was not a little gratifying to her. A short conversation which took place on the evening of that day between Miss Benson and her governess, may serve for an illustration of the character of the former.

"I know you think me a strange girl, dear madam," said Eleanor, "but I entertain a sincere and strong affection for you. Indeed, I believe I love you better than I could have loved my mother, were she now living."

"You are mistaken," replied Mrs. Marlowe, surprised at her unusual earnestness.

"No, I am not. I was too young when my mother died to define precisely what my feelings towards her then were; but I associate with the idea of love to a mother a something of duty, of obedience, which," she added after a pause, laughing, "I was never obliged to pay to you."

"Then you consider, Eleanor," inquired Mrs. Marlowe, "that duty and obedience are unfeminine qualities?"

She coloured slightly. "Mrs. Marlowe, I cannot obey."

The beauty of Miss Benson, or her father's wealth, or both, caused her, very soon after what is technically termed her "coming out," to be flattered or persecuted by the assiduities of suitors. Of these it is necessary to mention only two—Lord Linton and Mr. Bingley. These two gentlemen were young, handsome, and accomplished; and, perhaps, regarded by an indifferent spectator with reference merely to their extrinsic personal merits, it might have been difficult to assign a superiority to one over the other. It is not surprising, however, that Mr. Benson should have preferred the former. A title and an ancient family are no contemptible recommendations; and when they are accompanied, as they were in the instance of Lord Linton, by qualities at once unobtrusive and captivating, they have commonly their due weight with considerate and anxious parents. Mr. Benson, accordingly, took it for granted that everything as to this matter would proceed in accordance with his own wishes; and he came the sooner to the conclusion, as his wishes on the point in question were exceedingly strong. But he was to be disappointed.

It is true, Miss Benson had never shown a decided preference for Mr. Bingley; on the contrary, if a judgment of her sentiments were at any time to have been formed from her manners, it might have been inferred that Lord Linton was the more favoured suitor. The elopement of Eleanor with Mr. Bingley decided the question.

It has been said that love cannot exist with fear. Whoever said this, or may continue to believe it, is mistaken. Mr. Benson loved his daughter with almost childish fondness; but it is no less certain that he feared her also. It must be owned that the influence she had acquired over him was maintained by no vulgar show of authority. It was not tyranny. It was the influence of a strong mind over a weak one. Her power was, as Shakspeare says,

> "As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
> By sovereignty of nature."

In a few weeks Mr. Benson received his daughter to his arms with even more than his usual kindness. But the weakest natures must retain some object upon which to wreak their wounded pride. No persuasion—had any been used on the part even of Eleanor—could have prevailed upon him to treat Mr. Bingley with an appearance of cordiality; and at his death, which took place about a year afterwards, it was discovered that he had settled all his property absolutely upon his daughter and the children she might have; and in the event of her dying without issue, it was to be divided between distant relatives of his own.

But he did not forget the governess of his daughter. The munificent legacy he left Mrs. Marlowe enabled her to take a house of her own, to which, shortly after the death of her patron, she retired, where she lived in great privacy.

Rumours, however, at length reached her that Mr. Bingley and his lady were far from being so happy a couple as might have been expected; and hints that a separation was likely to take place were soon after communicated to her. This information greatly distressed the worthy woman. She felt a sincere affection for her former pupil, who, apart from the headstrong intolerance of her nature, possessed many excellent qualities; and she could not help being deeply grieved when she reflected that most probably her young friend had been the sole cause of her own misery. She remembered what Mrs. Bingley had said to her shortly after she was reconciled to her father.

"I loved Bingley, I suspect, because my father preferred Lord Linton. Ought I not to be ashamed to confess this? Well—I am. But I was not worthy of Linton. I am good enough for Bingley."

With many trembling misgivings, Mrs. Marlowe ventured upon a visit to her. There was no perceptible difference in her appearance or manners. At first her visiter imagined a degree of reserve and of constraint, but it was soon discarded. They talked on indifferent topics. Mrs. Bingley did not choose, and the other dared not to refer to matters of a private nature.

"Tell me now," said Mrs. Bingley, at length, when Mrs. Marlowe was rising to take her leave, "what brought you here?"

"My dear Mrs. Bingley, what a strange question! "I came to see you."

"I know that," she rejoined; "you came to see me—out of curiosity."

"My dear child, do not talk so," replied Mrs. Marlowe, "I am at all times concerned for your welfare and happiness, and I called ——"

"To see how a slighted woman bears the scorn and insult of her husband," returned Mrs. Bingley. "Well, nothing can be more natural, or more like curiosity."

"Eleanor, you wrong me," said Mrs. Marlowe; "I came with no such intention. All I can say is, I hope ——"

"Hope nothing—fear nothing, madam," proudly interposed Mrs. Bingley. "You remember Eleanor Benson, I presume?"

"I do."

"Then you know Eleanor Bingley." She rang the bell. "Do not come often," she added, pressing the hand of her friend as she was leaving the room; "I will write to you when I wish to see you. I love you, Marlowe; but you recal old times to me, and they are not pleasant—now."

If there is one tyrant (when it has become a tyrant) more to be dreaded than another, it is one's self. If there is one passion that makes that tyrant most intolerable, it is Pride. This woman — this Eleanor Bingley had ever been a slave to herself, and the weakest of slaves. That passion mastered all the rest, controlled them, and bade them do its bidding. At length, it raised and entered into a devil worse than itself.

It was not long after her marriage that she discovered that Bingley had never loved her — that he had married her from the basest mercenary motives. He was indignant when he found that the father of his wife, after their reconciliation, treated him with unvarying coolness, and he remonstrated with her upon it, telling her that it was her duty to bring about a better understanding between them, which he doubted not, from her father's extreme affection for her, she would find it easy to accomplish. I have already said that remonstrance was never a successful expedient when applied to Eleanor Bingley. She did not deem it to be her duty to act as he requested. On the contrary, she had too much reason to believe and to lament that her father had made a more accurate estimate of her husband's character than herself; and the purpose for which alone he desired Mr. Benson's friendship was so contemptible that she already began to feel towards him an abhorrence which his after-conduct did not serve to mitigate.

"You will urge," she says in a letter to a friend written about this time, "that there are, probably, faults on both sides; that it is our duty to forget and forgive; that we should bear with one another, and the like. It may be so. It is so. It is possible there are faults on both sides; but my heart could never forget and forgive, and I cannot bear."

It might have been supposed that Mr. Benson's manifest repugnance to his son-in-law would have led the latter not to speculate very sanguinely upon the chance of coming into his property after his death. It seems, however, that he had done so; for when he learnt that Benson had left the whole of his property to his daughter, he flew into an ungovernable rage, accused her of having perverted her father's intentions, and, in conclusion, frankly assured her that it was for her fortune alone he had married her. She had discovered that long since. The candid acknowledgment was not lost upon her.

Mr. Bingley's fortune was small. He had mortgaged his estate

almost to its value, and he was deeply in debt. His wife liquidated his debts, paid off the mortgage, and gave him a considerable sum—out of returning love, perhaps,—or generosity? neither; but that he should never have it to say with truth that she had ever cost him one farthing.

In the meantime she was abundantly wretched. Could she live tamely, contentedly, placidly, with a grovelling wretch like this, whose every idea was sensual, whose whole being was selfishness? No. She did not attempt to conceal the contempt and disgust she felt for him; nor could he disguise the paltry malice and mean revenge with which he was actuated.

At length a separation was talked of, and agreed upon. Mrs. Bingley was too eager to emancipate herself from the infamous thraldom of a man whom she detested, to cavil about minor points. He had his own terms; evidently the most important element in the question to him. His wife was to allow him a thousand a year, and a deed was drawn up to that effect.

On the very day upon which it was settled that this deed was to be signed, Mrs. Bingley was informed, nor could she doubt her authority, that her husband had for a long time past been connected with a girl—one Hannah Barker—whom he had seduced under the most base and heartless circumstances.

In the evening Bingley came home punctually to his appointment, (he was always punctual in affairs of money when he was to be the recipient of it,) and his wife silently handed him the executed deed, which he placed in his pocket with an exultation he now felt it needless to conceal.

"I take it for granted, Mr. Bingley," said his wife, "that in future we are to see less of each other."

"As you please, madam," he answered with insolent coolness: "I assure you it is perfectly indifferent to me when we meet, or whether we ever meet again."

"I believe you, sir. You will be happy elsewhere, I dare say."

"Doubtless, madam,—doubtless," he replied in the same tone, "I shall find or make many sources of amusement, without question. The world is wide, Mrs. Bingley. Man is, as it were, a bird of passage."

"A beast of prey, rather, Bingley, were mankind like you," she retorted.—"I have heard of you, and of *her*."

He stared upon her for a moment in surprise.

"Jealous, madam?" he said, turning on his heel, "I shall leave you."

"To return to Hannah Barker, I presume?"

He started, and looked back, and an unwonted colour arose into his cheeks.

"Hannah Barker!" said he, stammering, "what do you know—what do you mean?"

"That a man who marries for money, and seduces for love, is a more contemptible villain than I expected even George Bingley to prove himself. That is what I know,—that is what I mean."

Mrs. Bingley uttered this with infinite coolness.

Bingley approached, and raising his hand, would have struck her, but she stayed the blow. Taking him by the arm, she led him to the door, which she opened.

"George Bingley," she said coldly and malignantly, "had you struck me, you would have lived to-morrow in the other world. "Begone—leave me, lest I spurn you; and beware! I may yet deprive you of your annuity."

He was confounded by her manner, perhaps by her appearance.

"You cannot," he muttered,—"it is signed—the deed is signed," and with this he attempted to smile, but could not: a paleness overspread his face. "Eleanor ——" he began; but she heard no more. He presently went down stairs, and left the house.

There are some weeds, we are told, which it is almost impossible to extirpate. They are cut down when in bloom, and the action of the elements causes the stem to rot. It is thus with the moral weed, revenge. You cannot destroy it till it has blossomed—its roots and fibres pervade and engross the heart. It may die, but you cannot eradicate it. Some days elapsed before Mrs. Bingley became conscious of its existence in her own bosom; and then she discovered that the seed had been sown there a year ago. It was now that she took delight not so much in recalling the slights and insults she had really received from her husband, as in suggesting to her mind what he might or would have done, until these suggestions assumed the shape of reality. What if he *had* struck her,—if he *had* smitten her to the earth, and stamped upon her? Her blood boiled at the supposition. He would have done so, had he dared: had she not prevented him, he had done so. It was she who prevented, not he that forbore the outrage.

Day by day, hour by hour, during the space of two years, thoughts of a sufficient vengeance revolved—whirled in her brain. Meanwhile, none could detect any change within her, or any external alteration. She was the same as heretofore—calm, indifferent, proud as she had ever been. But it was now time that she should act.

She learned that Bingley had become acquainted with this Hannah Barker very shortly after his marriage. The girl, it appears, lived in the vicinity of the place at which they had resided during the few weeks that intervened between the marriage and Mrs. Bingley's reconciliation to her father. She was the daughter of a labouring man, and remarkably simple and ignorant. Mrs. Bingley learned also that shortly after the girl came to London, which she did at the instance of her paramour, her mother had died of a broken heart; and that Bingley had succeeded in soothing the resentment, or in satisfying the avarice of the father by a sum of money. Bingley was now living a few miles from London, under the assumed name of Robinson, and Hannah Barker passed as his wife. He had a little boy, to whom, and to its mother, he was greatly attached; and he was happy—quite happy.

George Bingley was happy, and with a creature like this, who had destroyed one parent, and had rendered the other infamous. It was not the wrong done to herself that Mrs. Bingley regarded; it was that this Hannah Barker should be the instrument of the man's happiness. She made herself believe this, and transferred all the hate she could spare from Bingley to the girl:—no, she included her in that hatred. It was lasting, unquenchable, and single.

It was on a fine day in August that a woman habited as a gipsy was lingering near the enclosure of a small villa at Norwood. There

was a gate leading on to a common, and it was the custom of Mrs. Robinson to take her daily walk about that time of the afternoon. The gipsy had not tarried there long before Mrs. Robinson came through the gate. She was, it seemed, attracted by the appearance of the woman, who almost confronted her, and stood for a short time irresolutely at the gate, looking back at intervals, as if she apprehended lest somebody should follow her.

The gipsy addressed her in the jargon of the tribe, inquiring whether she would have her fortune told.

She smiled. "You can tell me nothing, I am sure," she said, "that I shall believe. You gipsies never speak truly."

"You are mistaken, lady," replied the gipsy, gazing in her face steadfastly, and taking her hand. "You are a wife, I perceive," she observed, after a pause, "but you have no husband."

"Ha! ha! I thought you would guess wrong," cried Mrs. Robinson, and she laughed with childish glee.

"You are a wife, and no wife," resumed the gipsy earnestly; "he with whom you live is not your husband. He is married, too."

The young woman trembled, and turned pale. "How do you know this?" she faltered.

"You will have much trouble," continued the other, without heeding the question. "Your husband, if I must call him so, will, perhaps, ere long desert you. He is fickle, inconstant, and ——"

"Oh! do not say so," exclaimed the terrified girl; "you must not tell me any more."

The gipsy detained her hand. "But this may be averted, my dear woman," she said encouragingly. "You may prevent it."

"How?"

"I have that which will enable you to do so."

"What is it?"

"A love-charm."

"I have heard of such things," said the girl, turning from the gipsy with an air of disappointment, "but we don't believe in them in our part of the country: they are laughed at there."

"Folly laughs when wisdom is grave," observed the gipsy sternly. "I leave you. You will remember what I have told you."

"Stay!" exclaimed Mrs. Robinson, when the gipsy had walked a few paces, "I must give you something." She returned.

"Suppose I make a trial of it, mother?" said the girl, "there can be no harm?"

"There will be much good," replied the other, producing a small phial. "You must tarry four days before you make trial of its virtue. No one living must see you present it to him. He must not know what you do; and it must be mixed in his drink, that he may not detect you, otherwise the charm is of no effect."

"But you are sure it is quite safe," said the girl, receiving the phial from the gipsy, and placing some silver in her hand.

"Safe?" the gipsy looked upon her and smiled,—"sure is a better word. It is very sure."

With many thanks and blessings, after again enjoining scrupulous attention to her injunctions, she left her.

A few days after this Bingley was found dead in his bed. Upon an examination of the body it was discovered that he had been poisoned. Suspicion fell upon the young woman with whom he had

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been living for nearly three years. She was taken up, and committed for trial. It was distinctly proved in evidence that she had administered the poison to the unhappy man, indeed she confessed as much; and her defence was so strange and unsatisfactory—the story she told of the manner in which she had become possessed of the poison was held to be so outrageously improbable, and the relation in which she stood to the deceased was so much to the prejudice of her statement, that she was found guilty, and executed.

This horrible event made a strong impression on the public mind; nor were there wanting many who avowed their belief of the girl's innocence. Some arrived at this conclusion on the ground that the very improbability of her story was an evidence that she had not invented it; whilst others were attracted towards her by her interesting appearance, and by the air of innocence which abided with her during the trial, and, indeed, to the last moment. None were able to divine any probable motive she could have in destroying, at the certain forfeit of her own life, her only protector.

Immediately after the burial of her husband Mrs. Bingley left England for Paris, where she resided several years. At length she returned to England. During this period Mrs. Marlowe heard not from her. She had heard of her, indeed, occasionally, but it was intelligence of an unvarying character,—namely, that she lived in utter seclusion. Sometimes, when the governess pondered, which she frequently did over the circumstances which had wrought so extraordinary a change in the habits of this high-spirited woman, a sensation not of doubt, but of vague, half-defined surmise, would steal upon her in spite of herself. She could not avoid the thought that this entire abandonment of society and its attractions was hardly to be expected from her.

"And yet it is impossible to foretell or to foresee in what guise it may please morbid and inexorable pride to glorify itself."

This was the invariable conclusion of Mrs. Marlowe's reflections respecting her former pupil.

One afternoon a note was placed into her hands. It was in these words:—

"Come to me instantly. I have resolved upon seeing you. You will see me for the last time. I am dying. *I hope you will come, and come quickly.* "ELEANOR BINGLEY."

Surprised and shocked at this abrupt intimation, Mrs. Marlowe returned an answer by the bearer that she would wait upon her instantly, and she retired to prepare herself for the visit with feelings of consternation, which she could not repress.

An elderly woman ushered her in silence to the chamber of Mrs. Bingley, and opening the door, admitted her, and as silently withdrew. There was a figure before her, seated in an easy chair. Her hands grasped the extremity of the arms, and her feet were placed close and evenly upon a stool. Good heavens! this being, scarcely human, scarcely like humanity, could not be Eleanor Bingley! Her hair was white—perfectly white, and fell straightly over the bosom; but the face—ghastly, attenuated! It was not a face that years, that age could have made. Time had written no mission there. It was horror!

At that moment she slowly raised her eyes. Mrs. Marlowe knew her then; but why she should have known her, she could not tell: they were, perhaps, more frightful than all. It was but a moment's glare; but it was the glance of one who knew her.

Mrs. Marlowe was about to utter an exclamation of pity and terror, but she checked herself. She remembered that the woman of whom the hideous, changed self was before her, never betrayed her own feelings, and was impatient of such weakness on the part of others. She moved towards her, and would have taken her hand, and inclined her head purposing to kiss her forehead, but Mrs. Bingley motioned her to sit down.

"No salutations to me," she said, in a hollow but distinct voice; "I did not send to you for these. Sit down; but do not look upon me while I am speaking. I do not like to be gazed at."

Mrs. Marlowe obeyed.

"I am dying, Mrs. Marlowe," she resumed in the same tone, and as immoveably, "and I have wished to see you because you are the only being in the world who knows me,—and because I love you."

Mrs. Marlowe was about to say something, but the other checked her.

"Will you not let me speak while I have the power of speech?" she said hastily. "You must say nothing yet. Presently it will be your turn to speak, I doubt not. I have that to tell which will make you — speak? — no; but shriek, Mrs. Marlowe. Well, cries cannot terrify me—it is silence that makes me mad—that *has* made me mad."

Startled by these words, and alarmed at their import, Mrs. Marlowe exclaimed, "What, in Heaven's name, is the meaning of this shocking language? I *must* speak. Why do I see you thus? Where is your physician?"

"Where he should be, I hope; with the sick in body. I am not sick in body. He can do me no good."

"But I must send for him," rejoined Mrs. Marlowe. "I will not see you thus."

"*Must—will*," she muttered. "No matter. Well—when I have told you, but not before. We will then talk about physicians."

She was silent for a few moments, and then resumed. She spoke in a low tone, her eyes bent towards the ground.

"I have never uttered that which I am about to tell you—not even a whisper of it, or concerning those to whom it refers, to any human soul breathing. None save God and myself know it. Mrs. Marlowe —you will tremble—you will turn pale— your knees will smite together, but you will not weep," and here she raised her eyes, and fixed them upon Mrs. Marlowe, "when I tell you that Hannah Barker killed George Bingley, but that I murdered both."

"O gracious God!" cried Mrs. Marlowe, in horror; "but no — what dreadful fancy is this? The girl herself confessed that she had the poison of a gipsy."

"The girl thought she was speaking truth; the woman seemed a gipsy; and she gave the woman money — silver — for the poison; and, could you look into Bingley's coffin, you would find the silver. *I* placed it there. Still incredulous? I have brought myself, I say, to confession. Do you ask how I could do this? Learn from me—

the knowledge is useless to you,—that revenge may *always* be satisfied. Do you not know that vice can borrow of the fiends, while virtue can but look towards Heaven?"

Mrs. Marlowe would have fled from her—from the room, but she was unable to rise from her chair. The constraint of fascination grew upon her—pervaded and impelled her frame. She could not avert her eyes from the frightful spectacle before her. As though drawn forward by some invisible and irresistible power, she sunk at the feet of Mrs. Bingley, embracing her knees loathingly, and gazing into her face with an aspect not to be described. Perhaps the remembrance of the child—the beautiful, the innocent girl—worked within her,—that horrible, unpraying, unprayed-for object, the child that had once breathed the simple, holy prayers at her knees, and laid its gentle head to rest in her bosom! Is it a wonder that the venerable woman, struck down by woe even to the form of worship, embraced the knees of the sinner?

The feelings of the child were not dead within the wretched woman. She was strongly, violently moved. Dreadful groans issued from her—drawn from the depths of a bosom overlaid with sterner feelings.

"Do not think, thou good—thou best and earliest friend," she said at length, "that I have not suffered. If you can imagine anguish, torment, utter despair, without tears or remorse, you may conceive faintly what I have endured. Oh! believe them not who tell you that the murderer has been sometimes visited by the awful spirit of his victim. I have watched, almost beseeched, that they might pass before me—that I might see them, but they have not come,—they have never appeared before me. Anything but the long, long alternation of light and darkness,—the hideous silence for ever tingling around me,—the madness, which was never yet described, of too much consciousness."

"But, oh! my child—my child—my Eleanor!" cried Mrs. Marlowe, beseechingly, "there is yet, even yet, hope: there is repentance—there is ——"

"Mercy, you would say," interrupted Mrs. Bingley. "Not for me. There is the book: I have read it. No hope for me has arisen out of its pages. Reparation must precede repentance. I have made all I am able to make. Go into that room," motioning to an inner apartment; "you will see a sealed packet on the table. It is my will. Bring it to me quickly. Surely, I placed it there—yet stay. Go and see."

Mrs. Marlowe proceeded to the room. The packet could not be immediately discovered. While she was yet looking for it,—that sound, the terrible cause of which is never to be mistaken, even by one who hears it for the first time, recalled her to the chamber. She hastened thither. Only not too late were her arms extended. They sustained a corpse. A small phial fell from its hand upon the instant.

When the will of the wretched Mrs. Bingley was opened, it was discovered that she had left all that it was in her power to leave to William George (so was he named), the son of George Bingley and of Hannah Barker.



ODE TO TAGLIONI

ON THE LAST NIGHT OF HER APPEARANCE IN LONDON PREVIOUSLY TO HER DEPARTURE FOR ST. PETERSBURG TO FULFIL AN ENGAGEMENT FOR THREE YEARS.

Oh! thou incomparable dancer, who,
With lightsome foot,
Of countless heads as light and heavy hearts
Productive,
Each awkward imitative prancer's *shoe*
At *last* hast put
In toto out of *joint;*—can foreign parts,
Seductive,
Induce thy *light-foot* e'er, *for sake* of hoards,
To quit our *foot-lights,* or *forsake* our boards?

Ah! let no Autocrat's enticing offers
Of wealth and thanks
Transfer thy pedal charms from heart of oak,
To languish
(Though Russian roubles rumble in thy coffers)
On Riga planks;
Nor let that faithful oaken heart be broke
With anguish;

But scout his gold, his silver, and platinum,*
Or, with thy usual grace, fair nymph, decline 'em.

Fair *Venus!* why,—when smiling *Paris* gives
Approving tones
And *golden pippins*,—on cold icebergs cull
Siberian crabs?
No *Phrygian* shepherd or *back*woodsman lives
In *frigid* zones;
But "sine *Bacco friget* Venus" dull,
And clad in drabs,
The *Russian serf* infests his native *earth;*
The *ocean's rushing surf* 'twas gave *you* birth.

And thou that art among our graceful *swans*
The *leader*,†
Why float in *Muscovy* 'mid waddling *ducks*
In*duc*tile?
Admitting there be many *pros* and *cons*
To feed a
Discussion touching when they ruled by "*Dux*"
This mulct isle,
The Romans sent not one *Pro-con-*sul *there*,
On wild *goose* chase to cross *that* "desert air."

Behold th' *Equestrian*‡ multitude before thee,
Jammed tight in-
-to ev'ry *stall* and *box* of this great *horse-shoe*
In the *Haymarket;*
Some *racked up*on the standing room adore thee,
(Sad plight in!)
*Nag*ging their neighbours; but we'd all force you
To stay—mark it!—
That's why Terpsichore, to stop thy flight,
I mount my wingless *Pegasus* to-night.

Lo! politicians here of ev'ry shade,
Forgetting faction,
Their *satis*-faction at thy *feat* display;
While *Peer* and *Member*
Appear thy *peer*less *members* to have made
The *sole* attraction,
The feuds of "both their houses" to allay,
And scarce remember
Their *manifestoes* and their *stately papers*,
For thy *manifest toes* and *stately capers*.

* In Russia this metal is used for current coin.
† Qy. Leda.—P. D.
‡ The *noblesse*, or equestrian order.

Here sportsmen from *Newmarket* come to view,
    Dear TAGLIONI!
The last of this thy short but glorious run;
    And *Melton* men
At every flying leap aloud renew
    Their *tally-ho!—nay*,
As "*tal leone*" roar with boist'rous fun;
    Like sheep in pen
With heat they *melt on* benches;—but each begs
You 'll take to no *new market* those sweet legs.

Great Faraday and Daniell in their *cells*
    A *battery*
Of looks *sustain* on thy fair limbs that *coil*
    So *helically*,
Electrified by thy *magnetic* spells,
    (No flattery!)
For thou their cold philosophy canst foil
    Angelically;
GALVANI ne'er at *leap-frog* could compete,
Or VOLTA *vault a* match with thy light feet.

Here merchants from the *city* loudly scan
    Of "*Cherry-toe*,"
(For thus the *cit he* fair CERITO calls,)
    The *current* worth
Compared with thine;—but all the *sylphide* clan
    Their merit owe
To thee whose *fruit*ful genius all fore*stalls*.
    Though none on earth
HER *nectared* sweetness to im*peach* may dare,
With THEE, that hast no *pair*,—none can com*pare*.

Lo! yonder sits—to watch thy *airy* flight
    And culmination,—
Professor *Airey* in this *mural arc*
    Observatory
Of thee and all thy satellites to-night,
    Each occultation
And dark *eclipse* with *telescope* to mark
    Conservatory;
But who can *tell-his-scope?* with royal shears
He-clips the wings of time with long Gregorian years.

Perhaps he thinks upon *Calisto's* ruin,
    Unlucky soul!
By *martial Juno* turned to "Ursa Major,"
    Or "great she-bear,"
That *climbs*, as all bears do, and *hops for Bruin*
    Around the pole;
Forbear that *Calisthenic* flight, fair stager!
    Nor rashly dare

To *brave* the *clime* that *brave* Na*pole*on lost,—
Where *Marshal Junot* couldn't *bear* the frost.

Art thou ambitious, say, upon that frail-road
The frozen Neva,
To risk thy precious life in slippery sledge
Impelled by *rein-deer?*
Go! tempt thy fate upon an English rail-road,
Thou fair deceiver!
And now for many a day, o'er field and hedge
It 's *rained here,*
Not cats and dogs, indeed,—but frogs and fishes;*
While Danae's golden show'rs have crowned thy wishes.

Ah! when your *sorceries* make all men feel
You *are* a witch,
Why *lodge* on Memel *board* and *pine*
In *Freeze*land?
You'll surely never get through *that—or deal;*
The Czarovitch
With *saucer eyes,*—packed up in *fur* is fine;
And *he 's* bland
In summer time;—but, when the north wind blows off,
With frost instead of fire he 'll *Kutyur-tos-off!*

Then let no signed agreement or indenture,
All London begs,
Induce you,—sweet *Euphrosyne!*—to close
With that cold Prince;
To see *you-frozen-he* would madly venture;
And thy fine legs,
Benumbed by frost, replace with timber toes,
And never wince;
No longer then you 'd play, with winning tricks,
Among the men, the devil—*on two sticks!*

But if thou wilt not stay,—and we to thy
Lex talionis,
Or *Taglioni's law,* must e'en submit
At this sad hour,
Accept a parting *bouquet* and a sigh
From each *Adonis*
That sheds a *tear* unpitied in the pit,
While box-*tiers* show'r
Unnumbered wreaths upon thy head, to tell
Our wishes for thy *welfare*—and—FAREWELL!

ROBERT MORE.

* A fact. This phenomenon occurred recently at Derby; it was attributed to the effect of a whirlwind.

ADVENTURES OF DEERSLAYER. — DEATH OF THE RED MAN.*

Day had fairly dawned before Deerslayer opened his eyes. This was no sooner done than he started up, and looked about him with the eagerness of one who suddenly felt the importance of accurately ascertaining his precise position. His rest had been deep and undisturbed; and when he awoke, it was with a clearness of intellect, and a readiness of resources that were much needed at that particular moment. The sun had not risen, it is true, but the vault of heaven was rich with the winning softness that "brings and shuts the day," while the whole air was filled with the carols of birds, the hymns of the feathered tribe. These sounds first told him the risks he ran. The air, for wind it could scarcely be called, was still light, it is true, but it had increased a little in the course of the night, and as the canoes were mere feathers on the water, they had drifted twice the expected distance; and, what was still more dangerous, had approached so near the base of the mountain that here rose precipitously from the eastern shore, as to render the carols of the birds plainly audible. This was not the worst. The third canoe had taken the same direction, and was slowly drifting towards a point where it must inevitably touch, unless turned aside by a shift of wind, or human hands. In other respects nothing presented itself to attract attention, or to awaken alarm. The castle stood on its shoal, nearly abreast of the canoes, for the drifts had amounted to miles in the course of the night, and the ark lay fastened to its piles, as both had been left so many hours before.

As a matter of course, Deerslayer's attention was first given to the canoe ahead. It was already quite near the point, and a very few strokes of the paddle sufficed to tell him that it must touch before he could possibly overtake it. Just at this moment, too, the wind inopportunely freshened, rendering the drift of the light craft much more rapid and certain. Feeling the impossibility of preventing a contact with the land, the young man wisely determined not to heat himself with unnecessary exertions; but, first looking to the priming of his piece, he proceeded slowly and warily towards the point, taking care to make a little circuit, that he might be exposed on only one side, as he approached.

The canoe adrift, being directed by no such intelligence, pursued its proper way, and grounded on a small sunken rock, at the distance of three or four yards from the shore. Just at that moment Deerslayer had got abreast of the point, and turned the bows of his own boat to the land; first casting loose his tow, that his movements might be unencumbered. The canoe hung an instant on the rock; then it rose a hair's breadth on an almost imperceptible swell of the water, swung round, floated clear, and reached the strand. All this the young man noted, but it neither quickened his pulses, nor hastened his hand. If any one had been lying in wait for the arrival of the waif, he must be seen, and the utmost caution in approaching the shore became indispensable; if no one was in ambush, hurry was unnecessary. The point being nearly diagonally opposite to the Indian encampment, he hoped the last, though the former was not only

* From the forthcoming romance, entitled "The Deerslayer," by Mr. Cooper.

possible, but probable; for the savages were prompt in adopting all the expedients of their particular modes of warfare, and quite likely had many scouts searching the shores for craft to carry them off to the castle. As a glance at the lake from any height or projection would expose the smallest object on its surface, there was little hope that either of the canoes could pass unseen; and Indian sagacity needed no instruction to tell which way a boat or a log would drift when the direction of the wind was known. As Deerslayer drew nearer and nearer to the land, the stroke of his paddle grew slower, his eye became more watchful, and his ears and nostrils almost dilated with the effort to detect any lurking danger. 'Twas a trying moment for a novice, nor was there the encouragement which even the timid sometimes feel when conscious of being observed and commended. He was entirely alone, thrown on his own resources, and was cheered by no friendly eye, emboldened by no encouraging voice. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, the most experienced veteran in forest warfare could not have conducted himself better. Equally free from recklessness and hesitation, his advance was marked by a sort of philosophical prudence, that appeared to render him superior to all motives but those which were best calculated to effect his purpose. Such was the commencement of a career in forest exploits, that afterwards rendered this man in his way, and under the limits of his habits and opportunities, as renowned as many a hero whose name has adorned the pages of works more celebrated than legends simple as ours can ever become.

When about a hundred yards from the shore, Deerslayer rose in the canoe, gave three or four vigorous strokes with the paddle, sufficient of themselves to impel the bark to land, and then quickly laying aside the instrument of labour, he seized that of war. He was in the very act of raising the rifle, when a sharp report was followed by the buzz of a bullet, that passed so near his body as to cause him involuntarily to start. The next instant Deerslayer staggered, and fell his whole length in the bottom of the canoe. A yell—it came from a single voice—followed, and an Indian leaped from the bushes upon the open area of the point, bounding towards the canoe. This was the moment the young man desired. He rose on the instant, and levelled his own rifle at his uncovered foe; but his finger hesitated about pulling the trigger on one whom he held at such a disadvantage. This little delay probably saved the life of the Indian, who bounded back into the cover as swiftly as he had broken out of it. In the meantime Deerslayer had been swiftly approaching the land, and his own canoe reached the point just as his enemy disappeared. As its movements had not been directed, it touched the shore a few yards from the other boat; and though the rifle of his foe had to be loaded, there was not time to secure his prize, and to carry it beyond danger, before he would be exposed to another shot. Under the circumstances, therefore, he did not pause an instant, but dashed into the woods and sought a cover.

On the immediate point there was a small open area, partly in native grass, and partly beach, but a dense fringe of bushes lined its upper side. This narrow belt of dwarf vegetation passed, one issued immediately into the high and gloomy vaults of the forest. The land was tolerably level for a few hundred feet, and then it rose precipitously in a mountain-side. The trees were tall, large, and so free from under-brush that they resembled vast columns irregularly scat-

tered, upholding a dome of leaves. Although they stood tolerably close together for their ages and size, the eye could penetrate to considerable distances; and bodies of men, even, might have engaged beneath their cover with concert and intelligence.

Deerslayer knew that his adversary must be employed in re-loading, unless he had fled. The former proved to be the case, for the young man had no sooner placed himself behind a tree than he caught a glimpse of the arm of the Indian, his body being concealed by an oak, in the very act of forcing the leathered bullet home. Nothing would have been easier than to spring forward and decide the affair by a close assault on his unprepared foe; but every feeling of Deerslayer revolted at such a step, although his own life had just been attempted from a cover. He was yet unpractised in the ruthless expedients of savage warfare, of which he knew nothing except by tradition and theory, and it struck him as an unfair advantage to assail an unarmed foe. His colour had heightened, his eye frowned, his lips were compressed, and all his energies were collected and ready; but, instead of advancing to fire, he dropped his rifle to the usual position of a sportsman in readiness to catch his aim, and muttered to himself, unconscious that he was speaking,—

"No, no—that may be red-skin warfare, but it's not a Christian's gifts. Let the miscreant charge, and then we'll take it out like men; for the canoe he *must* not, and *shall* not have. No, no; let him have time to load, and God will take care of the right!"

All this time the Indian had been so intent on his own movements that he was even ignorant that his enemy was in the wood. His only apprehension was, that the canoe would be recovered and carried away before he might be in readiness to prevent it. He had sought the cover from habit, but was within a few feet of the fringe of bushes, and could be at the margin of the forest, in readiness to fire, in a moment. The distance between him and his enemy was about fifty yards, and the trees were so arranged by nature that the line of sight was not interrupted, except by the particular trees behind which each party stood.

His rifle was no sooner loaded than the savage glanced around him, and advanced incautiously as regarded the real, but stealthily as respected the fancied position of his enemy, until he was fairly exposed. Then Deerslayer stepped from behind his own cover, and hailed him.

"This-a-way, red-skin; this-a-way, if you're looking for me," he called out. "I'm young in war, but not so young as to stand on an open beach to be shot down like an owl, by daylight. It rests on yourself whether it's peace or war atween us; for my gifts are white gifts, and I'm not one of them that thinks it valiant to slay human mortals, singly, in the woods."

The savage was a good deal startled by this sudden discovery of the danger he ran. He had a little knowledge of English, however, and caught the drift of the other's meaning. He was also too well schooled to betray alarm, but, dropping the butt of his rifle to the earth, with an air of confidence, he made a gesture of lofty courtesy. All this was done with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to consider no man his superior. In the midst of this consummate acting, however, the volcano that raged within caused his eyes to glare, and his nostrils to dilate, like those of some wild beast that is suddenly prevented from taking the fatal leap.

"Two canoe," he said, in the deep guttural tones of his race, holding up the number of fingers he mentioned, by way of preventing mistakes; "one for you—one for me."

"No, no, Mingo, that will never do. You own neither, and neither shall you have, as long as I can prevent it. I know it 's war atween your people and mine, but that 's no reason why human mortals should slay each other, like savage creatur's that meet in the woods; go your way, then, and leave me to go mine. The world is large enough for us both; and when we meet fairly in battle, why, the Lord will order the fate of each of us."

"Good!" exclaimed the Indian; "my brother missionary—great talk; all about Manitou."

"Not so — not so, warrior. I 'm not good enough for the Moravians, and am too good for most of the other vagabonds that preach about in the woods. No, no, — I 'm only a hunter, as yet, though afore the peace is made, 'tis like enough there 'll be occasion to strike a blow at some of your people. Still, I wish it to be done in fair fight, and not in a quarrel about the ownership of a miserable canoe."

"Good! My brother very young — but he very wise. Little warrior—great talker. Chief, sometimes, in council."

"I don't know this, nor do I say it, Indian," returned Deerslayer, colouring a little at the ill-concealed sarcasm of the other's manner; "I look forward to a life in the woods, and I only hope it may be a peaceable one. All young men must go on the war-path, when there 's occasion, but war isn't needfully massacre. I 've seen enough of the last this very night to know that Providence frowns on it; and I now invite you to go your own way, while I go mine; and hope that we may part fri'nds."

"Good! My brother has two scalp — grey hair under t' other. Old wisdom—young tongue."

Here the savage advanced with confidence, his hand extended, his face smiling, and his whole bearing denoting amity and respect. Deerslayer met his offered friendship in a proper spirit, and they shook hands cordially, each endeavouring to assure the other of his sincerity and desire to be at peace.

"All have his own," said the Indian; "my canoe, mine; your canoe, your'n. Go look; if your'n, you keep; if mine, I keep."

"That 's just, red-skin; though you must be wrong in thinking the canoe your property. Howsever, seein' is believin', and we 'll go down to the shore, where you may look with your own eyes; for it 's likely you 'll object to trustin' altogether to mine."

The Indian uttered his favourite exclamation of "good!" and then they walked side by side towards the shore. There was no apparent distrust in the manner of either, the Indian moving in advance, as if he wished to show his companion that he did not fear turning his back to him. As they reached the open ground the former pointed towards Deerslayer's boat, and said emphatically—

"No mine — pale-face canoe. *This* red-man's. No want other man's canoe—want his own."

"You 're wrong, red-skin,—you 're altogether wrong. This canoe was left in old Hutter's keeping, and is his'n according to all law, red or white, till its owner comes to claim it. Here 's the seats and the stitching of the bark to speak for themselves. No man ever know'd an Indian to turn off such work."

"Good! My brother little old — big wisdom. Indian no make him. White man's work."

"I'm glad you think so, for holding out to the contrary might have made ill blood atween us; every one having a right to take possession of his own. I'll just shove the canoe out of reach of dispute at once, as the quickest way of settling difficulties."

While Deerslayer was speaking he put a foot against the end of the light boat, and giving a vigorous shove, he sent it out into the lake a hundred feet or more, where, taking the true current, it would necessarily float past the point, and be in no further danger of coming ashore. The savage started at this ready and decided expedient, and his companion saw that he cast a hurried and fierce glance at his own canoe, or that which contained the paddles. The change of manner, however, was but momentary, and then the Iroquois resumed his air of friendliness, and a smile of satisfaction.

"Good!" he repeated, with stronger emphasis than ever. "Young head, old mind. Know how to settle quarrel. Farewell, brother. He go to house in water — muskrat house — Indian go to camp; tell chiefs no find canoe."

Deerslayer was not sorry to hear this proposal, for he felt anxious to join the females, and he took the offered hand of the Indian very willingly. The parting words were friendly; and, while the red-man walked calmly towards the wood, with the rifle in the hollow of his arm, without once looking back in uneasiness or distrust, the white man moved towards the remaining canoe, carrying his piece in the same pacific manner, it is true, but keeping his eyes fastened on the movements of the other. This distrust, however, seemed to be altogether uncalled for, and, as if ashamed to have entertained it, the young man averted his look, and stepped carelessly up to his boat. Here he began to push the canoe from the shore, and to make his other preparations for departing. He might have been thus employed a minute, when, happening to turn his face towards the land, his quick and certain eye told him at a glance the imminent jeopardy in which his life was placed. The black, ferocious eyes of the savage were glancing on him, like those of the crouching tiger, through a small opening in the bushes, and the muzzle of his rifle seemed already to be opening in a line with his own body.

Then, indeed, the long practice of Deerslayer as a hunter did him good service. Accustomed to fire with the deer on the bound, and often when the precise position of the animal's body had in a manner to be guessed at, he used the same expedients here. To cock and poise his rifle were the acts of a single moment, and a single motion; then, aiming almost without sighting, he fired into the bushes where he knew a body ought to be, in order to sustain the appalling countenance, which alone was visible. There was not time to raise the piece any higher, or to take a more deliberate aim. So rapid were his movements, that both parties discharged their pieces at the same instant, the concussions mingling in one report. The mountains, indeed, gave back but a single echo. Deerslayer dropped his piece, and stood, with head erect, steady as one of the pines in the calm of a June morning, watching the result; while the savage gave the yell that has become historical for its appalling influence, leaped through the bushes, and came bounding across the open ground, flourishing a tomahawk. Still Deerslayer moved not, but stood with his unloaded rifle fallen against his shoulders, while, with a hunter's habits,

his hands were mechanically feeling for the powder-horn and charger. When about forty feet from his enemy, the savage hurled his keen weapon; but it was with an eye so vacant, and a hand so unsteady and feeble, that the young man caught it by the handle as it was flying past him. At that instant the Indian staggered, and fell his whole length upon the ground.

"I know'd it—I know'd it!" exclaimed Deerslayer, who was already preparing to force a fresh bullet into his rifle; "I know'd it must come to this as soon as I had got the range from the creatur's eyes. A man sights suddenly, and fires quick, when his own life's in danger; yes, I know'd it would come to this. I was about the hundredth part of a second too quick for him, or it might have been bad for me! The riptyle's bullet has just grazed my side—but, say what you will for or again 'em, a red-skin is by no means as sartain with powder and ball as a white man. Their gifts don't seem to lie that-a-way. Even Chingachgook, great as he is in other matters, isn't downright deadly with the rifle.

By this time the piece was reloaded, and Deerslayer, after tossing the tomahawk into the canoe, advanced to his victim, and stood over him, leaning on his rifle in melancholy attention. It was the first instance in which he had seen a man fall in battle—it was the first fellow-creature against whom he had ever seriously raised his own hand. The sensations were novel; and regret, with the freshness of our better feelings, mingled with his triumph. The Indian was not dead, though shot directly through the body. He lay on his back motionless, but his eyes, now full of consciousness, watched each action of his victor—as the fallen bird regards the fowler—jealous of every movement. The man probably expected the fatal blow which was to precede the loss of his scalp; or, perhaps he anticipated that this latter act of cruelty would precede his death. Deerslayer read his thoughts; and he found a melancholy satisfaction in relieving the apprehensions of the helpless savage.

"No, no, red-skin," he said; "you 've nothing more to fear from me. I am of a Christian stock, and scalping is not of my gifts. I'll just make sartain of your rifle, and then come back and do you what sarvice I can. Though here I can't stay much longer, as the crack of three rifles will be apt to bring some of your devils down upon me."

The close of this was said in a sort of a soliloquy, as the young man went in quest of the fallen rifle. The piece was found where its owner had dropped it, and was immediately put into the canoe. Laying his own rifle at its side, Deerslayer then returned, and stood over the Indian again.

"All inmity atween you and me's at an ind, red-skin," he said; "and you may set your heart at rest on the score of the scalp, or any further injury. My gifts are white, as I've told you; and I hope my conduct will be white also!"

Could looks have conveyed all they meant, it is probable Deerslayer's innocent vanity, on the subject of colour, would have been rebuked a little; but he comprehended the gratitude that was expressed in the eyes of the dying savage, without in the least detecting the bitter sarcasm that struggled with the better feeling.

"Water!" ejaculated the thirsty and unfortunate creature; "give poor Indian water."

"Ay, water you shall have, if you drink the lake dry. I'll just carry you down to it, that you may take your fill. This is the way, they tell me, with all wounded people—water is their greatest comfort and delight."

So saying, Deerslayer raised the Indian in his arms, and carried him to the lake. Here he first helped him to take an attitude in which he could appease his burning thirst; after which he seated himself on a stone, and took the head of his wounded adversary in his own lap, and endeavoured to soothe his anguish in the best manner he could.

"It would be sinful in me to tell you your time hadn't come, warrior," he commenced, "and therefore I'll not say it. You've passed the middle age already, and, considerin' the sort of lives ye lead, your days have been pretty well filled. The principal thing, now, is to look forward to what comes next. Neither red-skin nor pale-face, on the whole, calculates much on sleepin' for ever; but both expect to live in another world. Each has his gifts, and will be judged by 'em, and I suppose you've thought these matters over enough not to stand in need of sarmons when the trial comes. You'll find your happy hunting-grounds, if you've been a just Indian; if an unjust, you'll meet your desarts in another way. I've my own idees about these things; but you're too old and exper'enced to need any explanations from one as young as I."

"Good!" ejaculated the Indian, whose voice retained its depth even as life ebbed away; "young head—old wisdom!"

"It's sometimes a consolation when the ind comes to know that them we've harmed, or *tried* to harm, forgive us. I suppose natur' seeks this relief, by way of getting a pardon on 'arth; as we never can know whether He pardons, who is all in all, till judgment itself comes. Now, as for myself, I overlook altogether your designs ag'in my life; first, because no harm came of 'em; next, because it's your gifts, and natur', and trainin', and I ought not to have trusted you at all; and, finally and chiefly, because I can bear no ill-will to a dying man, whether Heathen or Christian. So put your heart at ease, so far as I'm consarned; you know best what other matters ought to trouble you, or what ought to give you satisfaction in so trying a moment."

It is probable that the Indian had some of the fearful glimpses of the unknown state of being which God in mercy seems at times to afford to all the human race; but they were necessarily in conformity with his habits and prejudices. Like most of his people, and like too many of our own, he thought more of dying in a way to gain applause among those he left, than to secure a better state of existence hereafter. While Deerslayer was speaking, his mind was a little bewildered, though he felt that the intention was good; and when he had done, a regret passed over his spirit that none of his own tribe were present to witness his stoicism under extreme bodily suffering, and the firmness with which he met his end. With the high, innate courtesy that so often distinguishes the Indian warrior, before he becomes corrupted by too much intercourse with the worst class of the white men, he endeavoured to express his thankfulness for the other's good intentions, and to let him understand that they were appreciated.

"Good!" he repeated, for this was an English word much used

by the savages—"good—young head; young *heart*, too. *Old* heart tough; no shed tear. Hear Indian when he die, and no want to lie —what he call him?"

"Deerslayer is the name I bear now, though the Delawares have said that when I get back from this war-path I shall have a more manly title, provided I can 'arn one."

"That good name for boy—poor name for warrior. He get better quick. No fear *there*,"—the savage had strength sufficient under the strong excitement he felt, to raise a hand, and tap the young man on his breast—"eye sartain—finger lightning—aim, death—great warrior, soon. No Deerslayer—Hawkeye—Hawkeye—Hawkeye. Shake hand."

Deerslayer—or Hawkeye, as the youth was then first named, for in after years he bore the appellation throughout all that region—Deerslayer took the hand of the savage, whose last breath was drawn in that attitude, gazing in admiration at the countenance of a stranger, who had shown so much readiness, skill, and firmness, in a scene that was equally trying and novel. When the reader remembers it is the highest gratification an Indian can receive to see his enemy betray weakness, he will be better able to appreciate the conduct which had extorted so great a concession, at such a moment.

"His spirit has fled!" said Deerslayer, in a suppressed, melancholy voice. "Ah's me!—Well, to this we must all come, sooner or later; and he is happiest, let his skin be of what colour it may, who is best fitted to meet it. Here lies the body of, no doubt, a brave warrior, and the soul is already flying towards its heaven, or hell, whether that be a happy hunting-ground, or a place scant of game; regions of glory, according to Moravian doctrine, or flames of fire! So it happens, too, as regards other matters! Here have old Hutter and Hurry Harry got themselves into difficulty, if they haven't got themselves into torment and death, and all for a bounty that luck offers to me in what many would think a lawful and suitable manner. But not a farthing of such money shall cross my hand. White I was born, and white will I die; clinging to colour to the last, even though the King's Majesty, his governors, and all his councils, both at home and in the colonies, forget from what they come, and where they hope to go, and all for a little advantage in warfare. No—no, warrior; hand of mine shall never molest your scalp, and so your soul may rest in peace on the p'int of making a decent appearance, when the body comes to join it, in your own land of spirits.

Deerslayer arose as soon as he had spoken. Then he placed the body of the dead man in a sitting posture, with its back against the little rock, taking the necessary care to prevent it from falling, or in any way settling into an attitude that might be thought unseemly by the sensitive, though wild notions of a savage. When this duty was performed, the young man stood gazing at the grim countenance of his fallen foe in a sort of melancholy abstraction. As was his practice, however, a habit gained by living so much alone in the forest, he then began again to give utterance to his thoughts and feelings aloud.

"I didn't wish your life, red-skin," he said, "but you left me no choice atween killing, or being killed. Each party acted according

to his gifts, I suppose, and blame can light on neither. You were treacherous, according to your natur' in war, and I was a little over-sightful, as I 'm apt to be in trusting others. Well, this is my first battle with a human mortal, though it 's not likely to be the last. I have fou't most of the creatur's of the forest, such as bears, wolves, painters and catamounts, but this is the beginning with the red-skins. If I was Indian born, now, I might tell of this, or carry in the scalp, and boast of the expl'ite afore the whole tribe; or, if my inimy had only been even a bear, 't would have been nat'ral and proper to let everybody know what had happened; but I don't well see how I 'm to let even Chingachgook into this secret, so long as it can be done only by boasting with a white tongue. And why should I wish to boast of it, after all? It 's slaying a human creatur', although he was a savage; and how do I know that he was a just Indian; and that he has not been taken away suddenly to anything but happy hunting-grounds. When it 's onsartain whether good or evil has been done, the wisest way is not to be boastful—still, I *should* like Chingachgook to know that I haven't discredited the Delawares, or my training."

Part of this was uttered aloud, while part was merely muttered between the speaker's teeth; his more confident opinions enjoying the first advantage, while his doubts were expressed in the latter mode. Soliloquy and reflection received a startling interruption, however, by the sudden appearance of a second Indian on the lake shore, a few hundred yards from the point. This man, evidently another scout, who had probably been drawn to the place by the reports of the rifles, broke out of the forest with so little caution, that Deerslayer caught a view of his person before he was himself discovered. When the latter event did occur, as was the case a moment later, the savage gave a loud yell, which was answered by a dozen voices from different parts of the mountain-side. There was no longer any time for delay, and in another minute the boat was quitting the shore under long and steady sweeps of the paddle.

As soon as Deerslayer believed himself to be at a safe distance, he ceased his efforts, permitting the little bark to drift, while he leisurely took a survey of the state of things. The canoe first sent adrift was floating before the air, quite a quarter of a mile above him, and a little nearer to the shore than he wished, now that he knew more of the savages were near at hand. The canoe shoved from the point was within a few yards of him, he having directed his own course towards it on quitting the land. The dead Indian lay in grim quiet where he had left him, the warrior who had shown himself from the forest had already vanished, and the woods themselves were as silent, and seemingly as deserted, as the day they came fresh from the hands of their great Creator. This profound stillness, however, lasted but a moment. When time had been given to the scouts of the enemy to reconnoitre, they burst out of the thicket upon the naked point, filling the air with yells of fury at discovering the death of their companion. These cries were immediately succeeded by shouts of delight when they reached the body, and clustered eagerly around it. Deerslayer was a sufficient adept in the usages of the natives to understand the reason of the change. The yell was the customary lamentation at the loss of a warrior, the shout a sign of rejoicing that the conqueror had not been able to

secure the scalp; the trophy without which a victory was never considered complete. The distance at which the canoes lay probably prevented any attempts to injure the conqueror; the American Indian, like the panther of his own woods, seldom making any effort against his foe, unless tolerably certain it is under circumstances that may be expected to prove effective.

As the young man had no longer any motive to remain near the point, he prepared to collect his canoes, in order to tow them off to the castle. That nearest was soon in tow, when he proceeded in quest of the other, which was all this time floating up the lake. The eye of Deerslayer was no sooner fastened on this last boat than it struck him that it was nearer to the shore than it would have been had it merely followed the course of the gentle current of air. He began to suspect the influence of some unseen current in the water, and he quickened his exertions, in order to regain possession of it before it could drift into a dangerous proximity to the woods. On getting nearer, he thought that the canoe had a perceptible motion through the water, and as it lay broadside to the air, that this motion was taking it towards the land. A few vigorous strokes of the paddle carried him still nearer, when the mystery was explained. Something was evidently in motion on the off-side of the canoe, or that which was furthest from himself, and closer scrutiny showed that it was a naked human arm. An Indian was lying in the bottom of the canoe, and was propelling it slowly but certainly to the shore, using his hand as a paddle. Deerslayer understood the whole artifice at a glance. A savage had swum off to the boat while he was occupied with his enemy on the point, got possession, and was using these means to urge it to the shore.

Satisfied that the man in the canoe could have no arms, Deerslayer did not hesitate to dash close alongside of the retiring boat, without deeming it necessary to raise his own rifle. As soon as the wash of the water which he made in approaching became audible to the prostrate savage, the latter sprang to his feet, and uttered an exclamation that proved how completely he was taken by surprise.

"If you 've enj'yed yourself enough in that canoe, red-skin," Deerslayer coolly observed, stopping his own career in sufficient time to prevent an absolute collision between the two boats.—"if you 've enj'yed yourself enough in that canoe, you 'll do a prudent act by taking to the lake ag'in. I 'm reasonable in these matters, and don't crave your blood, though there 's them about that would look upon you more as a due-bill for the bounty, than a human mortal. Take to the lake, this minute, afore we get to hot words."

The savage was one of those who did not understand a word of English, and he was indebted to the gestures of Deerslayer, and to the expression of an eye that did not often deceive, for an imperfect comprehension of his meaning. Perhaps, too, the sight of the rifle that lay so near the hand of the white man quickened his decision. At all events, he crouched like a tiger about to take his leap, uttered a yell, and the next instant his naked body had disappeared in the water. When he rose to take breath, it was at the distance of several yards from the canoe, and the hasty glance he threw behind him denoted how much he feared the arrival of a fatal messenger from the rifle of his foe. But the young man made no indication of any hostile intention. Deliberately securing the canoe to the others, he

began to paddle from the shore; and by the time the Indian reached the land, and had shaken himself, like a spaniel on quitting the water, his dreaded enemy was already beyond rifle-shot on his way to the castle. As was so much his practice, Deerslayer did not fail to soliloquize on what had just occurred while steadily pursuing his course towards the point of destination.

"Well—well," he commenced, "'t would have been wrong to kill a human mortal without an object. Scalps are of no account with me, and life is sweet, and ought not to be taken marcilessly by them that have white gifts. The savage was a Mingo, it 's true; and I make no doubt he is, and will be as long as he lives, a ra'al riptyle and vagabond; but that 's no reason I should forget my gifts and colour. No, no — let him go; if ever we meet ag'in, rifle in hand, why then 't will be seen which has the stoutest heart and the quickest eye. — Hawkeye! That 's not a bad name for a warrior; sounding much more manful and valiant than Deerslayer! 'T wouldn't be a bad title to begin with, and it has been fairly 'arned. If 'twas Chingachgook, now, he might go home and boast of his deeds, and the chiefs would name him Hawkeye in a minute; but it don't become white blood to brag, and 'tisn't easy to see how the matter can be known, unless I do. Well — well; everything is in the hands of Providence; this affair as well as another; I 'll trust to that for getting my desarts in all things."

Having thus betrayed what might be termed his weak spot, the young man continued to paddle in silence, making his way diligently, and as fast as his tows would allow him, towards the castle. By this time the sun had not only risen, but it had appeared over the eastern mountains, and was shedding a flood of glorious light on this as yet unchristened sheet of water. The whole scene was radiant with beauty; and no one unaccustomed to the ordinary history of the woods would fancy it had so lately witnessed incidents so ruthless and barbarous. As he approached the building of old Hutter, Deerslayer thought, or rather *felt*, that its appearance was in singular harmony with all the rest of the scene. Although nothing had been consulted but strength and security, the rude massive logs, covered with their rough bark, the projecting roof, and the form, would contribute to render the building picturesque in almost any situation, while its actual position added novelty and piquancy to its other points of interest.

When Deerslayer drew nearer to the castle, however, objects of interest presented themselves that at once eclipsed any beauties that might have distinguished the scenery of the lake, and the site of the singular edifice. Judith and Hetty stood on the platform, before the door, Hurry's yard-door, awaiting his approach with manifest anxiety; the former from time to time taking a survey of his person and of the canoes through the old ship's spy-glass. Never probably did this girl seem more brilliantly beautiful than at that moment; the flush of anxiety and alarm increasing her colour to its richest tints, while the softness of her eyes, a charm that even poor Hetty shared with her, was deepened by intense concern. Such, at least, without pausing, or pretending to analyse motives, or to draw any other very nice distinctions between cause and effect, were the opinions of the young man as his canoes reached the side of the ark, where he carefully fastened all three before he put his foot on the platform.

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THANET.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

"Near this hamlet (Acol) is a long-disused chalk-pit of formidable depth, known by the name of "The Smuggler's Leap." The tradition of the parish runs, that a riding-officer from Sandwich, called Anthony Gill, lost his life here in the early part of the present (last) century, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming on, both parties went over the precipice. The smuggler's horse *only*, it is said, was found crushed beneath its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever since."

See "Supplement to Lewis's History of Thanet, by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, A.M. Vicar of Godmersham." W. Bristow, Canterbury, 1796. *p.* 127.

The fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
And there they stand,
That smuggling band,
Some in the water, and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land;
The night is dark, they are silent and still,
—At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill!

"Now lower away! come, lower away!
We must be far ere the dawn of the day.
If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
And should come, and should catch us here, what would he say?
Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill,
We'll laugh, ho! ho! at Exciseman Gill!"

The cargo's lower'd from the dark skiff's side,
And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,
No trick nor flam,
But your real Schiedam.
"Now mount, my merry men, mount and ride!"
Three on the crupper, and one before,
And the led-horse laden with five tubs more;
But the rich point-lace,
In the oil-skin case
Of proof to guard its contents from ill,
The "prime of the swag," is with Smuggler Bill!

Merrily now, in a goodly row,
Away, and away, those Smugglers go,
And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho! ho!
When out from the turn
Of the road to Herne,
Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern!
Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,
With his Custom-house officers all at his side!

They were all Custom-house officers then;
There were no such things as Preventive men.

Sauve qui peut!
That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some dropping one tub, some dropping two,
Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,
Through Fordwich Level—o'er Sandwich Flat,
Some fly that way, and some fly this,
Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen miss,
These in their hurry
Make for Sturry,
With Custom-house officers close in their rear,
Down Rushbourne Lane, and so by Westbere,
Never stopping,
But shooting and popping,
And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap,
And the gin spirts out,
And squirts all about,
And many a heart grew sad that day
That so much good liquor was so thrown away.
Some, on the other hand, seek Grove Ferry,
Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—
For the life! for the life! they ride! they ride!
And the Custom-house officers all divide,
And they gallop on after them far and wide!
All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill!

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
He has a tongue, and he has a smile
Train'd the female heart to beguile,
And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,
From St. Nicholas, quite
To the Foreland Light,
But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her
To have done with the Grocer, and make him her Tea-dealer;
There is not a farmer there but he still
Buys his gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
On his dapple-grey mare, away and away,
And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,
"Follow who will, ride after who may,
In sooth he had need
Fodder his steed,
In lieu of Lent corn, with a Quicksilver feed;
Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay,
Will make him a match for my own dapple-grey!

Ho! ho!—ho! ho!" says Smuggler Bill—
He draws out a flask, and he sips his fill,
And he laughs "Ho! ho!" at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chistlett Lane so free and so fleet
Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-street;
Sarre Bridge is won—
Bill thinks it fun;
"Ho! ho! the old tub-gauging son of a gun—
His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin,
Ere a race like this he may hope to win!"
Away, away
Goes the fleet dapple-grey,
Fresh as the breeze, and free as the wind,
And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.
"*I would give my soul*," quoth Exciseman Gill,
"For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill!—
No matter for blood, no matter for bone,
No matter for colour, bay, brown, or roan,
So I had but one!"—
A voice cried "Done!"—
"Aye, dun," said Exciseman Gill, and he spied
A Custom-house officer close by his side,
On a high-trotting horse with a dun-colour'd hide.
"*Devil take me*," again quoth Exciseman Gill,
"If I had but that horse, I'd have Smuggler Bill!"

From his using such shocking expressions, it's plain
That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.
He was, it is true,
Worse than a Jew,
A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,
And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.
He'd just utter'd the words which I've mention'd to you,
When his horse, coming slap on his knees with him, threw
Him head over heels, and away he flew,
And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue;
And when he arose
His hands and his clothes
Were as filthy as could be,—he'd pitch'd on his nose,
And roll'd over and over again in the mud,
And his nose and his chin were all covered with blood;
Yet he scream'd with passion, "I'd rather *grill*
Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!"

"Mount! Mount!" quoth the Custom-house officer, "get
On the back of my dun, you'll bother him yet.
You're words are plain, though they're somewhat rough,
'Done and Done' between gentlemen's always enough!—
I'll lend you a lift—there—you're up on him—so,—
He's a rum one to look at—*a devil to go!*"
Exciseman Gill
Dash'd up the hill,

And mark'd not, so eager was he in pursuit,
That queer Custom-house officer's queer-looking boot.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,
He slacks not girth and he draws not rein,
Yet the dapple-grey mare bounds on in vain,
For nearer now—and he hears it plain—
Sounds the tramp of a horse—" 'Tis the Gauger again ! "
Smuggler Bill
Dashes round by the mill
That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill,—
" Now speed,—now speed,
My dapple-grey steed,
Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need !
O'er Monkton Mead and through Minster Level
We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil !
For Manston Cave, away ! away !
Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-grey !
It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill
Was run down like a hare by Exciseman Gill !"

Manston Cave was Bill's abode ;
A mile to the north of the Ramsgate road,
(Of late they say
It's been taken away,—
That is, levell'd and filled up with chalk and clay,
By a gentleman there of the name of Day,)
Thither he urges his good dapple-grey ;
And the dapple-grey steed,
Still good at need,
Though her chest it pants, and her flanks they bleed,
Dashes along at the top of her speed ;
But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill
Cries " Yield thee ! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill ! "

Smuggler Bill, he looks behind,
And he sees a dun horse come swift as the wind,
And his nostrils smoke, and his eyes they blaze
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise !
Every shoe he has got
Appears red-hot,
And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and play,
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way,
Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill,
And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,
Crying " Yield thee ! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill !"

Smuggler Bill, from his holster drew
A large horse pistol, of which he had two,
Made by Nock ;
He pull'd back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock ;
The trigger he touch'd, and the welkin rang
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang ;

Smuggler Bill ne'er miss'd his aim,
The shot told true on the dun—but there came
From the hole where it enter'd, not blood, but flame!
So he changed his plan,
And fired at the man;
But his second horse-pistol flash'd in the pan!
And Exciseman Gill, with a hearty good will,
Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-grey mare made a desperate bound
When that queer dun horse on her flank she found,
Alack! and alas! on what dangerous ground!
It is enough to make one 's flesh to creep
To stand on that fearful verge, and peep
Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate leap!
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese—
Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all!!

Below were found
Next day on the ground,
By an elderly Gentleman walking his round,
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound,)
All smash'd and dash'd, three mangled corses,
Two of them human, the third was a horse's,
That good dapple-grey, and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill!

But where was the Dun? that terrible Dun?—
From that terrible night he was seen by none!—
There are some people think, though I am not one,
That part of the story all nonsense and fun,
But the country-folks there
One and all declare,
When the "Crowner's 'Quest" came to sit on the pair,
They heard a loud horse-laugh up in the air!

If in one of the trips
Of the steam-boat Eclipse
You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,
Or to take what the bathing-room people call "Dips,"
You may hear old folks talk
Of that quarry of chalk;
Or go over—it 's rather too far for a walk,
But a three shilling drive will give you a peep
At the fearful chalk-pit so awfully deep,
Which is called to this moment "The Smuggler's Leap!"
Nay more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,
If you 're "plucky," and not over subject to fright,
And go and look over that chalk-pit white,

You may see, if you will,
The Ghost of Old Gill
Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,
And the Ghost of the dapple-grey lying between 'em.—
I 'm told so—I can't say I know one who 's seen 'em!

MORAL.

And now, gentle Reader, one word ere we part,
Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart.
Imprimis, don't smuggle!—if, bent to please Beauty,
You *must* buy French lace, purchase what has paid duty!

Don't use naughty words, in the next place,—and ne'er in
Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!
Never say "Devil take me!"—
Or, "shake me!"—or, "bake me!"
Or such like expressions. Remember, Old Nick
To take folks at their word is remarkably quick!

Another sound maxim I 'd wish you to keep,
Is "Mind what you are after, and—Look ere you Leap!

Above all, to my last gravest caution attend—
NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF A FRIEND!!!

THE MOON MIRROR.

BY T. F. OUSELEY.

WHEN I look on the face of the moon, love, I find
'Tis a mirror reflecting thy form to my mind;
And I tremble and faint, though my heart doth rejoice,
As its beatings re-echo the sound of thy voice:
And whene'er a cloud for a moment o'erveils
Her pale, beautiful face, then my heart, dearest, fails;
For I think of the shadows of life, and I feel
A mist creep o'er mine eyes, and a tear from them steal.

And the fairer her face, and the milder her light,
The more deep is thine image imprest on my sight,
Till no object is seen but thy form, and no sound
Save the words thou hast spoken breaks silence around:
The nightingale sings in the wood far away,
As the silver light reigns o'er each flowret and spray,
But I list not his liquid notes trilling on high,
Till I wake to the world, and lose thee with a sigh.

Yes, the moon is a mirror—in which we can see
The past, present, and future, in sadness or glee;
The lost years that are gone arise fresh to the mind,
And the changes of Time truly mirrored we find;
What pure bliss have we felt, when long parted and lone,
Her soft light like the smile of an angel has shone,
A sweet smile that reflects back the thoughts we most prize,
And conveys in its light the fond glance of thine eyes.

The Old Ledger.

No. VI.



THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

PYR. Thisby, the flowers of odours savours sweet:
    So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.—
  But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
    And by and by I will to thee appear.
THIS. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
    Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
  Most briskly Juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
    As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
  I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

PYRAMUS was the son of a respectable vender of deteriorated habiliments, dwelling in the renowned and populous city of Babylon.

At a tender age he had indicated a disposition for mercantile pursuits; and his affectionate parent, yielding to his irresistible importunities, provided him with the means of accomplishing the desire of his heart. Prudently apprehending the danger of intrusting too great a venture in the hands of one who had scarcely numbered eight summers, he, after mature deliberation, wisely limited the stock in trade of the youthful adventurer to a pot-lid and a pound (short weight) of peppermint drops.

"And now, Pyrry, my dear," said his affectionate father, with that anxious tenderness which a parent alone is capable of

feeling, "go forth — remember that all the world are rogues. Keep your beautiful eyes wide open, that the people may see that you're awake. Be particular in counting the drops, and give no man too many — (you had better err on the other side). Keep your eye on your 'shop,' and be vigilant as a hawk, and brisk as a bee; for you have a world to do, and therefore—take care you're not done! Forget not the moralities I have sown in your untilled mind; and above all, be charitable, profitably fructifying that excellent maxim which says, 'When thou meetest a stranger,—take him in!'"

Under the able instruction of such a Mentor, it is not to be wondered at that the naturally acute infant progressed rapidly. In two years the "pot-lid" was exchanged for a basket of "sweet stuff" slung round his neck; and at fourteen the precocious Pyramus having "plucked many a goose," and accumulated a sufficient "stock," started in the quill line.

He now flourished—like a writing-master—and seemed approaching the very apex of his fortune. From the store of his delighted parent he selected the most modish suits—scientifically "cobblered up," and made to look equal to new. Proud was his affectionate sire, and ever to be remembered was the sunshiny morning he sallied forth in his newly-purchased attire. Industry had transformed his tattered exterior to that of a beau; and the justly-elevated Pyramus fluttered gaily about like a downy butterfly just emancipated from the grub!

CHAPTER II.

The "Hole in the Wall."

Little puppies are invariably pretty, of whatever breed they may be; but many, in outgrowing their puppyhood, lose their charms with their littleness. Time, however, only developed the personal graces which nature had lavished upon the infant Pyramus, and, on attaining his maturity, he was handsomer than even his babyhood promised, and was universally acknowledged to be one of the most engaging youths in all Babylon. Possessed of a correct ear and a flowing and mellifluous voice, he was eagerly sought after; and his social and musical talents obtained him an unanimous election to a celebrated club, held weekly at the sign of the "Hole in the Wall." In vain were the remonstrances of his industrious and money-getting parent, who bitterly chided him for losing his time. Pyramus replied to him with a smile, assuring him that his favourite pursuit was one which, on the contrary, taught him to "keep time;" and he daily improved in the delightful art.

One evening, a most eventful one in the life of Pyramus, the "clique" had assembled at the usual hour to enjoy the mingled pleasures of tobacco, drink, and harmony, when Chromis, their *basso*, a Babylonian of great stature, and with a commensurate breadth of chest and strength of lungs, was voted to the chair.

"Now, gentlemen," said Chromis, adjusting himself in the capacious leathern seat, and tapping upon the discoloured mahogany of the table with his presidential hammer, "fill your pipes, and tune your pipes,—and let each pour forth his 'wood-notes wild,' like a lark *in nubibus!* Otus, my boy, as you have just wetted your whistle with a draught, I shall knock you down for a canticle."

"With all my heart," replied Otus; "and, with your permission, I

will give you the song I have composed in praise of my favourite tipple."

"What, Burton?" inquired Learchus.

"The same," replied Otus.

"Strike up, then, my nightingale," said Chromis; whereupon Otus, after "going over" the first line, and pitching the key in his own mind, commenced the following eulogy on

A NIP OF BURTON.

Oh! talk not to me of the pleasures of love,
For me all your beauties may flirt on;
Their wiles I despise, and their frowns I'm above,
While quaffing a nip of good Burton!

Their lips may be sweet, and their smiles may be kind,
Dark lashes their bright eyes may curtain;
But knowing the danger, my vision I blind
By quaffing a nip of good Burton!

The wind may blow chill, and our cronies grow cold,
For friendship, like love, is uncertain;
But still we shall find, rich or poor, young or old,
There's warmth in a nip of good Burton!

Then fill up a glass of the sparkling ale,
A draught that you can't grow inert on;
For to fill you with courage it never will fail—
So toss off a nip of good Burton!

The customary confusion of noisy compliments followed this effusion, and many goblets as usual lost their feet.

Our hero was the next on whom the president called for a display of his vocal abilities.

"Really I've got such a cold," said Pyramus, "that I am afraid I shall break down in the attempt."

"Nay, don't dam the mellifluous current of the harmony," exclaimed Learchus, "you who are the very piping bullfinch of the whole cage! Come, sing away, as the kitchen-fire said to the brass tea-kettle!"

Pyramus, unable to resist this flattering appeal, hummed, bowed, hummed again, and then struck up the following

LOVE SONG.

Young Mena was as fair a maid
As e'er in leather shoes
Trod on a turf, or made a swain
Invoke the tender muse.

And Thyrsus lov'd her with a fer-
-vidness that knew no bounds,
And follow'd her as eagerly
As huntsmen do the hounds.

One day, while walking in a grove
Of tall and stately trees,
Fair Mena was amazed to see
Her lover on his knees.

"What do you there, my Thyrsus dear?"
The tender maiden cried,
And tripping like a fawn, she stood
All by her lover's side.

"Your father has denied my suit,"
Said he, with trembling speech;
"Your love is wreck'd—behold him now
A *cutter* on the *beech!*

"Yes, on this beech I cut the name
Of her I love so true;
And as the elder has cut me,
I'll cut the elder too.

"O! reckless rage! what can assuage
Or this fierce fury mol-
-lify!" said Mena, drown'd in tears.
Cried Thyrsus, "Tiddy-dol!

"Dry up your tears, and fly with me—
Yes, Mena! bolt to-night!"
"I cannot go," said she, "just so,
My love, I'm such a fright."

"O! what a crooked strait I'm in!"
Exclaim'd the maid, dismay'd,
"'Twixt love and duty I shall fall,
Dear Thrysus, I'm afraid!"

"So that you fall into my arms,"
The tender Thyrsus cried,
"Your fall will be most soft indeed,—
Then haste, and be my bride!"

This effort was followed, like an Italian prince in a melodrame, by sundry "bravoes;" and the ice having been broken, the harmony soon became general, and note followed note in quick succession, like—the issue of a country bank!

As the last roar of the president concluded "The Wolf," (his crack song,) Pyramus, having summoned the waiter in vain to replenish his goblet, rose and proceeded to the bar.

"I say, Chalks," said he, addressing the landlord, "this is very pretty attendance, upon my honour. Here have I been singing out—"

"I heard you, sir," interrupted mine host, "and a vastly sweet ditty 'twas. Sorry you should have to come out; but the fact is, Ammon has gone out with the nine o'clock beer, and so you see—"

Pyramus heard no more, for every other sense was at that moment concentrated in his eyes. Standing at the bar, with her delicately white fingers twisted in the ear of a brown jug, he beheld a young virgin, as beautiful as a lily, with a countenance radiant as the sun, although neither so round nor so ruddy. A blush, outvying the tint of the summer-rose, overspread her face, summoned by the ardent gaze of the handsome Pyramus,—and, either in tenderness to his feelings, or prompted by modesty, she let down her ample veil, and departed.

Placing his empty tumbler on the bar, Pyramus glided after the nymph. Dodging on this side, and then on that, the enamoured youth



endeavoured to attract her attention, and at last found courage enough to speak.

"They've an excellent tap at the 'Hole in the Wall,'" said he, sighing tenderly.

"Sir?" uttered the maiden.

Pyramus repeated the assertion and the sigh.

"Yes, sir," replied she, coldly; "I believe they draw the best in Babylon."

"Doubtless, since they draw *you* there," answered Pyramus, with emphasis.

This was a home-thrust, and the damsel appeared to ponder.

"Permit me to relieve you," continued he, holding out his hand for the jug.

"I thank you, sir," said she; "but I am neither old nor feeble, and do not require the relief or the compassion of strangers."

"Nay, I only meant to relieve you of your burden," said Pyramus.

"A pot of half-and-half is not '*heavy*,'" replied the maiden.

"Indeed! I assure you *we* call it so in our club," said Pyramus, laughing at his own conceit.

Having in this novel and ingenious manner pushed into the stream of conversation, our hero went on swimmingly, and he had already ventured as far as a delicate declaration of his admiration, when the maiden suddenly stopped short, and placing her jug upon the stone step of a decent habitation, swung round the street-door key upon her thumb, and scientifically thrust it into the lock.

"Pardon me if I detain you a moment, fair creature," said Pyramus; "but do oblige me by telling me your name."

"Nonsense," said she.

"Then, by the beard of the great Belus I swear, I'm fixed like a scraper to this step till I know it."

"Nay, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed she. "My pa will be as cross as two sticks if I keep him waiting; for he never smokes a dry pipe."

"Your name, adorable?" persisted Pyramus.

"Well, then,—Thisbe."

"A thousand thanks, sweet Thisbe!" cried the enamoured youth. "And now one—"

"Don't be a fool!" cried Thisbe.

But not a word more passed the lips of the young couple, for a reason—which we leave to the imagination of our readers.



CHAPTER III.

Every day Pyramus grew more thin and genteel — thinner in his person, and genteeler in his personal appearance; for, notwithstanding the vaunted sweetness of the tender passion, it certainly has the effect of an acid upon the body, reducing the plumpness of the muscular in proportion to the excitement upon the mental portion of the human fabric!—Hem!

As punctually as Ammon the pot-boy started with the nine o'clock tray, did Pyramus drop in at the "Hole-in-the-Wall," and as regularly was the fawn-like form of the beautiful Thisbe seen tripping along towards the same point, with the brown jug suspended by its ear upon the tips of her delicate digits.

As a matter of course in all such cases, the young couple soon understood each other, and the courtship went on as pleasantly as a woodland stream which murmurs on its course, unlooked upon by the glaring sun, gamboling away, and kissing the wild flowers on its margin!

The pallid and thoughtful visage of Pyramus (for the complexion of love, we hold, partakes more of the lily than the rose, notwithstanding the authority of the divine Milton, who asserts that "rosy red" is "love's proper hue,") would probably have escaped the notice of his sire, had not an unusual absence of mind evidenced itself in his conduct; for he would sometimes present himself at the morning meal

with only one slipper, forget his waistcoat, or put on his stock, leaving his linen dangling on the back of a chair in his dressing-room! Sometimes, when the fit was strong upon him, he would pour the coffee into the sugar-basin, or put the sugar into the milk-pot, and commit divers other extravagances, which are symptomatic of that mental aberration which is termed love!

"My boy! my boy! why what ails you?" demanded the old man on one occasion, when the abstracted Pyramus, being ordered to replenish the grate with a shovel of Wallsend, mechanically lifted the plate of muffins from the "footman," and deliberately placing the fuel thereon, pitched the contents of the china plate into the fire.

Pyramus stood and stared as one suddenly aroused from a dream; and while the blood crimsoned his sallow cheeks, unbosomed himself, and frankly "told his love" for the amiable Thisbe; earnestly entreating his father to intercede with her parent in his behalf.

Now it chanced that the old man was well acquainted with the father of Thisbe, for he happened to be in the same "line," and moreover he was reported to be "warm." Thisbe, too, was his only daughter; therefore no worldly objection could possibly be made to the proposed matrimonial arrangement.

After prudently discussing these material points, the old man made it his business to call at Thisbe's house on the same day at noon, promising to return and report progress to his anxious heir. The affair was soon settled, and the happy Pyramus was graciously allowed to pay his devoirs to Thisbe.

This delightful intercourse was like to the wheels of Time, and the old boy flew along like a steamer on a rail-road! Days were diminished to hours, and the light-heeled minutes appeared to the lovers to be armed with the wings of Mercury, so swiftly did they fly.

CHAPTER IV.

The Feud.

Love, like the luscious pine-apple, is a compound of sweets and sours, and sometimes the acid predominates. The sweetest wines are the most liable to be turned to vinegar. O! mundane felicity, what a fragile flower thou art! Alas! but our feelings of sympathy carry us away like thistle-down upon the blast. We must screw up the pegs of our resolution, and endeavour to attune our nerves to the task of playing through the whole piece without a *trillo*, or shake. Know then, most gentle and anxious reader, that the two fathers, in the lawful prosecution of their avocation, attended at the same sale, where, among other personals, there was a lot consisting of a most "desirable and extensive red plush unmentionables." The two dealers warmly contested the prize; the biddings and the feelings of the men rose to an unwarrantable and alarming height; and, amid the jeers and laughter of the assembly, the lot was finally knocked down to the father of Pyramus. The obstinacy of his opponent had prompted him to bid away, and he was conscious that his victory, like many others, was too dearly purchased; and bagging his precious lot, he walked away in dudgeon.

His rival, on his part, considered that he was wilfully and maliciously deprived of a bargain, and with compressed lips, and a wrinkled

brow, he repaired to his house to vent his feelings on his weeping daughter.

"Never shall a son of his cross my threshold!" said he.

"The daughter of such an avowed enemy shall never intermarry with my house!" said the father of Pyramus.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! as the monkey said when he peeped at the lobsters squeaking a chorus in the copper!

CHAPTER V.

Disobedience.

"It's of no use — I don't care — no; never!" soliloquised the enamoured Pyramus, thumping his clenched fist upon the kitchen-table. Perhaps in the whole gamut of the passions there is nothing more truly affecting than the exhibition of love struggling with duty—like a poor little urchin kicking and bellowing in the iron grasp of a birch-wielding pedagogue! Pyramus and Thisbe had already gone too far to recede, and were both alike deaf to the parental authority, which would have "whistled" them back again.

The best proof of the reciprocity of their minds upon this point was that on that very same evening they both met at the "Hole-in-the-Wall;" and as this was now their only trysting-place, it was resolved that their meeting should be "repeated every evening until further notice!"

Having matured their plans, it was ultimately decided that they should elope together; and Pyramus having sold his remaining stock of quills, and "feathered his nest," proposed that Thisbe should meet him on the following evening at the tomb of Ninus.

Oh! what a foggy, boggy space, with *ignis fatuus* ripe, is that which gloomily stretches itself between the proposition and execution of a deed of moment and contingent apprehension!

CHAPTER VI.

The fatal consequences.

The hour of meeting approached. The chaste Diana, lest she might be deemed a *particeps criminis* in the stolen interview, appeared in the heavens with her radiant countenance veiled in a fleecy cloud, as white and clear as a piece of book-muslin. The gentle zephyrs sighed in sympathy. With a light step and a palpitating heart the trembling Thisbe repaired to the appointed spot, veiled to the toes.

The sacred tomb of Ninus, which stood without the walls of Babylon, reposed in the shadow of the spreading mulberry-trees planted around it. Scarcely had Thisbe arrived, and looked around with an anxious and inquiring gaze for her lover, when a loud roar, that thrilled through her heart like a war-trumpet, transfixed her to the spot with terror.

"O! Pyramus, my love, my treasure! why art thou not here?" exclaimed the maiden, at the same moment the cracking and crackling of the boughs in a distant underwood caused the roses of her cheek to blanch.

By the imperfect light of the thinly-clouded moon the affrighted

Thisbe beheld a lioness bounding towards her. Swift as a dove from a hawk, the virgin turned and fled, dropping her veil in her path. Fortunately, the feminine fancy of the lioness was attracted by the veil, and arrested in her murderous career. Pouncing upon the fallen ornament, she entangled her talons in the meshes, and tumbling about as if in sport, tore it into a thousand shreds.

Having satisfied herself with this novel amusement, she retreated again to the woods, summoned by the voice of her royal consort, her head still entangled in a portion of the veil, and no doubt the lion and cubs were heartily amused at her appearance, being the first lioness on record that had taken the veil.

Pyramus, thinking of nothing but his love, soon afterwards appeared upon the scene, with his stick and bundle, containing all his personal property.

With that furtive glance which a man always wears when about to do what he ought not to do, he reconnoitred the place; presently his eyes fell upon the lacerated lawn, and recognising in a twinkling the well-known veil of his beloved, he dropped his stick and a tear, and uttered a shriek that was as long and sharp as a six weeks' frost!

"O Thisbe! apple of my eye, some furious beast hath nibbled thee! Cruel fate! that has permitted my gentle dove to become the victim of such a swallow!" He cast his bundle on the ground; and clasped his burning brow in his clammy palms.

"Farewell, world! for remorseless Mors has popped his extinguisher on the light of my life, and left me in utter darkness! Even now, perhaps, her shade is wandering on the borders of the Styx. In life we were united, and in death we will row in the same boat. Tarry awhile, dear Thisbe, thy lover's stick's soon cut, and he will follow thee! Come forth, my steel, and steal away my life." And, drawing a poniard from his girdle, he buried it in his woe-fraught bosom, and rolled over his bundle.

Love, overcoming all feelings of fear, prompted Thisbe to return, and the heart of her lover had scarcely ceased to beat when she stood beside him. What pen can paint her pangs! Grasping the fatal and too-ready dagger, the despairing maiden, uttering the name of her beloved, at one blow put a period to her existence. Like two green palms leveled by a hurricane, they lay extended side by side!

* * * * *

The next day the bodies were discovered, and to the astonishment of the assembled crowd they observed a sort of miracle had been worked, for the fruit of the adjacent mulberry-trees, which was formerly white, was changed to a sanguinary red, and has ever since that lamented occasion preserved that colour.

Who can hereafter masticate a pottle of mulberries without mentally pondering upon the melancholy catastrophe of the Babylonian lovers, or fail to exclaim, "Such are the fruits of filial disobedience!"

SEVEN YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STEPHEN DUGARD," ETC.

"And how long have you been absent?" said my uncle, filling his glass as he spoke, a ceremony in which I immediately joined.

"Exactly *seven years*, to a day," I replied.

"And in all that time you have never once heard from home?"

"Never once."

"Then you have a great deal to learn," said he, with a sigh. "When did you arrive?"

"Only yesterday."

"Seven years," he repeated, and seemed to be consulting his memory for all the things that had happened during their lapse. "Why—let me see—your aunt was alive seven years ago?"

"To be sure she was."

"And your cousin Emily—"

"Yes."

"And her brother George—"

"Certainly."

"And his wife—"

"No; he was just upon the point of being married to Miss Simpson."

"And Henry Slingsby—he was living."

"Yes, and Mortimer, and Penruddock, and Capel, and my pretty little sweetheart, as you used to call her, Jane Robinson."

"Well, they are all dead now!" said my uncle, heaving another sigh, and emptying his glass.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Very likely," he replied, "but so it *is*, nevertheless. Ah! Philip," he continued, shaking his head sorrowfully, "you know not what a varied history of grief and joy, of trials and triumphs, of change and chance, of blighted hopes and broken hearts, can be crowded into *seven years*. Gather together fifty happy human beings to-day—inquire what has become of them *seven years* hence — the answers you shall receive will give you a notion of this world's unceasing vicissitudes, which you can never have from learning the same things at broken and distant intervals. They happen singly, and in succession, and displace each other in our memory; but draw a circle of time round them, even as narrow a circle as *seven years*, and then look upon the mass, and you will see how every hour of every day makes havoc with the fleeting shadows of the earth."

"All dead!" I repeated, in a tone of incredulous astonishment.

"Dead and buried," quoth my uncle, with a marked emphasis upon the latter word, as if to convince me there could be no mistake about the matter. "Yes," he continued, "I had the melancholy satisfaction of following them all to their graves, except two, — and there were particular reasons," he added, looking mysteriously, "why I could *not* be present at *their* funerals. I don't think I have been out of mourning above three times (and that only for about a week on each occasion) since I last saw you. I know it to my cost; for black is very expensive wear, Philip, if one goes genteel in it."

"Where I have been, it is the only wear, and costs nothing," I replied.

"Ay, indeed!" quoth my uncle. "Where is that?"

"Among the negroes, on the coast of Africa."

"Good," quoth my uncle, pursing up his mouth, because he would not smile, and pursing up his brow, because he was vexed at being caught. "But you see your wit stumbles, Philip; for your friends on the coast of Africa never go *into* mourning, and yet when they go out of mourning it does cost something."

"As how?"

"Why, it costs them their lives; for I warrant a negro never changes colour till he has lain some time in the earth."

This conversation, and much more than is here related, took place on the 27th of June 1840, in the back parlour of a large old-fashioned house in that solitary part of London called Winchester Buildings, between myself, Philip Jackson, a purser in her Majesty's navy, and my maternal uncle, Geoffrey Cobham, a retired silk-manufacturer, with a plum and a half, and possessing, in addition, what fifty plums could not purchase, one of the best hearts, and one of the clearest heads to be found within ten miles of the aforesaid spot. Were he living—

"What, is *he* dead too!" methinks I hear the reader exclaim.

Yes—and I am afraid I belong to a dying family; for I have myself had some queer feelings during the last week; but I look to get rid of them when the wind is S.W. again. In June 1840, my uncle was a hale, hearty, active old gentleman of seventy-five; the following Michaelmas I saw him laid in his grave; and I was going to observe, when the reader interrupted me, that were he living, I would not have offended his modest unassuming spirit by saying what I have of his heart and head, lest it might be supposed I was fishing for a nibble at his plum and a half; but now that he is dead, and has left me the whole of it, nobody can suspect me of such a sinister motive.

I ought, however, to have kept the secret of his death till I had finished our conversation. But this is my first attempt at authorship; so "you who are my reader," as Izaak Walton says, will be pleased to excuse the little awkwardness of still carrying on the dialogue with him. To say the truth, there was a raciness, an occasional sly humour, and a certain homely pathos in the old gentleman's manner of relating the various incidents that had occurred during my absence, and their connexion with the little circle of my departed friends, which would be lost in any language but his own.

"Of all those we have mentioned," said he, "as having 'gone the way to dusty death' during your absence, your aunt Susan was the first, poor soul; and hers was a melancholy end. I call it a melancholy, because it was a foolish one; for what can be *more* foolish than to see an old woman of sixty go out of the world in the middle of a country dance? Yet that was what she did. She gave a ball on the occasion of your cousin George's marriage, and being more full of spirits than became her years, (I mean animal spirits, Philip,) nothing would do but she must have '*Money in both pockets*' for the first dance, (because she had often footed it nimbly in her younger days,) and to lead it off with me for her partner. Was ever anything so ridiculous? As to *my* dancing legs, I had parted with them forty years before; but your aunt seemed to have kept hers, for she went through the figures as briskly as the best of them, (only she puffed and grunted a little,) when a young fellow who had to twirl her round did it so violently,

that she lost her head, as they say, (*I* think she lost it before she began,) and down she came, (she was no feather, you know,) with such a crash, that she never spoke afterwards. Now what could be more undignified, more foolish, more melancholy, than such an exit, eh?"

"Why, it was to be, or else it couldn't have been," I replied. "All these things are pre-ordained."

"Pre-fiddlesticked!" exclaimed my uncle. "Suppose I were silly enough to have a slide in a gutter with a parcel of schoolboys, and were to break my neck, (as I infallibly should do,) what would fate have to do with that?"

"Everything," I rejoined vehemently, for I was now on my hobby,—"everything. We none of us can die in any other manner, or at any other time, than as both are appointed."

"Do you mean to say, that if I were to jump out of that window—"

"I mean to say that you *can't* jump out of that window unless you *are* to do it, and that if you *are* to do it, you *must*."

"Pooh!"

"You may pooh! as much as you like; but I defy you to jump out of the window."

"Yes, you may defy me, because I won't; but I could if I would."

"No, you couldn't, unless it was pre-ordained you should."

"I never heard such nonsense in my life."

"Pray," said I, "what do you understand by the attribute of omniscience in the Deity?"

"Why, that God knows everything."

"Then he knows *when* you are to die, and *how* you are to die."

"To be sure."

"Suppose, then, you *are* to die to-morrow of the cholera, *can* you die to-night of apoplexy? Or, to put the case stronger,—if you *are* to die of cholera to-morrow, *can* you put an end to yourself this moment by blowing your brains out?"

"Yes, if I had a loaded pistol in my hand, and chose to discharge it at my head."

"Then God's foreknowledge, founded upon his omniscience, amounts to nothing; for he must wait to see which death you may choose; and he does *not* know at this moment whether you will choose to be carried off by cholera, or whether you will choose to carry yourself off by a bullet. I tell you, uncle, reason about the matter as long as you may, you will find you must deny God's omniscience before you can maintain that we die at any other time, or in any other manner, than has been fixed from the beginning."

"You *seem* to have the best of the argument, because I have never thought of the subject till this moment; but you 'll not persuade me that, if I had a mind to do it, I could not jump out of that window; or that, if your aunt had happened to break her leg in the morning, she would have died of dancing in the evening. However, we 'll say no more about it; for if you were to talk till doomsday, you wouldn't alter my opinion."

"It is already altered," said I; "only you won't confess it. A ray of light has been let in upon your mind, which you can never exclude again."

And such, I have no doubt, was the fact; for truth once presented to our reason, we cannot, if we would, resist its influence. Error dissolves before it, as the gross mists of earth evaporate beneath the sun.

A man may doggedly persist in *asserting* that he has heard the truth, and does not believe it; but if it be really truth, he has no more power to disbelieve than the thirsty ground has to refuse to imbibe the descending shower.

The calm twilight had stolen unperceived upon our conversation, and at this moment the moon, slowly rising over some lofty buildings in the rear of my uncle's house, her beams fell on his countenance, and I perceived he was in tears. I did not like to disturb his thoughts, but sat silently watching him for several minutes. His glistening eyes were fixed upon the pale orb of night, as if it had awakened some train of tender emotions which he would fain command into repose. The compression of his quivering lips, and the stern contraction of his brow, indicated the struggle within. At length he spoke.

"It was just such a quiet evening hour in summer as this is," said he, "and the still moon was then, as now, diffusing her serene light over every object, when your cousin Emily, that young and lovely creature, and innocent as lovely, breathed her last in my arms. How I survived that hour, or how I went through its horrors, I know not. With a view to dissipate the gloom occasioned by your aunt's death, we had gone down to pass a few weeks at Malvern. While there, we drove over to Worcester one day to visit the cathedral, and in returning home, between nine and ten o'clock, by some accident, of which I was perfectly unconscious, I suffered the reins to escape from my hands. In a moment the horses started off at the top of their speed, and rushing up a steep bank, overturned the carriage. Stunned by the fall, I must have lain in the road insensible for above an hour. When I recovered, the first object that presented itself was my poor child stretched at my feet, covered with blood. A little distance off lay the carriage; but the horses had broken from the traces, and were nowhere to be seen. It was in a lonely part of the road: not a house or cottage near. The moon was shining with unwonted brilliancy, and revealed but too plainly the sad condition of your cousin. I crawled towards her, raised her in my arms, and wiped away the blood and dust from her face. She still breathed. I called upon her name. At the sound of my voice her eyes unclosed. God! what a piteous, heart-rending look she turned upon me! She endeavoured to speak; but the effort only forced a fresh effusion of blood from her mouth. Raising her poor lacerated arms, she twined them round my neck, dragged herself up so as to reach my face, kissed me, drooped her head upon my bosom, and expired. Philip—picture if you can *my* situation! Alone—the deep sound of the cathedral clock striking the midnight hour — myself so bruised and shattered that I could scarcely move a limb—my dead child lying in my arms all ghastly and disfigured, and the pale moonbeams shedding a light upon the lovely ruin, which seemed to render it still more ghastly. I could not bear the sight, and gathering up her dishevelled hair, I spread it as a veil over her face. Then I sat and mourned, and I prayed to God that I might not see the morning. Never shall I forget the sense of desolation that oppressed me, or what a relief it was to my feelings when I saw approaching, with a prowling, hesitating step, a rough-looking shepherd's dog, who came close to us, sniffed at the blood which had trickled on the ground from my daughter's veins, sent forth a howl that made the echoes ring, and ran back in the direction he had come, as if to carry the dismal tidings to where succour could be obtained. And so I

verily believe the sagacious animal did; for in about an hour afterwards I saw him returning, accompanied by his master, whose cottage stood concealed in a glen not more than half a mile off. It was thus," he continued, raising his hand to his eyes as he spoke, "I lost my much-beloved Emily; and there are times when I cannot altogether get rid of the feeling, that if I had been more careful, the sad accident would never have happened."

I was too much affected by the old gentleman's distress, as well as by the narrative itself, to renew our former argument by hinting that nothing upon earth could have prevented him and his daughter from going to Worcester that day, or have kept him awake in returning home; for I had no doubt he was nodding when the reins slipped out of his hands. And yet, in his case, what a comfort he would have found in my doctrine! Had he but known that he was merely an appointed instrument for accomplishing a predestined event, all self-reproach must have been at an end. As it was, I contented myself with endeavouring to console him in the common way of the world, by observing that, "With all our care, we cannot always prevent accidents."

"No," said he; "I had a proof of that in the case of her brother, a hot-brained fool, (God forgive me for calling him so, now he is in his grave!) who flung away his life for a poodle."

"A poodle!"

"A poodle,—and as ugly a cur as ever wagged a tail."

"It is too serious for jest," said I, "else his epitaph might have been written in two lines,—

Here lies a noodle,
Who died for a poodle."

"He deserved no better," said my uncle, "though he was my own son. You know he was always like touchwood, and would take fire at the slightest spark of contradiction. One day, he and his poodle were walking in Hyde Park, when a gentleman, switching his cane, accidentally struck the beast. Words ensued—cards were exchanged—a duel followed — and George had the honour of receiving a pistol-ball through his lungs. I had an inkling of the business in time, as I thought, to prevent it; but the very means I took for that purpose had the effect of hastening it."

"To be sure," said I.

"Why to be sure?—Oh, I know what you mean: it was to be. Well, if anything could make me a convert to that comfortable theory, it would be the fate of poor Henry Slingsby; for, of all men living, he was the last I should have suspected with regard to what actually happened."

"Henry Slingsby — he was the head of the firm of Slingsby, Cuthbert, and Company, and in the banking line."

"Yes," rejoined my uncle; "but he got into a very different line before he died."

"Indeed."

"He hung himself one fine summer's morning, at his house in Camberwell."

"Is it possible? What drove him to it? He wasn't married?"

"Oh, nothing drove him to it," said my uncle ironically; "it was all settled beforehand."

"*Humanly* speaking, what was the apparent cause?"

"A deficit of one hundred thousand pounds in his books. And how did that come about, you will ask? By over-speculation, in which he made free with other people's money. It was that which he could not face. You know how high the character of the house stood: but, so much for character. After Slingsby's death, it appeared he had been carrying on the system for nearly twenty years, *undetected,* because *unsuspected.* Suspicion, however, is a virtue, as I proved in this very case, and that, too, in a most extraordinary way. My friend, Sir Thomas Bradford, called upon me one day to take leave before going out of town. He had come up for the purpose of selling out a thousand pounds, which he wanted to complete a purchase he had made. In the course of conversation he said he had made an arrangement with the house of Slingsby and Co. (who were his agents), which would save him the trouble of travelling to London every time he required to transfer any portion of the stock that stood in his name in the books of the Bank of England. He had given his agents a general power to sell. 'Do you think you have acted wisely?' said I. 'The power you have given is the power to make you a beggar. Is that quite prudent?'—'Yes; but the house of Slingsby, Cuthbert, and Company,' replied Sir Thomas, 'what can there be to fear?'—'I know of one house only into which the fear of evil may not enter,' I answered, and that is the House of God! Understand me rightly. I believe the house of Slingsby, Cuthbert, and Co. to be as safe as any one we have: but I should consider none *so* safe that I would depend upon its integrity whether I am to wake to-morrow morning a ruined man!'—'You are over-cautious,' said Sir Thomas smiling.—'Perhaps so, and it arises, probably, from having once in my life been over-confident.' There our conversation ended, and we parted, Sir Thomas promising to call upon me again before he left town. He did so.—'How much have you got standing in your name in the Bank?' said I.—'Twenty-nine thousand pounds.'—'You have not twenty-nine farthings.'—'You surely do not mean what you say?'—'I tell you, you have not nine-and-twenty farthings standing in your name in the books of the Bank of England. The day after you were last here I had the curiosity to make the inquiry, and I found that on the *very day* you placed in the hands of Slingsby, Cuthbert, and Company, a general power to sell, they transferred every shilling of it into their own names.'—'I am a ruined man!' exclaimed Sir Thomas, in a state of distraction.—'Not if you will be guided by me,' I replied.—'What is your advice?'—'To take no notice of what has happened.'—'How!' —'Depend upon it,' I continued, 'this is not the first transaction of the kind in which the house of Slingsby has been engaged, and if an exposure were now to follow, there would be an immediate break-up. They have robbed you. You must be quiet,—seem to know nothing, —and they will rob somebody else to pay you. Call upon them. As you hope to get your money back again, let there be nothing in your manner which can excite their suspicions. Tell them you have been detained in town longer than you expected, and that you have made a very advantageous purchase of some property, which will require all the money you have in the Bank. Say that, as they have got a general power to sell out, you will thank them to act upon it as early as may be convenient; and as your presence is not needed in the business, that you will call again any day they may appoint. They are

not yet ripe for an explosion. They have large funds in their hands under circumstances similar to your own. They can go on upon their character yet for some years, provided no untoward discovery upsets them; and therefore they will be ready with your money.' Sir Thomas followed my instructions to the letter. He called — saw Mr. Slingsby, who politely expressed his regret that his transfer-clerk was out of the way, or the business should have been settled immediately; but if he would look in the following morning, everything should be ready. He did so; and received his nine-and-twenty thousand pounds."

"Bravo!" I exclaimed. "I hope he gave you half of it for your admirable generalship."

"Not exactly," replied my uncle, smiling, "but if I would have permitted it, he would have pressed upon me five thousand of it. All I would accept, however, was what he willingly gave, his promise never again to let any one have the power of ruining him. Meanwhile he and I kept the secret, and the house of Slingsby, Cuthbert, and Co., with its *high character*, went on for several years longer, till their affairs got so entangled that they were forced to stop, and then, dreading the disclosures that would take place, poor Slingsby hung himself; but the other partners took that opportunity of visiting the Continent. Just before, however, one of *your* 'what-is-to-be-will-be's" happened, in a droll way. A curious, eccentric character, but a man of some note in the city, whose name was Dawkins, had placed American bonds to the value of ten thousand pounds with his banker at the West End, and having dreamed one night that they were not safe, off he set the next morning as soon as the bank was open to obtain them. This done, he posted into the city to deposit them with Slingsby, Cuthbert, and Company; went home rejoicing; slept soundly; and had the satisfaction of hearing the following day that the great firm of Messrs. Slingsby and Co. had stopped payment; an event of which unfortunately he never dreamt at all."

"Now *can* you," said I, "pretend to shut your eyes to this overwhelming evidence of the truth, that there *is* 'a divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may?' Call it chance, if you can; but if you cannot (as it is impossible you should), acknowledge that it is design."

"*I* need not trouble myself with speculating upon the subject," replied my uncle; "I am too near the discovery of the truth itself. A very little time, and I shall know all mysteries, and I doubt not, if it be permitted to us to have any recollections of our earthly state, I shall be lost in wonder at the things we have believed here as the discoveries of human reason. But let that pass. You and I, Philip, shall both of us be wiser in these matters a hundred years hence. Meanwhile, let us go to supper."

He led the way into an adjoining apartment, where a neat and elegant "supper for two" was spread, of which we partook with mutual satisfaction. During the repast our conversation was upon the ordinary topics of the day, but afterwards, while I indulged in the fragrant perfume of a fine Havannah cigar, and sipped some iced lemonade, my uncle reverted to our former discourse.

"How true it is," said he, "that death's thousand doors stand always open; and when we reflect what trivial accidents suffice to destroy life, how marvellous it is that any of us should walk in the midst

of them hour by hour, and escape. We are surrounded from morning to night with animate and inanimate objects, all of which may become a means of death; and yet, so wonderfully are we protected, that for one who finds death in *them*, myriads find it in some sharp disease, or some slow decay of the body's vital powers. You were inquiring after Mortimer, Penruddock, and Capel, and I told you they were all dead; and I might have added, they all found their graves where not one of them had reason to expect he should do so. Charles Mortimer was drowned off Greenwich, the boat he was in being run down by a steamer. There were four others, besides the watermen, not one of whom could swim; yet *they* were all saved, while Charles Mortimer, who was an excellent swimmer, lost his life. Then, Cornelius Penruddock, leaning against the balcony of his own house, in conversation with a friend, overbalanced himself, and was killed on the spot. Lastly, Hugh Capel — what a death was his! Returning home from an evening party, as he was crossing Finsbury Square he saw the red glare of a fire flashing up into the sky. Hastening to the spot, in one of the small streets that run at the back of the City Road, he arrived just as a distracted mother, with her infant in her arms, appeared at the second floor window, frantically imploring succour from those beneath. In vain they besought the poor creature to fling her baby into the street, knitting their arms together at the same time to receive it, and telling her she might herself trust to the same mode of escape. Her courage failed her. Several times she enveloped the infant in its clothes, as if resolved to venture its fate, but each time drew it back to her bosom, and cast an agonising look to Heaven. Capel, who witnessed this scene, dashed through the crowd, gained the street-door, and in spite of all the entreaties of the firemen and others, entered the burning house. How he made his way through the dense suffocating smoke, or passed unharmed amid the flames that were roaring through the lower apartments, nobody could ever tell; but the next minute almost he was seen by the side of the woman, who, overpowered by this unexpected deliverance, fainted in his arms. A shout of joy burst from the multitude as he retreated with his burden from their sight, and every eye was directed towards the door, expecting to see him emerge in safety with the mother and child. 'There he is! there he is!' some exclaimed; and another shout was raised in admiration of his intrepid humanity. 'Now he is coming!—now!' Alas! he came not. He was never seen again. It was supposed (it could only be conjecture, however,) he might have saved his own life, but that lingering too long in striving to drag with him the inanimate mother, his return was cut off by the rapid ascendancy of the flames, and that they all perished together; for the next day in digging the ruins their blackened ashes were found in one spot, beneath where the landing of the first-floor had fallen in."

"Poor Capel!" I exclaimed. "He was always a humane, high-spirited, generous fellow, and worthy of a better fate, I should say, did I not know how presumptuous it would be."

I longed to get my uncle into another argument about omniscience, but the old gentleman would not let me; for, instead of falling into the trap I had laid for him, he fell asleep, that is, he took his customary forty winks before taking his customary night-cap, which consisted the year round of a scientifically prepared tumbler of arrack punch.

His nap ended, and his punch begun, he asked me with a melan-

choly smile whether I had any more friends to inquire after? I reminded him of one whose name had been mentioned,—my pretty little sweetheart, as he used to call her, Jane Robinson."

"Ay," said he, "Jane Robinson," musing as he spoke, and stirring his punch pensively at the same time; "she *was* a sweet little creature, and after the decease of your poor dear aunt, had I been a few years younger, I don't know what might have happened, had we been much together. But it was not to be."

"I should think not," I replied. "Why Jane would scarcely be more than two and twenty now, were she living."

"Well," interrupted my uncle, with an arch gravity, "and, pray what is my age?"

"Somewhere between thirty and seventy, I should guess."

"Then you would guess wrong — but no matter. When a man of mature years fixes his affections, he knows what he is about."

"Not always," interrupted I; "though when a young girl marries a *very* rich and a *very* old man, *she* knows what she is about."

"Not always," retorted my uncle, briskly; "for, were the prettiest girl in Christendom to marry me to-morrow, and I thought it was for my money, and not for myself, I 'd take care she should have nothing *but* myself; I 'd leave my money to build churches."

"In one of which she might do penance all the rest of her life," I added.

"Poor Jane!" ejaculated my uncle, "she died for love (as I was once very near doing); and if there be such a thing as dying of a broken heart, she died of that too. The wedding-day was fixed, the bridal-garments made, the marriage-feast prepared, when her betrothed husband, a fine young man, and I really think worthy of her, was seized with cholera, (though you have heard nothing else while you were away, I suppose you heard that we have had the cholera in England,) and the morning that should have seen him a joyous bridegroom, saw him a hideously distorted and livid corpse. The cholera was said to be contagious, infectious, and I know not what. Jane disproved it all, for she never quitted his bedside till he died, and after his death hung distracted over his body, kissing those lips which the doctors declared breathed pestilence. The day he was buried she put on her wedding-clothes, married herself by placing the wedding-ring upon her finger, and was never after seen to shed a tear. It was that which killed her. Could she have wept, as women commonly do abundantly, her grief would have worn itself out; instead of which it wore her out. Day by day she withered before our eyes, and the first smile that had been seen upon her countenance for fourteen months was on the morning she died. I am told her last moments were heavenly; so full of holy resignation, of sacred ecstacy, of seraphic joy. As her body melted away, I verily believe her soul had some revelation of the beatifical vision. 'How miserable I should be,' said she, 'if I might not die, for I have nothing else to do now in this world;' then closing her own eyes, she faintly articulated, 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done!' and resigned her spirit to God."

Here my uncle blew his nose, and my cigar was so short that the smoke of it got into my eyes, and I could not see where my lemonade stood. Then we both of us gave a long sigh at the same time; upon which, turning round sharply to see what was the matter, "Why, the

devil!" exclaimed my uncle, "didn't you ask her mother to tell you all about it?"

"Men meet together," said I, "and talk of what they will do *to-morrow*, or *next week*, or *next month;* or begin things to-day, the prosperous end whereof they do not expect to witness for many years. If they would be taught, here is a lesson for them, a lesson which the world is hourly teaching, but in vain. Perhaps wisely so. *Perhaps* do I say? It is. Were it ordained that we should have the apprehension of death constantly clinging to our thoughts, life would stagnate, and the generations of man, instead of being, as now, linked to the past and the future, would flourish and decay as a summer flower. Nevertheless, he that looks back upon SEVEN YEARS, and counts the friends and acquaintances who within that little space have dropped into the grave, will not be too unmindful of his own fleeting existence, or of the time when 'the worm,' as Job says, 'shall feed sweetly on himself, and he shall be no more remembered.' But, will you allow me," I continued, "to direct your attention once more to that important consideration, the omniscience of the Deity, which invests all these seeming accidents of life with a harmony of purpose so beautiful, that ——"

"There goes St. Paul's," interrupted my uncle: "twelve o'clock—I have not been out of bed so late for months."

There was no misunderstanding this hint, so I took it; started out of my chair as if I was surprised myself, and bidding the old gentleman good night, relieved him at once from my company and my argument. When I got to my lodging I sat down and read Howe's treatise on "The Reconcileableness of God's Prescience of the Sins of Men, with the wisdom and sincerity of his counsels, exhortations, and whatsoever means he uses to prevent them," which reconciled nothing but the impossibility of reconciling the foreknowledge of an event with the liberty of the agent to perform or not to perform it.

LINES TO MY DOUBLE-BARRELLED GUN, BROWN BESS.

I HAVE a sweet friend, and her name is Brown Bess!
Who often in raptures I ardently press,
And as on my shoulder she'll rest or recline,
I glory to think that I can call her mine.

Her voice how it echoes through valley and grove
When I make her repeat the fond fire of her love,
It comes from her bosom in one noble strain,
Where, save to please me, it would ever remain.

She's tall, and she's slender, with scarce any waist,
And, what is most curious, she hath *but one breast;*
If *there* I should touch her in play or in sport,
It is strange, she's the *first* one to *spread the report.*

And, oddly enough, she is not flesh and blood!
How could she? for sulphur and nitre 's her food!
Her body is iron, her head it is wood!
But she does as I bid her,—she 's TRUE and she 's GOOD.

If she 's well-directed, how lofty 's her aim,
Objects most exalted she will for you claim,
Whatever you wish for she 'll bring down with death,
Though she *wastes* all her *strength*, and *gives up her last breath.*

Her soul is for pleasure, dull life 's her disgust,
If idle she 's kept she will spoil and will rust,
She seeks not the banquet, or mirth-swelling hall,
Still—*there 's none more adapted, or fit for a ball.*

She 's most temperate, too, e'en to a moral,
Although she doth keep both a *flask* and a *barrel.*
Ay, *barrels;* but she, like the publican knaves,
Keeps these for *the pigeons, that come for their graves.*

Miss Steam has an appetite always so large,
Whilst each meal for Bessy is but a *small charge;*
Then *drink* costs her nothing, she loves to be *dry,*
Whilst Steam must have *pipes, and a constant supply.*

Then Steam is so *flighty,* and Bess so docile.
With Steam you can't travel in surety one mile;
With Bess you may go through the land, far and wide,
With her under your arm, the same as a bride.

Again, as a bride, should you *movingly press*
My Bess—the soft pressure—will *swiftly confess*
The *warmth of her feelings; her sensitive frame*
Will *quickly* evince in *the strength of her flame.*

The young lordling's plaything, the gamekeeper's pride!
The night-watcher's friend, and the freebooter's bride!
The smuggler's "*chere amie,*" the bushranger's wife,
Who would part with her only on parting with life.

Sweet nymph! she would coax the "birds off the bushes,"
As oft she hath done both blackbirds and thrushes.
Then why should you wonder at my tender love,
When a *cock* or a *cap-on* she also *can move?*

Forgive this long story, but I had my cue,
In laying down all her perfections—for you,
There 's two I forgot, she 's *allied* to famed *Lock(e),*
And *doth really belong to an excellent stock.*

Good Reader! I bow, and exhausted retire,
And hope you will think that I have not missed fire,
But brought *down my game,* and each time *hit the mark,*
And *handled* my *gun well*—albeit on a *lark.*

Aug. 27. J. S^{r}. L. M^{c}. C.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER IX.

WHITEHALL.

Such was the expedition used by Humphrey Chetham and Viviana, that they accomplished the journey to London in an extraordinarily short space of time. Proceeding direct to Whitehall, Viviana placed a letter in the hands of a halberdier, and desired that it might be given without delay to the Earl of Salisbury. After some demur, the man handed it to an usher, who promised to lay it before the Earl. Some time elapsed before the result of its reception was known, when an officer, accompanied by two sergeants of the guard, made his appearance, and commanded Viviana and her companion to follow him.

Crossing a wide hall, which was filled with the various retainers of the palace, who regarded them with a sort of listless curiosity, and ascending a flight of marble steps, they traversed a long corridor, and were at length ushered into the presence of the Earl of Salisbury. He was seated at a table, covered with a multitude of papers, and was busily employed in writing a despatch, but immediately stopped on their entrance. He was not alone. His companion was a middle-aged man, attired in a suit of black velvet, with a cloak of the same material; but as he sat with his back towards the door, it was impossible to discern his features.

"You may leave us," said Salisbury to the officer, "but remain without."

"And be ready to enter at a moment's notice," added his companion without altering his position.

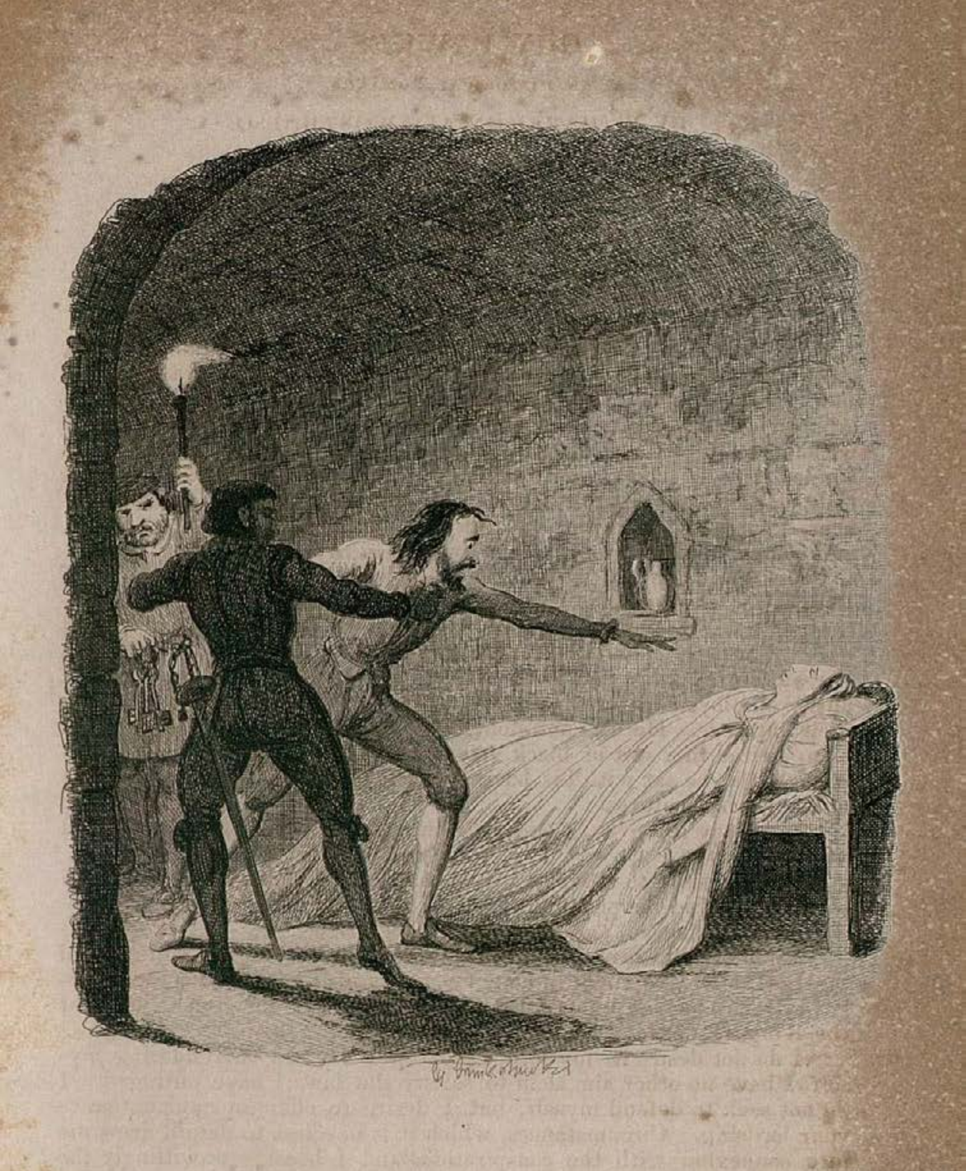
The officer bowed, and retired with his followers.

"Your surrender of yourself at this time, Viviana Radcliffe," said the Earl, "weighs much in your favour; and if you are disposed freely to declare all you know of the conspiracy, it is not impossible that the King may extend his mercy towards you."

"I do not desire it, my lord," she replied. "In surrendering myself, I have no other aim than to satisfy the laws I have outraged. I do not seek to defend myself, but I desire to offer an explanation to your lordship. Circumstances, which it is needless to detail, drew me into connexion with the conspirators, and I became unwillingly the depositary of their dark design."

"You were guilty of misprision of treason in not revealing it," remarked the Earl.

"I am aware of it," she rejoined; "but this, I take Heaven to witness, is the extent of my criminality. I held the project in the utmost abhorrence, and used every argument I was mistress of, to induce its contrivers to abandon it."



Death of Vivianа

London: Richard Bentley, 1841.

[illegible]

"[illegible] ... the Earl [illegible]

"Guy Fawkes," returned Viviana.

"God's mercy! Guy Fawkes!" ejaculated the Earl, [illegible] starting to his feet. And turning, as he spoke, [illegible] and [illegible] but no intellectual [illegible] now changed [illegible] presion [illegible] of the utmost astonishment. "Did you say Guy Fawkes [illegible]?"

"It is the King," whispered Humphrey Chetham.

"Since I know in whose presence I stand, sire," replied Viviana, "I will answer the interrogation. Guy Fawkes was the cause of my consenting to [illegible] with the plot. And more, I will confess to your Majesty, that much as I abhor the design, if he had not been engaged [illegible], I should never have loved him. His sombre and [illegible] character first gave him an interest in my eyes, which [illegible] of my [illegible] for which he rendered me [illegible] my preservers. [illegible] to his [illegible] by the same [illegible] was [illegible] and bound by a chain from which I could not [illegible] [illegible] from me. [illegible] the moment of [illegible] the [illegible]. We have not met since, and [illegible] no more, unless to part forever."

"A [illegible]!" exclaimed James, in a tone that showed [illegible] was not [illegible] by the relation.

"[illegible]," cried Viviana, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his fate — not for [illegible] — but [illegible] [illegible] in his breast, [illegible] the means of [illegible].

[illegible] the request [illegible] and [illegible]

"[illegible]," replied the King.

"You shall have [illegible]," said James, "and I [illegible]. Your husband [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] never [illegible] without the [illegible] and a [illegible] [illegible]. Should he [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible]," he added, turning to Humphrey Chetham, "[illegible] come to surrender himself?"

"No, my liege," replied Chetham; "I am a loyal subject of [illegible], and a [illegible] Protestant."

"[illegible] take your word for it, doubtless," replied the King, with [illegible] look. "But how came you in this [illegible]?"

"I will hide nothing from your Majesty," replied Chetham. "[illegible] [illegible] Viviana's unhappy acquaintance with Fawkes — for [illegible] ever consider it — her affections had been fixed upon her, and I [illegible] [illegible] she would not prove indifferent to my suit. Even now, when all hope is [illegible], I have not been able to overcome [illegible]

"If such were the case," demanded the Earl, "what withheld you from disclosing it?"

"I will now confess what torture could not wring from me before," she replied. "I was restrained from the disclosure by a fatal passion."

"I suspected as much," observed the Earl, with a sneer. "For whom?"

"For Guy Fawkes," returned Viviana.

"God's mercy! Guy Fawkes!" ejaculated the Earl's companion, starting to his feet. And turning as he spoke, and facing her, he disclosed heavy but not unintellectual features, now charged with an expression of the utmost astonishment. "Did you say Guy Fawkes, mistress?"

"It is the King," whispered Humphrey Chetham.

"Since I know in whose presence I stand, sire," replied Viviana, "I will answer the interrogation. Guy Fawkes was the cause of my concealing my acquaintance with the plot. And more, I will confess to your Majesty, that much as I abhor the design, if he had not been a conspirator, I should never have loved him. His sombre and enthusiastic character first gave him an interest in my eyes, which, heightened by several important services which he rendered me, soon ripened into love. Linked to his fortunes, shrouded by the same gloomy cloud that enveloped him, and bound by a chain from which I could not extricate myself, I gave him my hand. But the moment of our union was the moment of our separation. We have not met since, and shall meet no more, unless to part for ever."

"A strange history!" exclaimed James, in a tone that showed he was not unmoved by the relation.

"I beseech your Majesty to grant me one boon," cried Viviana, falling at his feet. "It is, to be allowed a single interview with my husband—not for the sad gratification of beholding him again—not for the indulgence of my private sorrows—but that I may endeavour to awaken a feeling of repentance in his breast, and be the means of saving his soul alive."

"My inclinations prompt me to grant the request, Salisbury," said the King, irresolutely. "There can be no risk in doing it—eh?"

"Not under certain restrictions, my liege," replied the Earl.

"You shall have your wish, then, mistress," said James, "and I trust your efforts may be crowned with success. Your husband is a hardy traitor—a second Jaques Clement—and we never think of him without the floor shaking beneath our feet, and a horrible smell of gunpowder assailing our nostrils. Blessed be God for our preservation! But whom have we here?" he added, turning to Humphrey Chetham. "Another conspirator come to surrender himself?"

"No, my liege," replied Chetham; "I am a loyal subject of your Majesty, and a stanch Protestant."

"If we may take your word for it, doubtless," replied the King, with an incredulous look. "But how come you in this lady's company?"

"I will hide nothing from your Majesty," replied Chetham. "Long before Viviana's unhappy acquaintance with Fawkes—for such I must ever consider it—my affections had been fixed upon her, and I fondly trusted she would not prove indifferent to my suit. Even now, sire, when all hope is dead within me, I have not been able to overcome my

passion, but love her as devotedly as ever. When, therefore, she desired my escort to London to surrender herself, I could not refuse the request."

"It is the truth, my liege," added Viviana. "I owe Humphrey Chetham (for so this gentleman is named) an endless debt of gratitude; and not the least of my present distresses is the thought of the affliction I have occasioned him."

"Dismiss it from your mind, then, Viviana," rejoined Chetham. "It will not mitigate my sorrows to feel that I have added to yours."

"Your manner and looks seem to give a warranty for loyalty, young sir," said the King. "But I must have some assurance of the truth of your statement before you are set at large."

"I am your willing prisoner, my liege," returned Chetham. "But I have a letter for the Earl of Salisbury, which may vouch perhaps for me."

And as he spoke he placed a letter in the Earl's hands, who broke open the seal, and hastily glanced at its contents.

"It is from Doctor Dee," he said, "from whom, as your Majesty is aware, we have received much important information relative to this atrocious design. He answers for this young man's loyalty."

"I am glad to hear it," rejoined the King. "It would have been mortifying to be deceived by so honest a physiognomy."

"Your Majesty will be pleased to attach your signature to this warrant for Viviana Radcliffe's committal to the Tower," said Salisbury, placing a paper before him.

James complied, and the Earl summoned the guard.

"Have I your Majesty's permission to attend this unfortunate lady to the fortress?" cried Chetham, prostrating himself before the King.

James hesitated, but glancing at the Earl, and reading no objection in his looks, he assented.

Whispering some private instructions to the officer respecting Chetham, Salisbury delivered the warrant to him. Viviana and her companion were then removed to a small chamber adjoining the guard-room, where they remained for nearly an hour, at the expiration of which time the officer again appeared, and conducted them to the palace-stairs, where a large wherry awaited them, in which they embarked.

James did not remain long with his councillor, and as soon as he had retired, Salisbury summoned a confidential attendant, and told him to acquaint Lord Mounteagle, who was in an adjoining apartment, that he was now able to receive him. The attendant departed, and presently returned with the nobleman in question. As soon as they were alone, and Salisbury had satisfied himself they could not be overheard, he observed to the other,

"Since Tresham's committal to the Tower yesterday, I have received a letter from the lieutenant, stating that he breathes nothing but revenge against yourself and me, and threatens to betray us, if he is not released. It will not do to let him be examined by the Council; for though we can throw utter discredit on his statement, it may be prejudicial to my future designs."

"True, my lord," replied Mounteagle. "But how do you propose to silence him?"

"By poison," returned Salisbury. "There is a trusty fellow in the

Tower, a jailer named Ipgreve, who will administer it to him. Here is the powder," he added, unlocking a coffer, and taking out a small packet; "it was given me by its compounder, Doctor Dee. It is the same, I am assured, as the celebrated Italian poison prepared by Pope Alexander the Sixth; is without scent or taste; and destroys its victim without leaving a trace of its effects."

"I must take heed how I offend your lordship," observed Mounteagle.

"Nay," rejoined Salisbury, with a ghastly smile, "it is for traitors like Tresham, not true men like you, to fear me."

"I understand the distinction, my lord," replied the other.

"I must intrust the entire management of this affair to you," pursued Salisbury.

"To me!" exclaimed Mounteagle. "Tresham is my brother-in-law. I can take no part in his murder."

"If he lives, you are ruined," rejoined Salisbury, coldly. "You must sacrifice him or yourself. But I see you are reasonable. Take this powder, and proceed to the Tower. See Ipgreve alone, and instruct him to drug Tresham's wine with it. A hundred marks shall be his reward when the deed is done."

"My soul revolts from the deed," said Mounteagle, as he took the packet. "Is there no other way of silencing him."

"None, whatever," replied Salisbury, sternly. "His blood be upon his own head."

With this, Mounteagle took his departure.

CHAPTER X.

THE PARTING OF VIVIANA AND HUMPHREY CHETHAM.

Humphrey Chetham was so oppressed by the idea of parting with Viviana that he did not utter a single word during their transit to the Tower. Passing beneath the gloomy archway of Traitor's Gate, they mounted the fatal steps, and were conducted to the guard-room near the By-ward Tower. The officer then despatched one of the warders to inform the lieutenant of Viviana's arrival, and telling Humphrey Chetham he would allow him a few minutes to take leave of her, considerately withdrew, and left them alone together.

"Oh! Viviana!" exclaimed Chetham, unable to repress his grief, "my heart bleeds to see you here. If you repent the step you have taken, and desire freedom, say so, and I will use every effort to liberate you. I have been successful once, and may be so again."

"I thank you for your devotion," she replied, in a tone of profound gratitude; "but you have rendered me the last service I shall ever require of you. I deeply deplore the misery I have occasioned you, and regret my inability to requite your attachment as it deserves to be requited. My last prayers shall be for your happiness; and I trust you will meet with some being worthy of you, and who will make amends for my insensibility."

"Be not deceived, Viviana," replied Chetham, in a broken voice, "I shall never love again. Your image is too deeply imprinted upon my heart ever to be effaced."

"Time may work a change," she rejoined; "though I ought not to say so, for I feel it would work none in me. Suffer me to give you one piece of counsel. Devote yourself resolutely to the business of life, and you will speedily regain your peace of mind."

"I will follow your instructions implicitly," replied Chetham; "but have little hope of the result you promise me."

"Let the effort be made," she rejoined;—"and now promise me to quit London to-morrow. Return to your native town; employ yourself in your former occupations; and strive not to think of the past, except as a troubled dream from which you have fortunately awakened. Do not let us prolong our parting, or your resolution may waver. Farewell!"

So saying, she extended her hand towards him, and he pressed it passionately to his lips.

"Farewell, Viviana!" he cried, with a look of unutterable anguish. "May Heaven support you in your trials!"

"One of them I am now enduring," she replied, in a broken voice. "Farewell for ever, and may all good angels bless you!"

At this moment the officer appeared, and announcing the approach of the lieutenant, told Chetham that his time had expired. Without hazarding another look at Viviana, the young merchant tore himself away, and followed the officer out of the Tower.

Obedient to Viviana's last request, he quitted London on the following day, and acting upon her advice, devoted himself on his return to Manchester sedulously to his mercantile pursuits. His perseverance and integrity were crowned with entire success, and he became in due season the wealthiest merchant of the town. But the blighting of his early affections tinged his whole life, and gave a melancholy to his thoughts, and an austerity to his manner originally foreign to them. True to his promise, he died unmarried. His long and worthy career was marked by actions of the greatest benevolence. In proportion as his means increased, his charities were extended, and he truly became "a father to the fatherless and the destitute." To him the town of Manchester is indebted for the noble library and hospital bearing his name; and for those admirable institutions, by which they so largely benefit, his memory must ever be held in veneration by its inhabitants.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SUBTERRANEAN DUNGEON.

Regarding Viviana with a smile of savage satisfaction, Sir William Waad commanded Jasper Ipgreve, who accompanied him, to convey her to one of the subterranean dungeons below the Devereux Tower.

"She cannot escape thence without your connivance," he said; "and you shall answer to me for her safe custody with your life."

"If she escapes again, your worship shall hang me in her stead," rejoined Ipgreve.

"My instructions from the Earl of Salisbury state that it is the King's pleasure that she be allowed a short interview with Guy Fawkes," said the lieutenant, in a low tone. "Let her be taken to his cell to-morrow."

The jailer bowed, and motioning the guard to follow him with Viviana, he led the way along the inner ward till he arrived at a small strong door in the wall a little to the north of the Beauchamp Tower, which he unlocked, and descended into a low cavernous-looking vault. Striking a light, and setting fire to a torch, he then led the way along a narrow gloomy passage, which brought them to a circular chamber, from which other passages diverged, and selecting one of them, threaded it till he came to the door of a cell.

"Here is your dungeon," he said to Viviana, as he drew back the heavy bolts, and disclosed a small chamber, about four feet wide and six long, in which there was a pallet. "My dame will attend you soon."

With this, he lighted a lamp, and departing with the guard, barred the door outside. Viviana shuddered as she surveyed the narrow dungeon in which she was placed. Roof, walls, and floor were of stone, and the aspect of the place was so dismal and tomb-like, that she felt as if she were buried alive. Some hours elapsed before Dame Ipgreve made her appearance. She was accompanied by Ruth, who burst into tears on beholding Viviana. The jailer's wife had brought a few blankets and other necessaries with her, together with a loaf of bread, and a jug of water. While disposing the blankets on the couch, she never ceased upbraiding Viviana for her former flight. Poor Ruth, who was compelled to assist her mother, endeavoured by her gestures and looks to convey to the unfortunate captive that she was as much devoted to her as ever. Their task completed, the old woman withdrew, and her daughter, casting a deeply-commiserating look at Viviana, followed her, and the door was barred without.

Determined not to yield to despondency, Viviana knelt down, and addressed herself to Heaven; and, comforted by her prayers, threw herself on the bed, and sank into a peaceful slumber. She was awakened by hearing the bolts of her cell withdrawn, and the next moment Ruth stood before her.

"I fear you have exposed yourself to great risk in thus visiting me," said Viviana, tenderly embracing her.

"I would expose myself to any risk for you, sweet lady," replied Ruth. "But, oh! why do I see you here again. The chief support of Guy Fawkes during his sufferings has been the thought that you were at liberty."

"I surrendered myself in the hope of beholding him again," rejoined Viviana.

"You have given a fond, but fatal proof of your affection," returned Ruth. "The knowledge that you are a captive will afflict him more than all the torments he has endured."

"What torments *has* he endured, Ruth?" inquired Viviana, with a look of anguish.

"Do not ask me to repeat them," replied the jailer's daughter. "They are too dreadful to relate. When you behold his shattered frame and altered looks you will comprehend what he has undergone."

"Alas!" exclaimed Viviana, bursting into tears, "I almost fear to behold him."

"You must prepare for a fearful shock," returned Ruth. "And now, madam, I must take my leave. I will endeavour to see you again to-morrow, but dare not promise to do so. I should not have

been able to visit you now, but that my father is engaged with Lord Mounteagle."

"With Lord Mounteagle!" cried Viviana. "Upon what business?"

"Upon a foul business," rejoined Ruth. "No less than the destruction of Mr. Tresham, who is now a prisoner in the Tower. Lord Mounteagle came to the Well Tower this evening, and I accidentally overheard him propose to my father to administer poison to the person I have named."

"I do not pity their victim," returned Viviana. "He is a double-dyed traitor, and will meet with the fate he deserves."

"Farewell, madam," said Ruth. "If I do not see you again, you will know that you have one friend in this fortress who deeply sympathises with your afflictions."

So saying, she withdrew, and Viviana heard the bolts slipped gently into their sockets.

Vainly, after Ruth's visit, did she try to compose herself. Sleep fled her eyes, and she was haunted all night by the image of Fawkes, haggard and shattered by torture, as he had been described by the jailer's daughter. Day and night were the same to her, and she could only compute progress of the time by her own feelings, judging by which, she supposed it to be late in the day when she was again visited. The bolts of the cell being withdrawn, two men clad in long black gowns, and having hoods drawn over their faces, entered it. They were followed by Ipgreve; and Viviana, concluding she was about to be led to the torture, endeavoured to string herself to its endurance. Though he guessed what was passing in her breast, Jasper Ipgreve did not care to undeceive her, but motioning the hooded officials to follow him with her, quitted the cell. Seizing each a hand, the attendants led her after him along a number of intricate passages, until he stopped before the door of a cell, which he opened.

"Be brief in what you have to say," he cried, thrusting her forward. "I shall not allow you much time."

Viviana no sooner set foot in the cell than she felt in whose presence she stood. On a stool at the further end of the narrow chamber, with his head upon his breast, and a cloak wrapped around his limbs, sat Fawkes. A small iron lamp, suspended by a rusty chain from the ceiling, served to illumine his ghastly features. He lifted his eyes from the ground on her entrance, and recognising her, uttered a cry of anguish. Raising himself by a great effort, he opened his arms, and she rushed into them. For some moments both continued silent. Grief took away their utterance; but at length Guy Fawkes spoke.

"My cup of bitterness was not sufficiently full," he said. "This alone was wanting to make it overflow."

"I fear you will blame me," she replied, "when you learn that I have voluntarily surrendered myself."

Guy Fawkes uttered a deep groan.

"I am the cause of your doing so," he said.

"You are so," she replied. "But you will forgive me when you know my motive. I came here to urge you to repentance. Oh! if you hope that we shall meet again hereafter—if you hope that we shall inherit joys which will requite us for all our troubles, you will employ the brief time left you on earth in imploring forgiveness for your evil intentions."

"Having had no evil intentions," replied Fawkes coldly, "I have no pardon to ask."

"The Tempter who led you into the commission of sin under the semblance of righteousness, puts these thoughts into your heart," replied Viviana. "You have escaped the commission of an offence which must have deprived you of the joys of heaven, and I am thankful for it. But if you remain impenitent, I shall tremble for your salvation."

"My account will soon be settled with my Maker," rejoined Fawkes; "and he will punish or reward me according to my deserts. I have acted according to my conscience, and can never repent that which I believe to be a righteous design."

"But do you not now see that you were mistaken," returned Viviana, — "do you not perceive that the sword which you raised against others has been turned against yourself, — and that the Great Power whom you serve and worship has declared himself against you?"

"You seek in vain to move me," replied Fawkes. "I am as insensible to your arguments as to the tortures of my enemies."

"Then Heaven have mercy upon your soul!" she rejoined.

"Look at me, Viviana," cried Fawkes, "and behold the wreck I am. What has supported me amid my tortures — in this dungeon — in the presence of my relentless foes?—what, but the consciousness of having acted rightly? And what will support me on the scaffold except the same conviction? If you love me, do not seek to shake my faith? But it is idle to talk thus. You cannot do so. Rest satisfied we shall meet again. Everything assures me of it. Wretched as I appear in this solitary cell, I am not wholly miserable, because I am buoyed up by the certainty that my actions are approved by Heaven."

"I will not attempt to destroy the delusion, since it is productive of happiness to you," replied Viviana. "But if my earnest, heart-felt prayers can conduce to your salvation, they shall not be wanting."

As she spoke the door of the cell was opened by Jasper Ipgreve, who stepped towards her, and seized her roughly by the hand.

"Your time has expired, mistress," he said: "you must come with me."

"A minute longer," implored Fawkes.

"Not a second," replied Ipgreve.

"Shall we not meet again?" cried Viviana, distractedly.

"Ay, the day before your execution," rejoined Ipgreve. "I have good news for you," he added, pausing for a moment, and addressing Fawkes. "Mr. Tresham, who I told you has been brought to the Tower, has been taken suddenly and dangerously ill."

"If the traitor perishes before me, I shall die content," observed Fawkes.

"Then rest assured of it," said Viviana. "The task of vengeance is already fulfilled."

She was then forced away by Ipgreve, and delivered by him to the hooded officials outside, who hurried her back to her dungeon.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, ESQ.

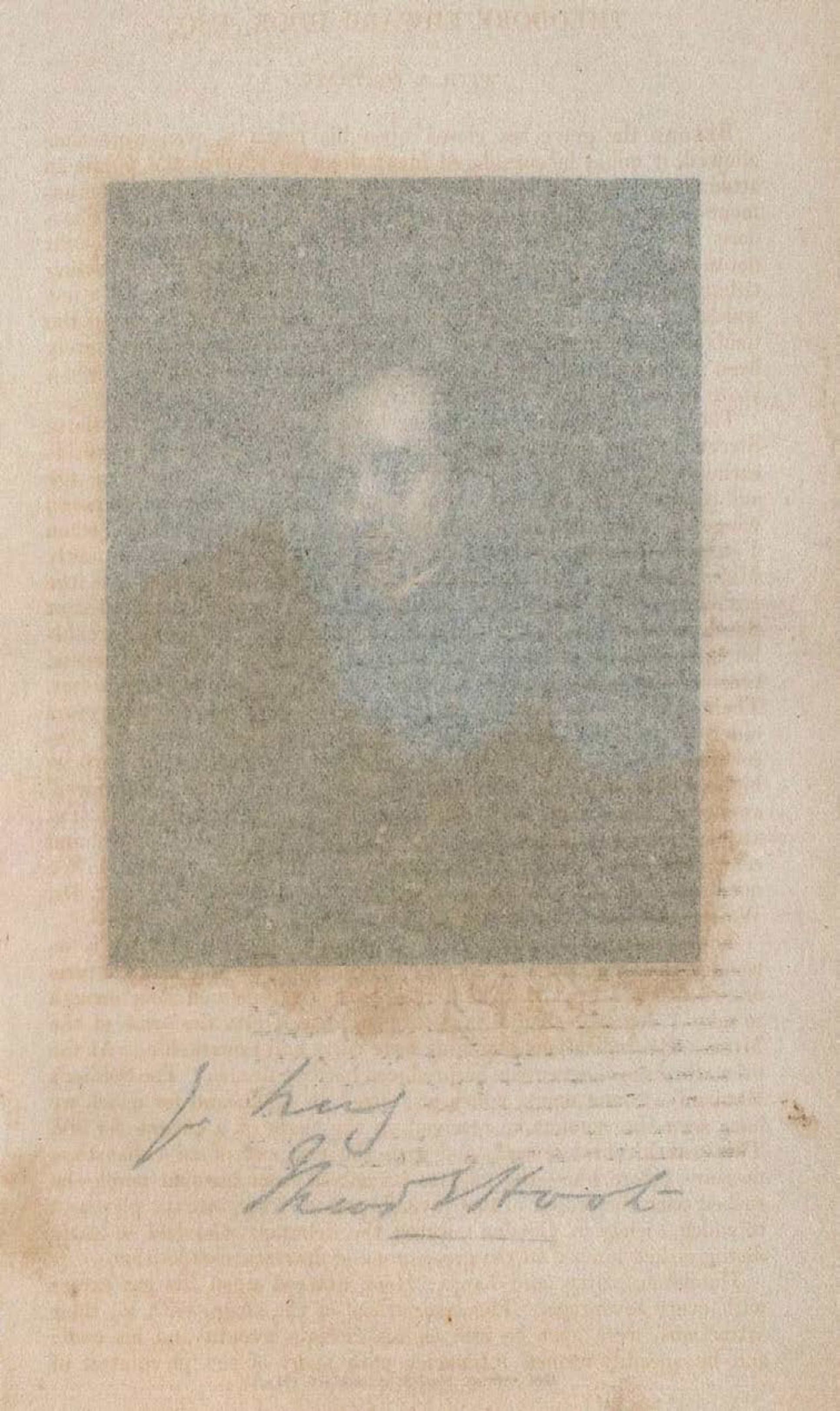
WITH A PORTRAIT.

Before the grave has closed upon his remains, even were time allowed, it might be considered inexpedient to offer to the public an attempt at a detailed Memoir of the life of one of its departed ornaments, and especially of a gem so brilliant in the social circle as Theodore Hook. Still there is something within us that says we ought not to let a moment pass, after so great a loss, without paying a passing tribute to his genius. Imperfect as it must necessarily be, yet a few words are due, like the funeral knell, to mark the descent to the tomb of an individual whose rich natural endowments have rarely been surpassed, and whose works have for many years filled so large a space in the literature of his country.

Theodore Hook was born, as we have heard him say, in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, September 22nd, 1788, and seemed from his earliest youth destined to be a cultivator of the polite letters of his age and country. He was the son of James Hook, the popular composer, whose pleasing strains delighted the preceding generation, (when Vauxhall Gardens were a fashionable resort,) by his wife, formerly Miss Madden, a lady of singular accomplishments. She was the author of "The Double Disguise," published in 1784; and died at South Lambeth in 1805, just as her youngest son had begun to exhibit his precocious talents. His father, a short time before his decease, received the appointment of organist at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Their elder son, the Rev. James (afterwards Dean) Hook, twenty years older than their youngest, Theodore, was also an author, and discovered a predilection for the drama before the Church put forth its higher claims upon his zeal and talent. He wrote "Jack of Newbury," an opera, 1795; and "Diamond cut Diamond," in 1797; and has always been considered the author of two novels, very effective and celebrated in their day, "Pen Owen," and "Percy Mallory." We need scarcely add that Dean Hook was the father of the Rev. Dr. Walter Hook, one of her Majesty's Chaplains, and Vicar of Leeds.

Thus cradled and nursed in the home of varied talent, it is no wonder that Theodore, on leaving Harrow, and having passed a term or two at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford,—he never remained long enough to take a degree,—should have thrown himself into the arms of the Muse. His indications of genius were early and remarkable. At the premature age of seventeen he produced his first drama, "The Soldier's Return," a comic opera, which was acted in 1805, and for which we have seen the amount he received in the shape of a cheque for 50*l.* This was his first reward, and with the prospect of an exhaustless treasure before him—the gold to be coined from his own mind—he rushed with the ardour of that juvenile period of life, into the pleasures to which society in London courted the debutant who had so early distinguished himself in the great arena of dramatic competition.

Handsome, witty, and happy, Hook entered upon his gay career with every advantage. The associations of the stage, with all their attractions, were open to him on his father's account and his own; and he speedily formed intimacies with many of the pleasantest of



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WITH A PORTRAIT.

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London. Published by Richard Bentley, 1841

pleasant men and women, who at that time were the soul of society in London. Their tricks, and jokes, and masqueradings, for the next few years, replete, as they were, with frolic and drollery, would fill a volume of whim, such, indeed, as he has sometimes introduced into his later novels. But, though playing in the bright stream of enjoyment, he did not allow luxury or idleness to interfere with graver pursuits. He continued to write with prolific industry, and with increasing popularity.

In 1806, he produced "Catch him who can," a farce; "The Invisible Girl," a drama, or monologue, written to exhibit the peculiar talent of his friend Jack Bannister; and "Tekeli," a melodrame, which was excellently acted, and caused a great sensation in the dramatic world. "The Fortress," another melodrame, followed in 1807; "Music Mad;" "The Siege of St. Quintin;" "Killing no Murder;" "Safe and Sound;" "Ass-ass-ination," and "The Will and the Widow." The last was produced in 1810, making in all not fewer than eleven dramatic compositions in three years.

Of these, "Killing no Murder" created the most sensation, the licence being denied to it by Mr. Larpent, then Deputy Licenser, in consequence of his alleging that it turned a Methodist parson into ridicule. Hook defended his production, and flagellated the Licenser in a clever preface, which created much amusement, and ultimately obtained the victory for wit and satire over dulness and dogmatism. In representation, however, the character was of necessity transmogrified into that of a dancing-master (Apollo Belvi), so inimitably given by his friend Liston.

Soon after this Mr. Hook was appointed to an office of considerable value and responsibility in the Mauritius, whither he proceeded, with every prospect of fortune before him. But, alas! poets, dramatists, and literati, are in general but ill adapted to become accurate accomptants-general, or clear plodding treasurers. It is no impeachment of intellect or honour to confess that the concerns of business, the cares and pains-taking, the constant attention to details, and a thorough knowledge of figures, (as applied not to verse but to money,) are seldom consistent with the devotion of the mind to the cultivation of letters. The realities of the one consort but ill with the imagination of the other; and from the perplexities of the former, men are but too apt to seek a dreamy and delightful refuge in the castle-building world of the latter. Mr. Hook held the place of treasurer of the Mauritius from the 9th of October, 1813, to the 28th of February, 1818, when the confused state of accounts intrusted to his charge, and by him too readily left to the management of others, led to his being sent home by the Governor under a charge of defalcation. The extreme hostility and severity of this measure were strongly animadverted upon at the time, and have been assigned to other than public reasons, but we know nothing of the intrigues or the amours of the Mauritius.

Conscious of integrity, though legally answerable for his trust, Mr. Hook made the best of his position, brought on, as he said, "*by a disorder in his chest.*" His friends rallied round him in his adversity, and perhaps no palace ever rung with louder bursts of laughter as the jest, and pun, and witticism followed in quick succession, among the merry souls who came to solace him, than did the abode in which he was temporarily confined.

Liberated, at length, he began again to write. Ever a stanch Tory in principle, the establishment of the John Bull newspaper formed a very important event in his life. He was selected to be its editor; and, besides holding a share in the property, he was allowed, as we have heard, a handsome weekly salary for this duty. It is not for us to enter into a discussion either upon the politics or personalities which marked the opening of this party battery; but we may truly say that the *éclat* given to its early numbers by his lavish talent raised the publication at once into a high degree of popularity and profit. Like the " Anti-Jacobin " of a preceding period, there were numerous poems, essays, and *jeux d'esprit* in the Bull from his pen, which will no doubt be collected, as they deserve to be, and published in a separate form.*

Mr. Hook's writings cover a space of twenty years, charming the public in many a way, whilst their gifted author was enjoying all the pleasures of the best society in the metropolis, all its gaieties and humours,—himself the most gay and humorous of its merry sons. His company was sought by the luxurious and by the intelligent; by the mirthful and by the wise; by the fair and by the learned. Wherever he came he was a welcome guest; and his arrival was the signal for hilarity and festivity. The dining-room and the drawing-room were alike his theatres: the former was enlivened by the jest and song, the latter by music and improvisation, of which he was master beyond any man that perhaps England ever beheld.

Our untractable language was to him as easy as the facile Italian, and whether seated at the genial board, with a few choice companions, or at the pianoforte, surrounded by admiring beauty, his performances in this way were the delight and admiration of all who heard them. They were, indeed, very extraordinary. Some of them might have been printed as finished ballads; and others, though not so perfect in parts as metrical compositions, were so studded with bright conceits, and often so touched with exquisite sentiment and pathos, that their effect upon the audience was evinced by shouts of laughter, or starting tears.

We remember one beautiful example of the latter. It was an early hour of morning, and the sun was rising on the banks of the Thames—another extempore song had been begged by a bevy of lovely dames, and granted to their request—and the subject given was " Good Night." Hook had proceeded through a few verses, and at length uttered a happy thought, which excited a hearty laugh in a beautiful boy standing by him; on which he turned to the child, and apostrophising the mounting orb of day, alluded in plaintive lines to his elders, to whom he was obliged to say " Good night," then striking a gayer strain, he wished *him* a brightened morning and a prosperous day. It is not easy to describe such things; but stern as well as soft hearts there were deeply affected by the touching appeal.

Of Mr. Hook's works of fiction, biography, &c. we cannot undertake to supply any correct list. His " Sayings and Doings," his " Gilbert Gurney," and " Love and Pride," his " Parson's Daughter," his " Maxwell," his " Jack Brag," his " Births, Deaths, and Marriages," have all been pre-eminently successful. His " Memoirs of

* These, we believe, were collected and arranged by Mr. Hook for publication, and placed in the hands of Mr. Bentley for that purpose.

Kelly," and his more important "Biography of Sir David Baird," have also been highly esteemed among contemporary works of a similar nature. In addition to a handsome sum paid for writing the latter, a magnificent diamond snuff-box was presented to him by Lady Baird, in token of her approbation of the manner in which he had executed the task. This box, which had been given by the Pasha of Egypt to Sir David Baird, Mr. Hook was justly proud of. We have also before us a prospectus of a contemplated History of the House of Hanover, which he had undertaken, but never lived to complete.

His last—alas! his last—work is a novel, called "Peregrine Bunce; or, Settled at Last," the MS. of which is in the possession of Mr. Bentley.

Of his character in private life we may be excused for borrowing a brief glance from a friend of thirty-six years' standing, who, in his Literary Gazette of the 28th ult. has said,—

"We have lost a social companion and friend of more than five-and-thirty years: a brilliant light of talent, and wit, and humour, is extinguished, by the early death of Theodore E. Hook, which (hardly is it possible to think of aught melancholy in connection with him—but he is no more,) melancholy event took place at his house in Fulham, on the night of Tuesday last. Mr. Hook had been severely indisposed for several weeks, and at length sank under a complication of disease, which no remedies could stay. It is too early a time to speak of this singularly gifted individual, except in the spontaneous and general terms of that sorrow which flows from the thought that we shall never listen to his voice again; never hear those sparkling sallies which used to 'set the table in a roar;' never dwell with unmingled admiration on those extemporaneous effusions, in which he had no equal, and which were the delight and wonder of all who knew him; never witness that unabating spirit and unflagging mirth, which made him the soul and centre of the convivial circle; never harken him on to new efforts and additional triumphs, after he had achieved more than would have been fame to twenty acknowledged wits; never again look upon that bright, dark, flashing eye, illuminated with mind; never more feel the force of that manly sense, acute observation, and accumulated intelligence, which rendered him as instructive when gravity prevailed, as he was unapproachable when festivity ruled the hour. Alas! dear Hook! there is now a void indeed where you filled an enviable place; a gloom where you so gloriously shone.

"His skill and readiness in music was almost equal to his powers in extempore poetical composition. He could invent and execute an opera on the spur of the moment; as he could conceive and sing half a dozen humorous and pointed songs in an afternoon, upon any subjects proposed to him. His jest was always ready, and his repartee so prompt, and so surely a hit, slight if playful, but heavy if provoked, that all around him soon became aware that his fires were either innocuously glancing or scorching, as the circumstance inflamed or called them forth.

"But, whatever he was in his humour, he was warm in his friendships, liberal and generous in his character, charitable and humane in his nature. In many points he had no rival; and active as his path has been for many years, we believe he did not make a personal enemy. Sure we are that his memory will be hallowed by

the esteem due to genius, and by the mournful regrets of those who were his associates in scenes, the indescribable charms of which, all elicited by him, they never can forget."

Mr. Hook had been ill nearly three weeks, but it was only a few days before his death his medical attendants ascertained that his constitution had completely given way, and no hope of his restoration remained. Violent relaxation of all the internal viscera hurried him at last rapidly to the grave; and he died conscious of the past and present, and looking with humble resignation to the future.

It is scarcely necessary to add that in the outset of this Miscellany, Mr. Hook was one of its earliest and most valued contributors. The subjoined sketches, hit off by his own hand in a playful mood, represent him, the one in his *première jeunesse*, when "life and hope were new,"—the other as he was—oh! that we should have to say *was*—at a more advanced period of his career. Each portrait, if it may be so called, is, of course, a caricature one, but, as is often the case in caricatures, the strong resemblance of each will be generally admitted by all who knew him at those different epochs.



Comme j'étois. 1807. *Comme je suis.* 1837.

ALAS, POOR YORICK!



and his new Son-in-law

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mr. Myte is presented with a particular occasion of surprise, with his behaviour thereupon.

Some business out of doors pertaining to Myte engaged me the next morning. On my return, I discovered my master squeezed into a corner of the office, earnestly intent upon the perusal of a letter, which he shifted from one hand to the other in rapid alternation; his lips, at intervals, in motion; his eyes at like times upraised, as though invoking a blessing upon himself, or a curse upon others. He did not see me for some minutes; but when he did, he regarded me with a comical wildness of aspect.

"Ricardo," he said, "be pleased to satisfy me as to whether I am standing on my head or my heels. My strong impression is, that I am at this present speaking erect upon the former. If it should be so, carefully lay hold upon me by the ankles, and set me properly on end."

I expressed a hope that nothing had occurred seriously to discompose him.

"Here is a letter," he replied, tossing it into the air, "that would disturb the equanimity of Cadmus himself; words written with a flash of lightning dipped in thunder, and yet as plain as a proclamation."

"What is its import, sir?" I inquired.

"Import!" echoed Myte,—"it imports no good to you, I can assure you. Here, this is a letter," and he took it from the ground, and held it before him upside down, "from Mrs. Brett, who tells me that you burst abruptly into her room last evening head hindmost; and that you attempted to frighten her with your tongue in your cheek; and to rob her with your hands in your pockets; and to murder her with the handle of an oyster-knife,—and all that; and, moreover, that you will be telling me a long story, (I hope it won't be very long,) to which I am not to listen, although I have a pair of ears; and that I am to kick you out of doors, which I won't do, although I have a couple of feet."

"Really, sir," said I, "I do not precisely know what this means. That I did wait upon Mrs. Brett ——"

"That's what I want to know about," said Myte, kindly,

taking me by the hands. "Come, what is it? Why did you call upon the Assyrian Queen? She says, you burst into her apartment; that you greatly alarmed her; and that, had she not called her servants to her assistance, she knows not but you might have robbed or murdered her. This is her tale of the Bear and Fiddle; now let us see you make Bruin dance to a different tune."

"She does not tell you, then, sir," I asked, "that I subsequently saw her at her mother's house, and that a long explanation ensued?"

"Not a word about that," answered Myte. "I hope you have not been killing and rifling the old lady?"

Upon this I told him all, as concisely and clearly as his frequent interruptions enabled me to do, — these consisting of "ohs!" "ahs!" "have at you there, my lady!" "stop there!" "go on!" "hilloah!" "snip-snap!" and expansions and elongations of face out of number.

"Well, now," he said, bustling about me when I had concluded, "what do you mean to do? what will you call yourself? who are you? what 's your name?"

"Richard Savage—my father's name."

"Savage!" cried Myte, "a bad name that. Savage! better fitted to fight than to melt a dragon with. I 'll tell you what; you shall stay with me. You shall be my Friday—*my* savage. You 've read Robinson Crusoe?—Daniel De Foe,—I know him. You will be safe here. As for Woful, he must paddle his own canoe: if he goes down, we can't help it. Poor Jeremiah! but his face will scare the sharks, that 's one thing, and some friendly dolphin will perhaps lend him a back."

I expressed my determination to stand by Ludlow to the last.

Myte shrugged his shoulders. "Well," said he, "when a man 's out of breath, a post is a serviceable thing to lean against; but, the worst of it is, it won't help a man on his way. You are sure," he added, with a questioning eye, and his finger in his ear, "you are sure you are not Woful's nephew? No— just her turn of face,— with a difference in the eye and the lip. I 'll tell you what, Ricardo, Semiramis would think it a mere trifle to carbonado my little carcass — but she owes me money; and, until she can close my hand, she dare not open her mouth. Besides, what care I for her, or indeed for any one? This is not Turkey, where a fellow's head 's off long before he knows why; or his soul 's shot out of his body with a bowstring long before he knows wherefore. Come up stairs, and let me discourse marvels to the feminine race. How their pretty ears will tingle!— how their pretty peerers will blink!—how their pretty mouths will open when I tell them whom we have got amongst us. Bolt the door, lest the thieves shouldn't be honest, or the honest men should turn rogues while we 're absent," and he led the way upstairs.

"Gather round me, good people!" exclaimed Myte, rushing into the room, and not at the moment remarking that his elder daughter was absent, and that his wife and Vandal had retreated on his entrance to the other end of the apartment in seeming dismay, "gather round me, and let me communicate miraculous tidings. Savage, step forth!" with a Betterton elevation of voice; a self-styled imitation of whom he frequently presented.

Mrs. Myte gave her daughter a jog with the elbow.

"Go to him, my dear — go to him," she said; "you can do anything with him."

Mistress Martha accordingly came forward slowly, and laying her hand coaxingly upon her father's shoulder, and stooping her delicate little figure so as to assimilate to the old man's stature, shook her head, and gazed bewitchingly in his face.

"Go — go, you young wheedler," cried Myte, "I can't hear anything now. It is for me to speak this tide, and for you to listen."

"My dearest papa!" said Martha, "only hear me for a moment. We are sure, when you know all ——"

"Ha!" cried Myte, "what 's this?" and he started back. "How? *You* got something to tell also? Flusterina, what are you going to cry about? Howl! howl! howl! howl! as old Lear says. Where 's Goth?"

So saying, he sprang round, and encountered Mr. Langley, who with extended hand came just then into the room.

"Who sent for you, with that shocking long countenance?" exclaimed Myte. "That violin face portends a tune of dismal discord. Where 's my Goth, I say? if it should be as I suspect ——"

"Oh! Mr. Myte!" said his wife, "hear what the young gentleman has to say before you condemn him."

"Well, young gentleman, what have you to say before I condemn you?" said Myte. "Guilty, or not guilty, to an unknown indictment? What is the indictment, Vandal? What a vengeance! Not a word? You are clerk of the court."

"My dear *multum in parvo*," said Langley, "lend me your ear."

"Both," answered Myte, "when I have heard you. Only mind you return them shortly; for I find them at times useful."

Encouraged by this nonsense of the other, which betokened that whatever he had to communicate would not be very harshly received, Langley took heart.

"You must have long since seen, my dear sir," he said, "my passion for your lovely daughter."

"Your passion for my daughter!" echoed Myte. "Indeed, but that is one of the things that I had not long since, or even lately, seen. Have you, ladies, seen anything of what Wildgoose calls his passion? But which of my lovely daughters do

you mean? Are they not both lovely? Have you seen it, Ricardo?"

"I have," said I, smiling.

"Then, why had you not called to me, and let me have a sight? I'll tell you what, Wildgoose: you must distribute your passion, as you term it, in small portions amongst the married men of your acquaintance, to be carried to their wives, by way of rarity."

"My passion," urged Langley, "is not to be distributed; nay, it cannot be diminished. Don't you remember what Butler makes Hudibras say?"

"Why, he makes him say a great many more good things than you and I will ever say. Out with it. What is it?"

"To a similar requisition to that you so unreasonably made to me," said Langley,

'Quoth he, to bid me not to love
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hickup.'

That clinches the argument. Now, what, my dear Multum, have you to urge against me? Here I am—a man of good family—of great expectations—of ——"

"Of figure not contemptible — of reputation so-so, as the world goes," said Myte. "I know all that. But, tell me, young fellow, is not your father a baronet, and am I not a plain old fellow? (Good Lord deliver us! if he knew what *my* father was!) and will he not, should I encourage your *passion*, and send you to church to get married, come to me, saying with a high-bred face, and a voice like the click of a pistol, 'Why did you countenance the match? Why did you permit the match? Why did you make the match? Why hadn't you forbidden the match?' And here am I, at your service, *your* match? Then will he take me to the back of Montague House, and blow out these poor, paltry old brains of mine, telling me to go and match them. Oh! hang your match! I shall be blown up with your match. Thank'e, good Guy Fawkes—none of your matches for me."

"To prevent that," said Langley, "for we know the delicacy of your scruples,—and that the old gentleman shall not have so much to say, for which, if you knew the state of his lungs, you would commend my considerateness,—Madam Margaret and I have already contracted that match. Allow me to bring her to you, to crave your blessing."

"Married!" exclaimed Myte, "and no consent asked till it's too late to say 'no,'—a father's highest privilege, and sometimes his greatest luxury — here goes!" and he took to his heels, and ran out of the room.

"Follow him, dear Martha," cried Mrs. Myte, alarmed,

"he 'll be doing something rash,—I 'm sure he will. I 've heard, the best do one rash thing in their lives."

"Stay, my dear," said Langley, detaining Martha, "there's no occasion to follow him, I assure you. It 's all right, I can see that. Let him alone."

Myte presently returned, bearing in his hand an unsheathed rapier, not much longer than a skewer.

"Look'e, Wildgoose," said he,—"I did think of boring a hole through your body, but to turn my house into a lachrymatory would answer no good purpose. Besides, I'd as lief live with crocodiles, if they 'd let me, as with howling women. Dear me! bring me thy wife; and for the baronet, if he doesn't like it, take her to him; and if he doesn't love her when he has seen her, his eyes are no better than his heart, though they may be twice as large."

With these words he relinquished to my hands the sword, and having contentedly received a rapturous kiss from his wife, was led to a chair.

Langley tripped out in haste, and brought in his bride.

"Thou rascal!" cried Myte, shaking his head at the blushing and trembling girl, "what dost thou expect?"

"Your blessing, sir," said Langley, approaching with her; and down upon their knees the two dropped midway between Myte and his wife.

"And is that all you expect?" said Myte. "Curses and hard crusts ought not to go together, ought they, madam?" winking at his wife, "and so, we will give her our blessing, if she will be satisfied with hard crusts. Love goes a great way,—a great way—especially from sorry fare. Vandal, you shall have all the money, and this headstrong girl shall have our blessing. Rise, and give me a kiss."

"I dare say," resumed Myte, when his wife and daughters had somewhat recovered their composure,—"I dare say, Wildgoose, you can find some young fellow to take this other girl off our hands. We are not mightily particular, after you. We shan't turn away a lord, unless he happen to be very rich indeed."

"Indeed, my dear papa, I mean never to marry," cried Vandal.

"Ho! ho! is it so?" exclaimed Myte, "then I must keep a wary eye upon you. You are sure, madam," turning to his wife, "there is no tall spark in any of the closets or cupboards? If there be, let him come forth, and away with her. What, then, will you stay with us, and comfort our old age, and be a good and obedient girl, and never think of the men-folk?"

"That I will," said the girl heartily, "only, you must promise to love my sister as well as before."

"So I will," replied Myte, "if that husband of hers will promise never to love her less."

"No fear of that," cried Langley, "it shall be the study of my life to make her happy."

"You may carry off all the honours without studying very deeply that branch of science," cried Myte: "there are very few graduates in Hymen's university. But, what! do you think we are going to furnish forth a marriage-table for you? Flusterina, have you made any preparations for a banquet?"

"Mrs. Myte, at my desire, has not," said Langley. "I wish you to see my new apartments. I think you will approve them. Everything is in readiness for your reception."

"Have with you, then," cried Myte. "We will see you fairly on your journey."

"And Freeman shall be of the party," said Langley.

I excused myself earnestly, on the plea of particular business with Ludlow, whom I had engaged to meet in the evening.

"Ha!—there," exclaimed Myte, "if I hadn't wellnigh forgot all about Freeman. His name 's not Freeman — but Savage. He is now, good people, Richard Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers and the present Mrs. Brett." And Myte hereupon entered into a detailed account of my history.

The ladies, after their curiosity had been amply gratified, severally, and with great warmth, congratulated me on my good fortune.

"Nay," said Myte, "Ricardo's coat of arms may be good enough, and I am not going to pick a hole in it; but I don't know that we have much reason to congratulate him. Here 's Langley knows the lady well. What do you say? Is he to laugh or cry,—are we to be glad or sorry?"

"She will hardly be brought to acknowledge you, Dick," said Langley; "there 's not a prouder woman in England than Mrs. Brett; and, for my part, I think her mother and the steward have contrived — innocently, perhaps, — to give a warrant for her hostility towards you, which, indeed, if all I have heard of her be true, she scarcely requires, but of which I fear she will avail herself. I know those, however, who have great interest with her, and they shall be moved in your behalf. The Colonel, too, is not a bad man; and if we could only get him to stir in the matter — for he is one of the most indolent and careless of men — I believe he could influence her even to a good purpose."

"He must be a moral Hercules who could do that," cried Myte; "and the Colonel has no passion for laborious efforts. How that man got a reputation for the possession of good parts is a marvel to me, Wildgoose."

"Nay," said Langley, "I believe he has abilities. Steele has a high opinion of him. It may truly be said of him that he has hidden his talent under a bushel."

"May it?" returned Myte. "I believe it may truly be said he has hidden the bushel also, for nobody ever saw it; unless

you mean he has kept his talent in his head, which is as large as a bushel. His wisdom was not very manifest when he married his wife. Where are the womenkind?"

"They are gone to dress," said Langley. "Some thought the Colonel a wise man in that instance, sir: consider her fortune—it *was* very considerable."

"Consider the lady that went with it," cried Myte.

"I believe he was very poor," said Langley.

"So poor," returned Myte, "that Cibber lent him a clean shirt to propose marriage in.* I would rather have married Cibber's washerwoman."

"Let us suppose he was in love, Multum, — she was a very fine woman, and I believe the Colonel thought her a *rara avis*."

"Many a man," said Myte, "thinks he has secured a black swan, and finds afterwards that he has chosen a begrimed goose."

"Hang it, she is no goose neither," said Langley laughing. "But, soft. We forget we are speaking of Dick's mother."

"Gadso, that 's true," cried Myte. "He 'll be calling us to an account. Spare my grey hairs, Ricardo; I 'm old and garrulous; and turn your wrath against him. But you must come with us. Woful has no claim or title to you; and, on my word, had he been your worst enemy he could not more effectually have injured you with Semiramis."

"It is because I begin to suspect as much," I said, "that I am above all things anxious that every part of this business should be cleared up. Besides, sir, I fear I should be but a dull guest at your happy board."

"Well, what say you, Wildgoose?" said Myte. "We must not have a death's head at our table; and if Woful has been playing a false game, the sooner the cards are snatched out of his hand, the better; and so we must do without the lad."

* This is not precisely the fact. Colonel Brett was not so *poor* as to want a clean shirt. Cibber himself has told the story. The Colonel was an intimate friend of his, and had for some time previously been paying attentions to the divorced wife of the Earl of Macclesfield. Cibber, aware that his friend was rapidly running through an estate which his father had impaired, and knowing that the fortune of Mistress Mason had been returned to her on the divorce, was anxious that the Colonel should obtain possession of it. One evening, observing his friend lounging behind the scenes, he ventured to ask him why he was not where he ought to be? in other words, wherefore he was not prosecuting his suit? The Colonel, being hard pressed, replied in effect, "That, in truth, he should have waited upon the lady that very morning; but, having been engaged in business all that day, his shirt was too much soiled to permit him to go into company." — "Come with me, then," cried Cibber, lugging the Colonel to his dressing-room, "I am to play a young rake to-night, and, whatever you may be, you must not appear one. Your shirt will do well enough for me. Take mine." The exchange was made; "and within ten days," adds Cibber, "the gentleman married the lady."

CHAPTER VIII.

Ludlow recounts a story which is no longer than is necessary; wherein, and in his manner of telling it, he reveals his whole nature.

It was a relief to me to be spared from the intended festivities, to which Myte departed with all the eager alacrity of a child. In the evening I called upon Ludlow. I found him in a state of the deepest dejection.

"Sit down, Richard," he said, on perceiving me, "and whatever you do, don't speak to me hastily, or in anger. I cannot bear it. I tell you I cannot, and will not bear it."

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Nothing," he replied moodily. "Nothing? — yes, this, — that to be honest, and faithful, and attached,—like a dog to his master,—and I have been as a dog to my mistress, — is to entitle oneself to be treated like a dog — like a mad dog, — to be knocked on the head—or shot—or strung up to a cross-beam."

"Really, Ludlow," I replied, "I do not understand what is the drift of this talk."

"That 's because you know nothing of the world," he said, hastily. "When you come to live a little longer you will find ingratitude is as common as desert; and that it is the return for it — the payment — the exchange for it. Would you believe it?"

"What am I to doubt or to believe?" I said, after a pause. "I know that men are not always treated according to their deserts. If they were ——"

"There would be more fools than knaves amongst us," he cried, with a laugh of bitterness. "Would you believe, Richard Savage — ay, that 's your name—we 'll hold to that—sha'n't we? Would you believe that my lady charges me with having acted falsely by her in placing you with Mr. Myte? She says I must have been certain (what if I was?) that the secret would be soon out, Mrs. Brett having frequent occasion to call upon Myte. She talks of a natural sympathy — an attraction — I know not what beside—that would lead you to take a deep interest in her; and that by a sort of intuition, as she calls it, you would have discovered your relationship to her, even had you no previous hint to guide you towards that conclusion. Well, I answer, I swore you should never know from me the secret; and you did not learn it from me. Is not that sufficient? And, besides, I told her that when I so swore, it was upon the understanding that you were one day to be made acquainted with it by herself. Now, she says, she had long since renounced that intention. False, Dick—false; or, if true, does not that, *ought* not that, to absolve me from my oath?"

"Surely — I think so," I answered; "that being the condition upon which you took the oath."

"You think so—*you* think so? then I am satisfied. My lady threatens to turn me from her service. She may do that—perhaps

she will; but I do not think that she will dare, although, to be sure, she will have one to incite her to it, who never takes a wicked thing in hand without going through with it. She says that I have made ill-blood between herself and her daughter for ever; and that I have embittered her future life. Not for mine —which, however, is not worth much,—would I do that willingly; for she has been a kind and a generous lady to me: but are the wicked ever to prevail? Is justice never to be done? Am I to see you excluded from your rights for ever, because my mistress is weak enough to fear her daughter more than her Maker? No, no; that must not be. I shall be the humble instrument of bringing her back into the right path,—of getting justice done to you, — of executing vengeance upon her — your mother."

"You talk of vengeance, as you have hinted before, in relation to my mother," I said; "does it not occur to you, Mr. Ludlow, that I am the last person in the world to whom such language should be addressed?"

"Why, she will never own you," he cried,—"you do not suppose that she will ever own you. It is for you, as well as for me, to persecute her,—to harass her,— to circumvent her, — to triumph over her; to make her do that for you which she will never do unless she be made. Why, she hates you, Richard," he continued in a loud voice, "she loathes you: and it must be our business to make her hate you like any poison; and then we shall draw her purse-strings,—and, oh! then she must treat you as though she loved you, wishing you," pointing downwards, "*there*, before her, all the while."

"Work out your own ends, sir," I replied, "and let me pursue my own course. I shall once again strongly, but respectfully, urge my claims upon Mrs. Brett. A second application may avail me."

Ludlow shook his head. "It won't. It must be made with threats—threats reiterated—threats fulfilled. Then it may avail you. Otherwise — ugh! How she would laugh were she told of your simplicity."

"Tell me the reason," said I, "why you nourish this extraordinary enmity against her."

"Did I not hint at it," he answered quickly, "last night, when we were up-stairs? That hint was plain speech to her. She knows now how little cause I have to love her,— how much —how much to hate her."

"You said something about your wife," I rejoined, "and a certain Mr. ——, I forget his name."

"*I* don't," said he; "Mr. Bennett that was his name."

"I never knew that you had been married," I observed.

"Oh! but I have," he replied, "married? yes," covering his face with his hands, "and miserable too,—how miserable no one can ever know. Shall I tell you all?—very shortly — if I can.

You will not despise me,—you will not laugh at me,—for these things *are* laughed at,—they are pleasant jests to some, but not to me. I could not bear it from you."

I entreated him to compose himself, for when he uncovered his face I perceived that it was ghastly pale, and assured him of my sympathy. I began to suspect what it was he was about to communicate.

"Let me see," he said, after a long pause. "How shall I begin? I entered the service of Lady Mason a mere boy, — a boy from the country. After a time I was taken into favour by her, but found no favour in the eyes of the daughter—your mother — then a very young woman. I was glad when she was married to Lord Macclesfield. My only trouble, or discomfort, rather, was removed with her. Well, — I grew up into manhood. A young girl —Jane Barton — came into the service of my lady. She was lively, good-natured — or seemed so, — and pretty. Our fellow-servants said that she was very vain and giddy. I did not think so. I became attached to her, and she to me. It is a lie of those who said she never loved me. She did love me—I know it. At length I mustered courage to ask my lady's permission to marry Jane. It was granted; Lady Mason kindly adding that we should continue in her service till she could find means to set us up in a small way of business. We *were* married."

Here Ludlow sighed heavily.

"Oh, my God!" he said suddenly, striking his bosom with his clenched hands, "there is no other name for it that I feel here, and that I have felt since then — no other name but anguish — anguish. I must go on. We had not been long married, when Mrs. Brett (oh! that cursed woman—not then Mrs. Brett,) returned to her mother, divorced — about to be so —disgraced—infamous. It was natural—was it not? although she had ever treated me with ridicule and contempt, — why, she used commonly to call me a sneaking hound, a creeping parasite, a base wretch, — still it was only proper — she, the daughter of my excellent mistress, — that I should treat her with all outward and becoming respect. I pitied her, (she would hate me worse than she ever did, or does, if she knew that I pitied her,) and I conducted myself before her with more than my former reverence. This might have conciliated, melted any other woman, but her heart is flint. As the sense of her disgrace wore off, or, perhaps I should say, when the time had elapsed during which it was decent to affect some sense of her disgrace, the old unfeeling insolence returned. My wife waited upon her as her tire-woman, and in the innocence of her heart—for she was then innocent—(oh, Dick!)—she would relate to me from time to time what her mistress said to her about her recent marriage,—what she thought of the choice she had made,—what a silly girl she was that she had not looked higher,—how extra-

ordinary that women *would* throw themselves away,—all that,—devilish seeds, that pollute the soil in which they are sown, let that soil have been as fair before as the garden of Paradise.

"And yet, to others of our fellow-servants,—for she would be familiar with her inferiors,—they have told me that she frequently said to them, that Jane would come to no good,—that she was too vain and heedless,—unrestrained in her speech and manner,—and that 'poor Ludlow' must take as much care of her as though she were worth keeping. You may say this was light talk merely; forgotten as soon as uttered; and that I was a fool to think about it. Judge.

"At this time Colonel Brett became a constant visitor. I had previously assisted Lady Mason in her project of removing you, that there might be no obstacle to the match between the Colonel and her daughter. I felt for the situation of my lady; and although I hated, I would not injure her daughter. Have I not told you this before? Well. The Colonel brought with him a friend — a young gentleman, Mr. Bennett — the handsome Mr. Bennett. He possessed a liveliness, a vivacity and spirit, that made him a general favourite with women; and he was so, I believe (although she sometimes smiles upon those she would kill) with Mrs. Brett."

Here Ludlow again paused, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I talk too much," he said, at length; "but I can't help it. You would hear it. You won't believe what I am going to tell you; but it is very true. Our housekeeper, Mrs. Bevan,—she is long since dead, (it was she, Richard, who discovered you in your mother's bed, in the middle of it, so covered over with the clothes that you must have been suffocated had you remained there a minute longer,)—well, this worthy woman, who was much esteemed in the family, overheard a conversation between Mrs. Brett and my young gentleman — the handsome Mr. Bennett. It was your gay talk, your rattle, such as passes between ladies and gentlemen, and would pass with none beside. Now, this is what you will not believe—the substance of this rattle. My wife was, in part, the subject of it. 'Mr. Bennett was a dangerous man,' — 'he was, no doubt, aware of his power,'—'it would be cruel of him,' — 'it really would be too cruel of him,' — 'for young women were so easily misled, so very easily tempted to go wrong,'—astray, they call it (astray, till they *have* gone, and then the kind and virtuous world will never admit them into the fold again,)—yes, and 'she could see that Jane was taken with him,' — 'poor girl! she was very young, and had a poor sneak of a husband, to be sure.' All this was said — and more; and there was horrid laughing, Mrs. Bevan told me, and, I suppose, graceful taps with the fan, and glances with the eye, and 'Come, come, sir, you must not think of it.' Hell-born instigations, Richard, that lead men upon acts that send them down to it.

The woman, who was friendly to me, told me this that she had heard, to set me on my guard. I took this opportunity of cautioning Jane against any designs that might be laid for her. I conjured her to be scrupulous in her conduct, — to repulse any advances the man might make to her. There was, and for some time had been, a change (I remembered it afterwards) not only in her manners, but in her sentiments. She reproached my foolish suspicions, as she called them, — she rallied me on my jealousy, — she ridiculed my pretensions to call her to account, or to bring her conduct into question — even between ourselves. She would take her own course. Conscious, as she supposed, of her own virtue, she knew not her own weakness.

"At last — but why do I go on? Cannot you guess the rest?" clasping his hands over his head. "Oh, Richard!" and he came towards me, and said in a low, soft voice, "*that* was something to make a man curse the gift of a sense which the great God has bestowed upon us as a blessing. Listen to this," whispering a few words into my ear. "Well—what would you have done, had it been you?"

"Stabbed her to the heart!" I exclaimed, vehemently. "Oh, my dear Ludlow! and trampled him under my feet till he was dead—and after he was dead."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Ludlow. "Oh! no, no. That I could not do—to her; and to him what *could* I do? Why, sir," stepping briskly up to me, "he was a fine gentleman — a very fine gentleman — a very fine gentleman indeed, — and I a poor, beggarly servant—a menial—a fellow without passions, or feelings, or affections. What would he have said to me? What would he have done to me? I think I see him now, shaking, with an air of indifference, a pinch of snuff from his white and delicate fingers, and taking me by the nose with them, which he would have wrenched out of my face. Or, only see: flinging his coat back from his elegant waistcoat — the handsome dog (damn him! damn him!) would have advanced upon me thus, —his sword drawn like lightning. 'Rot you, sirrah!' says he; 'what, complain! to a gentleman like me!' and then, 'ha! ha! Ludlow; I have you there—and there—and there again!' His eyes sparkling, his brows raised, his lip curling with noble pride to see the poor devil writhing upon his sword till he could writhe no longer, to be flung afterwards upon a dunghill. Oh, Richard!" and the poor fellow, breathless and exhausted, threw himself into a chair, and gave vent to a passion of hysterical weeping.

I approached, and would have comforted him, had I known how. I wrung his hand in silence, and patted him on the shoulder.

"Let me confess," he resumed, after many minutes, "to you I will do so — that I am a coward. I was a timid, fearful boy, of a delicate constitution, and was brought up by a tender and

doating mother, whose weakness of nature I inherited. My sister, you may remember, was not without spirit. Why, her brutal husband once knocked me down before a roomfull of people, and I dared not return the blow. Are you not ashamed of me, Richard Savage, that I can own thus much to you?"

I was not more ashamed than shocked. "Go on with your story," I said, "if, indeed, you have anything more to tell me."

"Nothing but this," said Ludlow. "*That* of which I told you could not be kept secret. *I* never saw my wife in this house again. She was turned away—out—into the world—to expiate her crime? no, but to become a wretch—an outcast. My poor girl, whom kind treatment—I know it would—might have saved; whom I could have forgiven—for what are we all but frail creatures? and if we cannot pardon, how shall we be pardoned?—was abandoned of all, and is now, I fear to say so, beyond the reach of pardon. But," he cried, his eyes brightening as he spoke, "I had my vengeance upon Bennett—vengeance of which he could not deprive me. When he was run through the body by another fine gentleman, who possessed as much courage and more skill than himself,—God forgive me, it was a wicked joy to me to hear that the other fine gentleman was in the wrong in the quarrel, and that Bennett ought to have run *him* through the body. I say, after he was buried, I had my vengeance out of him. I went and stamped upon his grave, and spat upon it, and it did my very soul good. I would not have changed places with him then, as I had often wished to do with a dead man before."

"Do not talk so," I said,—"you do not mean that you did this. I hope you did not even think of it. Remember what you said just now: 'If we cannot pardon, how shall we be pardoned?'"

"It is very true," he answered slowly; "but I fear we only say so of those whom we wish to pardon. I hope, Richard, you also, may not one day discover how hard it is even to bear that in mind. If you can do so, and more than this, act in the spirit of it, your mother will have the happiness of knowing that she taught you forgiveness of injuries."

Ludlow's story had affected my spirits, and I sought to change the subject. I told him, therefore, of the marriage of Myte's daughter to Langley.

"Mr. Myte," he said, "is a very worthy little man, and very good-natured. I don't know whether it would be well to acquaint him of the relation in which you stand to Mrs. Brett."

"I have already done so," I observed. "My mother lost no time. She has written to him an enlarged account, with additions of her own, of my intrusion upon her, saying that I intended to rob and murder her, and insisting that I should be turned out of his house."

"You will pardon her for that?" cried Ludlow; "better

begin at once: she will tax your Christian charity before she has done with you. That is so like her. Myte means to dismiss you?"

"He does not," I replied. "He bestows no credit on her invention; and will retain me in spite of her."

"Very good," said Ludlow; "but that will not last. She is connected with him. Your mother has engagements of business with him, and my lady likewise. What falsehood, cunning, cruelty, malice, perjury will do, that will Mrs. Brett attempt. Myte is not a steadfast man. He is not open or sincere. You are young, and are, I dare say, amused and misled by his eccentricity and fooleries. I know him well. His heart is good; but what heart will stand against habit, custom, opinion? He loves, and looks up to rank. What! he seemed, for the moment, surprised and incensed that Mr. Langley should have carried off his daughter, did he? Nothing could more jump with his dearest wishes."

I thought Ludlow somewhat unjust to my friend Myte, and told him so.

"You must not mistake me," said he; "Myte is a good little man. I have said so, and I believe it. But, what motive can he have that will weigh in a moment's comparison, for standing by you, with the strong interest he has to lean to Mrs. Brett? He profits by her, he gets money by her; and men of the world do not easily yield such chances. In an indifferent case, I believe he would be always on the just side."

"We will wait and see before we condemn him," said I. "I will not commence hostilities against my mother."

"You would not do so, were you to begin now," he replied; "she will repeat before you can commence, I doubt not. You shall stay supper with me. I am much easier now I have told you all. Perhaps, dear Dick, we may live together ere long. But," turning to me, "I shall stay here as long as I can, to thwart her in that quarter," pointing upwards. "Lady Mason is weak — the other is wicked; and when weakness and wickedness play a hand together — which wins? Not the one that holds the best cards, often."

"Myte almost thought that you had been playing a false game," said I.

"Did he?" he returned. "I shall be glad if he play his own true."

It was very late when I arose to leave Ludlow for the night.

"They do one good, these conversations with you," he said, as we parted. "I do not know when I have been so happy. You must come to me frequently. Keep up your spirits; for we have much to do—both of us; we two else shall hardly be a match for that one."

"My spirits are always good, thank Heaven!" I replied, wringing his hand; "and yet, Ludlow, I cannot express to you

how much your story has affected me." I had been thinking over it during the evening. "Still,—perhaps there was hardly sufficient in what fell from Mrs. Brett, as overheard by the housekeeper, to justify your belief that she designed this wrong should be done to you. It might have been, and perhaps was, mere idle talk—the licence of the great world."

"The shameful insults, jeers, mockeries, mock pity,—oh! the shocking merriment to which she subjected me," he said, laying his hand upon my arm; "these I have not told you,—these, that confirmed what else, very likely, might have passed away. So help me, Heaven! I could not bring myself to make even her so despicable in the sight of a human being as the relation of these would have made her to you. No, no: let all that rest where it is—here. It were sufficient vengeance to me (that I should say so!) to make her acknowledge you for her son. If she cannot be brought to do so, what need have I of vengeance? She *must* have a heart somewhere, she will find it in her bosom some day. When she *does* find it, James Ludlow's work will be better done than James Ludlow can do it."

I had hoped that, when I got home, Myte and his family either would not have returned, or that they would have retired to bed. I was partly mistaken.

"Ricardo!" cried the voice of Myte from within, as I passed the closed door of the sitting-room, "come hither, thou mistletoe on the genealogical tree."

I opened the door, and entered. Myte was seated by himself, divested of shoes, cravat, and wig; his knees unbuckled; his eyes in a haze; a pleasant smile upon his mouth, and a hand upon his chin. He was fuddled.

Finding that he did not speak, after a few moments I approached, and inquired whether I should assist him to bed.

"I have been to good dinners," said he, at length, "but never was I at such a dinner. I have drunk good wine; but never such wine. I have met choice spirits; but never such choice spirits. Ricardo," he continued, rubbing his ear, "I have heard Nicolini and Mrs. Tofts;* but they screeched—oh! bird

* Two celebrated singers at the Italian Opera. Nicolini was an Italian. Steele says of him, "Nicolini sets off the character he bears in an opera by his action, as much as he does the words of it by his voice. Every limb, and finger, contributes to the part he acts, insomuch that a deaf man might go along with him in the sense of it. There is scarce a beautiful posture in an old statue which he does not plant himself in, as the different circumstances of the story give occasion for it." And Cibber,—"His voice at the first time of being among us had all that strong, clear sweetness of tone so lately admired in Senesino. A blind man could scarce have distinguished them; *but*, in volubility of throat the former had much the superiority." (Why should not a blind man have been able to distinguish this also?)

From what I have heard of Mrs. Billington, and read of Mrs. Tofts, I fancy a similarity between them. I have again recourse to Cibber. He says, "Whatever defects the fashionably skilful might find in her manner, she had, in the general sense of her spectators, charms that few of the most learned singers ever arrive at. The beauty of her fine-proportioned figure, and the exquisitely sweet silver tone of her voice, with that peculiar *rapid swiftness* of her throat, were perfections not to be imitated by art or labour."

of wisdom! how they did screech—compared to the nightingales I have heard this night. 'Tootle-too!' cries the flute. 'Have with you,' says the fiddle. 'And me too,' goes the hautboy. Heads wagging, bows and courtesies, swan-sailing, ducking and diving, tiptoe-striding; and all because Goth has married a baronet's son."

"Mr. Myte, *are* you coming to bed this night?" cried the voice of his spouse from above. "Mr. Freeman, be so good as to bring him up-stairs."

"I come," said Myte, rising with some difficulty. "Savage is your name, not Freeman," turning to me. "That name, though, is a good one to anybody who wants a good name—and who does not? I 'll have it, and marry again; and leave Flusterina to the willow-trees. We have been talking of you, Ricardo, and to good purpose. Semiramis must succumb."

"Permit me, dear sir, to help you up-stairs," said I, for I heard Mrs. Myte fidgeting and fuming on the landing.

"Vandal will go soon," said he, with a wise look in my face. "The pretty fellows sharpened their eyes upon her, as Job says. Poor Job! *He* had a wife. Vandal will be taken from me, and then, desolation to this household." Here he affected to whimper. "Never mind," he added, "perhaps, in a few years we shall see little toddles waddling about this room, as grave as though they knew they were one day to be drawn out into men and women."

This contemplation was so pleasing that he remained in it for a considerable time, heedless of Mrs. Myte's importunities, and of my endeavours to second them.

"Blessed bawlers!" he exclaimed at length, with a farewell wave of the hand, as though the creatures of his imagination had just waddled, or were then waddling, through the opposite wall,—and he turned out of the room.

He favoured me with a frisk as I left him at his own door.

CHAPTER IX.

An apostrophe which seems to indicate the author's parentage. He waits upon a certain Colonel. His reception, and in whose presence.

Oh, my mother! Should these pages ever meet thine eyes—and it shall not be my fault if they do not,—will it not be a dear and self-hugging delight to thee to perceive what trouble I have been at to portray thee and thy doings? It would be so, but that I prevent thy transports, thus:—Let me whisper it in thine ear—an ear never deaf to an unworthy confession. It is a labour of love to me. Mine are the self-huggings,—the triumphant snappings of the thumb and finger,—the ecstatic rubbing of the palms. As Falstaff was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others; so art thou, not only wicked, but an instigation to wickedness in me. Else, why the abominable exultation I confess I feel—and cannot choose but feel—in devot-



Mr. Myte on his return from the Wedding dinner

London Richard Bentley, 184

[illegible] in the head [illegible] the [illegible] handsome features of [illegible] which [illegible] would have passed through [illegible] afterwards [illegible] of glasses—a thing to [illegible] interested to [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Lady Dacre [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] was [illegible] woman. In addition, I implored her, for her own sake, as well as for mine, to acknowledge me without delay, and without [illegible]; since I would not be satisfied (I told her so) with less than an entire, open, world-wide recognition of any kind. At the same time, I conceded thus much; that if the [illegible] were likely to feel sore at my constant or occasional presence, an allowance such as might befit my birth and [illegible] would at once satisfy me, and relieve her of my society. [illegible] was a strong one—a prudent man might, haply, [illegible] strong.

[illegible] however, it was not strong enough to bring [illegible] were a [illegible] and a third more [illegible] from [illegible] that Mrs. [illegible] had [illegible] him to get rid of [illegible] the [illegible] Lady [illegible] who [illegible] whether he would [illegible] encouragement [illegible] he [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] your [illegible] and [illegible] of his friends to [illegible]

[illegible] it [illegible] and [illegible] you for your mother's sake; and, as to the [illegible] you obtain money from her, I shall expect the man in the [illegible] guineas, and fling them down to me, and shall look to see [illegible] abroad to carry [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

ing thee to past-saving infamy? Jervas* has painted thy beautiful face—or Kneller, perhaps: be it mine to trace in ink (it reminds me of the stuff in thy heart) the hideous lineaments of thy mind,—the loathsome features of thy soul, which, wert thou not *so* wicked, would have passed through, upwards, into thy face, rendering it ghastly—a thing to shudder at,—thyself a thing to curse, first,—afterwards to pray for. The best I can do, I believe, will be but a sorry outline — a meagre scratchy performance. Such as it is, however, I commend it to thee.

On the next morning I sat me down, and addressed a long letter to Mrs. Brett, in which I related, in full, the history of my life,—how I was brought up by Mrs. Freeman,—how I was sent to school by Lady Mason, — my withdrawal thence, — my ten days' sojourn at the shoemaker's,—nothing was forgotten or omitted. In conclusion, I implored her, for her own sake, as well as for mine, to acknowledge me without delay, and without reservation, too; since I would not be satisfied (I told her so) with less than an entire, open, world-wide recognition of my claims. At the same time, I conceded thus much; that if the maternal eye were likely to feel sore at my constant or occasional presence, an allowance such as might befit my birth and rank would at once satisfy me, and relieve her of my society.

The letter was a strong one — a prudent man might, haply, say that it was too strong.

Strong as it was, however, it was not strong enough to bring back an answer. Nor were a second and a third more successful. I heard, indeed, from Myte, that Mrs. Brett had issued a second command to him to get rid of me. She asserted that I was an impudent impostor, set in motion by Ludlow, who was my uncle; and she put it to Myte's discretion whether he would continue to harbour a young knave, an implied encouragement of whom would generate a suspicion that he favoured the fraud, and proposed to participate in the expected profits from it.

This insinuation stung Myte not a little.

"Wildgoose is zealous in your behalf," he said one day, "and has set some of his friends to sound Semiramis about you; but who can fathom in a rough sea? She will have it you must pack. Now, I don't like that. What would you do, Ricardo, you know? Jeremiah is no uncle of yours, it seems; and has no reason to love you for your mother's sake; and, as to her, when you obtain money from her, I shall expect the man in the moon to mint guineas, and fling them down to us, and shall look to see bat-fowlers abroad to catch them in cobwebs. I

* Jervas has been immortalized by Pope, who received instructions in painting from him,—an immortality which is worse than oblivion; since, it seems, the man had not a title to the commonest praise as an artist. Horace Walpole says of him, "He was defective in drawing, colouring, and composition, and even in that most necessary, and perhaps most easy, talent of a portrait-painter—likeness. In general, his pictures are a light, flimsy kind of fan-painting, as large as life."

don't care this," he added, showing a little bit of his thumb, "for her talk about my taking a portion of the plunder:

> 'Truepenny was a worthy soul,
> He might have had half, but he wanted the whole.'

If Truepenny got nothing, whose fault but Truepenny's? But I don't want knave-groats. Are you assured of Woful's honesty?"

"Perfectly," I replied; "and so, I hope, sir, are you. To do Mrs. Brett a little charity, pray, do not do him a great injustice."

"Heigho!" sighed Myte, "charity begins at home. She'll take the bread out of my mouth, that 'll be the end of it; and I shall be compelled to sell my wood-cocks to buy a stick to trudge through the world with." (He called his collection of wretchedly-carved heads his wood-cocks.)

This was said jestingly; but I suspected there was a little seriousness at the bottom of it. However, I did not openly remark upon it at the time.

I went to see Ludlow frequently. One evening, about three weeks after the grand discovery, I met him on the steps of Lady Mason's house. He was going, he said, to make a call in the neighbourhood. As we walked along, he told me that Lady Mason remained very sullen, and that she appeared to brood over the recent event; that Mrs. Brett called upon her very often; and that after these visits she grew more and more morose and taciturn. "Silence is a bad thing," said Ludlow, "when it is long kept up. There is always too much talking after it."

"Has she given you any reason to believe that Mrs. Brett intends to recognize me?" I inquired. "Do you think I may expect her good offices?"

"I don't know," replied Ludlow. "She has said nothing—which says too much. But you will have your own way. I tell you, nothing less than threats will serve—threats put in execution. Have you yet decided upon applying to Colonel Brett?"

"I have; and I will do so."

"How does Myte behave? has he learned what the world calls prudence?"

"I see no material change," I replied; "perhaps, he is not so very friendly and familiar as before."

"My mother used to say," remarked Ludlow, "porridge will cool of itself, if you give it time—it needs not cold breath."

"Do not be too hasty to judge him," said I. "My mother's cunning might deceive ——"

"A better and a worse man than Myte," cried Ludlow. "Good as he is, he would rather run up a hill after a fox, than down a hill after a falling child. There is another old saying. I remember these things now." He halted at the door of a decent house.

"Will you wait for me a few minutes here," he said: "I have something to tell you."

He returned in a short time. "Do not think me a fool," he said; "I have been doing a very extraordinary thing, lately."

"And, pray, what is that?" I asked, smiling.

"You laugh, Dick," he replied, "as much as to say, 'When do you other than foolish things?' You must know," he added, after a pause, "that since all has been brought to light my mind has been much troubled,—there has been a mixture of joy and pain,—and I am a weak fellow, and cannot bear either joy or pain, in excess. Well, finding the house uncomfortable,—my lady not as she used to be,—the servants wondering, and applying to me with their eyes for a satisfaction of their curiosity, I took to walking abroad of an evening. On one of these evenings,—let me speak out at once—on the second evening after the scene up-stairs, I saw *her*."

"Whom?" said I, interrupting him.

"My wife," he replied, "Jane Barton—Jane—Ludlow. Richard," he resumed, pressing my arm, as though to forestall any expostulation I might design to offer,—"no human eye ever beheld such an object: so worn—wasted—emaciated. Richard, she asked alms—charity; she was starving: I could see that she was starving. She will die," he said quickly,—"she will die—I know that—soon. I shall not—I cannot—tell you what followed. Am I a stone? I took this lodging for her: she is taken care of. She shall be, till—she dies. I have been to see her. Dick, if I could recal the past—if she were innocent, and you righted—I could die happy now—this moment: and she should close my eyes. Oh! holy God! thy wisdom is not our wisdom, nor are thy ways our ways. Else, I could ask,—but no. All will come round at last."

When I could speak, I applauded his humanity. "You have had a doctor to her, I suppose?" I inquired.

"I have," he said. "The people of the house are good souls, and recommended their own doctor—a worthy man, they tell me. *They* have no hope of her. Gracious God! what a life to have led! Crime and its punishment—both together. Well; what now? forgiveness—forgiveness. Oh! let us be human—let us be human, Dick. Eh? what a precious thing man is, to take upon himself airs, and think to anticipate the Almighty, who may, perhaps, (I trust so,) judge reversely."

"I cannot speak to this," said I; "your own feelings——"

"True," said he, "you cannot speak to this. You are young; and youth is, mostly, for virtue. But charity—forgive me, dear Richard, comes after time—after years, and tears. And virtue—I know not what it is, if it be not charity."

"You are moved," I said, for his eyes were streaming. "You must not think too much of this. You have done well."

"I hope so," he replied; "and I am glad you approve what I have done."

Poor creature! *now* I can weep for him, and do, and have done, who had not a tear to spare for him then. And so charity does come after years, and tears, as thou hadst it — my dear fellow. Not that it needs charity to cause this motion at my heart, which at this moment impels me to —— but, no; it shall not. Let me have all that I have to set down written plainly through. Even thou shalt not tempt me into reflection.

Having taken leave of my friend, I went straightways home, and indited a letter to Colonel Brett. It contained a mild recapitulation of the points urged in my former epistles to my mother. The constitutional indolence ascribed to the Colonel by Langley was shaken off by him upon this occasion, for, on the following morning I received an answer to this effect; indeed, I think I may say, in these words:—

"I have heard of your insolence to Mrs. Brett, and of the shameful imposition you have been put upon attempting to practise. You appear a clever boy, and I could wish to see your parts turned to worthier account. Beware, child, of Bridewell and the whipping-post, which inevitably await you, if you trouble me further. My servants have orders to take you before the justice if you are seen loitering about my house."

Incensed as I was at the receipt of this brief missive, I was, nevertheless, sufficiently master of myself to determine upon abstaining from the Colonel's house. I was not prepared for justiciary proceedings at this stage of my suit. I hastened, therefore, to take counsel of Ludlow.

Upon inquiring for him, the servant told me he was up-stairs with his lady, and that he did not know when I should be able to see him.

"I will wait," said I, stepping into his room.

"Oh, sir!" said Nat, following me, "you are Mr. Ludlow's nephew, I believe. I fear there is sad work up-stairs."

"Of what nature?" I inquired.

"Quarrelling, and I don't know what," said Nat. "Mr. Ludlow has been down stairs once, and took up his books all in a hurry. Oh! here he comes again."

Ludlow entered wildly.

"You here?" he said. "What do you want? I must leave you," looking after something. "You shan't stay another minute in my house! Ho! ho! It's come to this at last. Dick, I will see you in an hour, at Myte's. I shall then have plenty of leisure—plenty of leisure then, Dick."

"One moment," said I, detaining him, as he was hurrying away; "look at this letter, and tell me what you think of it," handing him the Colonel's communication.

He read it hastily. "Like them all," he cried, folding it, and returning it to me. "Keep that as a remembrance, for love.

He is one of the family, RICHARD SAVAGE," elevating his voice, "and as one of the family he shall rue this insolence. Let me see: I will contrive to talk with Lucas; but I can't do it now. Don't you know I 'm wanted above? Lord bless you! I am a servant, and must obey. Go: in an hour at Myte's."

"Can't you tell me where I should be likely to hit upon the Colonel?" said I; "I want to see him."

"You do?" cried Ludlow. "Brave dog! nothing daunts you. Oh! that spirit of yours will keep us all alive, till you frighten some of our souls out of our bodies—some—not mine. Where is he to be hit upon? ay, at Button's coffee-house, in Covent Garden. You will find him there, I dare say. Be very soft, and humble, and respectful. He 's a very high gentleman. I wish you were old enough to carry a sword; you 'd use it, wouldn't you? I must be gone." So saying, he snatched up a book of accounts, and hastened away.

It was a practice with me from my infancy, when anything arduous or unpleasant was to be done, to do it at once. I confess I felt my spirits a little ruffled when I reflected upon the probable result of an encounter with Colonel Brett. His letter was one of those performances which indicate an off-hand, cavalier practice in the disposal of business; and the disparity of our years and station was such as to hold out small hope of success on my side, either as a peaceful negotiator, or as a hostile adversary. Notwithstanding, never having feared the face of man since I could look up to it without a crick in my neck, I put by every suggestion of weakness or timidity, and made the best of my way to Button's.

"The Colonel is here, for a wonder," said the waiter, in answer to my inquiry; "this is not his usual time. He is engaged with Mr. Steele at the further end of the room. Shall I tell him your business, or your name?"

"My name is Savage," said I. "Be pleased to inform the Colonel I will await his leisure."

I snatched the moment's opportunity afforded me, to observe the gentleman to whom the waiter directed his steps, and who was Colonel Brett. He was a fine, tall, gallant figure of a man, very showily dressed. Indolently reclining in a chair, he was listening intently — looking through his spread fingers, which were placed upon his forehead and temples—to his friend Steele, the celebrated Richard, shortly afterwards Sir Richard Steele. This personage was likewise gaudily dressed. He was inclined to corpulency, with the face of a farmer, the eye of a hawk, and the smile of an angel, and was talking with much animation, at intervals tossing one side of his black, full-bottomed periwig from his shoulder, and tapping the hilt of the Colonel's sword with a point of his small three-cornered hat.

The Colonel started, and raised himself in his chair when the

waiter delivered my message. He pondered for an instant, and waved his hand.

"Let him wait," he said: "but, no," rising,—"one moment, and I will be with you," nodding to Steele.

By this time I had advanced halfway up the room. The Colonel approached, and taking me by the shoulder, turned me round, and half-leaning upon me as he did so, pushed me forward into a recess of one of the windows.

"Now, young man," said he, confronting me, "I must be short with you, I perceive. What brings you here? I should have imagined that the billet I sent you would have—what shall I say?—a—a——"

"Frightened me?" said I. "Oh, no, sir; I am not to be frightened by letters any more than yourself, or my mother."

"Your mother!" cried the Colonel, now for the first time looking at me. "What a prodigious front, child, thou must—eh?" The Colonel looked a long while before he again spoke. "You are an impostor," he said at length, abruptly, "and your object, avowedly so, is to extort money."

"I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that you are saying what is not the truth," I returned. "I am no impostor, nor do I wish to *extort* money. I am very young, Colonel Brett, as you perceive; and I have no friend or protector. You must pardon me, therefore, for speaking that of myself which I have no one to say for me. My mother knows that I am her son, and I intend that she shall not keep that knowledge to herself."

"Hah!" cried the Colonel. He raised his hand, as though about to seize me by the collar, while his eye wandered about in quest of the waiter.

"Nay, sir," said I loudly, "I must not suffer any insult at your hands: I will not bear it." I believe that my colour rose as I added, "to a gentleman of your figure it may be hardly necessary to say that such conduct would better befit a blusterer than a man of honour."

"Plague on't, child!" exclaimed the Colonel, "what wouldst have? Dost want to fight me? Where is thy sword? Thou shouldst get one."

"So I was told half an hour ago," I replied. "I find it may be necessary."

Mr. Steele arose at this, and came towards us.

"Why, Colonel," he said, "what young Hector have you got there?"

"A myrmidon-mauler, indeed, as Frank used to say," replied the Colonel; "pardon me, I'm at your service in one minute," motioning to Steele to resume his seat. "Let us make an end of this," he said, turning to me. "You want money, it seems; and have fallen upon these means of getting it. How much? Let me know the extent of your impudence, or your modesty."

"What I want is best seen in my letters to my mother and to yourself. I hope you do not mean to give me room to suspect that the money is the chief difficulty? Let me tell you, Colonel, you may wilfully blind your eyes, but the eyes of the world shall be opened."

"That a young man of your years should talk thus—should dare to talk thus," said the Colonel, reddening, "is incredible—amazing. Why, thou young coxcomb, I tell thee thou hast not a leg to stand upon. Thy story is the most preposterous — the most extravagant—the most——"

"It admits of proof, too," said I, cutting short his superlatives. "You wonder, you say, that I should talk to you as I do. Ascribe it to my resentment of the treatment I am receiving — not to my barefacedness as an impostor, who *could not* speak thus. I refer you to Lady Mason; she will vouch for me."

"No," said the Colonel promptly, tapping his teeth with his fingers.

"Yes,—I beg your pardon."

"I am told not. We will see to that," he said, musing. "You went to school at St. Albans, I think your letter tells me."

"I did, sir. I was sent there by Lady Mason."

"So you said. Do you mean to repeat that Lady Mason sent you there?"

"I do,—solemnly," said I.

The Colonel reflected for many minutes. At last he said, with an oath, "The Sphynx was a young beginner at the making of riddles: confound me, if I can make this out — nor could she, either. Your master's name?"

"Burridge," said I.

"Burr*age* or Burr*idge*?" he inquired. I satisfied him upon that point.

"I will write to him; but, no. Could you get him to certify that he was paid by Lady Mason?"

"I can; and willingly he 'll furnish it," said I.

"Very well. Still, I would rather see him. Burridge? no, it can't be."

"I will beg of him to come to town, and wait upon you."

"Do," he said quickly. "I shall be glad to see him. Our business is ended for the present, I think. You know where to find me?"

"Colonel, your servant. Good morning."

"You 're an insolent young dog," said the Colonel, with a good-humoured smile. "Give me thy young fist."

He gazed at me earnestly as he shook my hand, and turned away.

"Good-b'ye, child;" then, between his teeth, "his mother's son, or the devil's."

CHAPTER X.

In which may be seen a hot friend cooling. With some occurrences which appear, as yet, to pertain solely to Ludlow.

Overjoyed at the lucky train in which I had, as I imagined, succeeded in placing matters, I made the best of my way to Myte's house. I found the little man seated in the office, rubbing his legs up and down with his hands.

"Well," said he, "you're come at last. Whose business have you been upon, mine or yours? I would not for all the world, the sun, and moon, and all the stars in the firmament into the bargain, that your business should halt while mine runs on all-fours."

I expressed a hope that he had not wanted me during my absence.

"Wanted you!" he replied, scratching his cheek, "not wanted you, exactly; but wondered where you could be got,—thought you might have exhaled, like a bottle of smoke. Here was Woful, that uncle of yours—but, I suppose I must not call him so now, — he has been *wanting* you. He dashed into the office a few minutes ago, and 'Where's Richard?' says he; 'is Richard in?' with a stare. 'Where's Richard?' says I; 'Richard's out,' with a stare just like it. Upon that, he turned round, and trotted out, like a dog that has gone up a wrong alley. But, where have you been, if I may presume to inquire?"

"I have just waited upon Colonel Brett," said I.

"You have?" cried Myte, getting up, and minutely inspecting me. "You say you have called upon Ninus, and still got these upon your head," and he took me by the ear. "How comes that to pass?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said, laughing.

"I mean, I thought he would have cropped them," answered Myte. "I once saw a man put his head into the lion's mouth in May-Fair, and when somebody asked him how it was the lion didn't bite it off, he said he supposed the lion had got the toothache. Some such lucky accident has saved you this once."

"No, indeed," I replied, and related to him all that had passed.

"Why, this is a wondrous mystery," cried Myte, who had listened to my recital with a great deal more astonishment than I was prepared to expect,—"this beats Steele's salmon in satin petticoats in the Tatler. Then you really think, Ricardo, you shall be able to make them acknowledge you?"

"I do," said I; "why should you doubt it?"

He was silent for a few moments.

"Semiramis so positively swears you are not her son. Nay, I have it from my son-in-law, Langley. Could I be assured you were her child——"

"What would you do, then, sir?" I inquired somewhat coldly.

"I like you," said he, "and you should stay with me, in spite of all."

"Nay, if you doubt ——" I began in some heat.

"Softly, softly," said he; "don't let us begin a duel with tongues, or down upon my marrow-bones drop I, and beg for mercy. I mean nothing but good-will towards you—seriously, Richard Savage, which I hope and trust, and believe is your name. Come, let us shake hands."

At this moment in walked Ludlow.

"I have been taking a turn," he said, "finding you had not come back. Well, what says the great man?"

I told him.

"Come, that 's better," he replied; "if anything can be better where all is so bad. Mr. Myte," turning to him, "would you believe it?"

"What 's 'it'?" cried Myte. "None of your pronouns. I can believe *it*, and *that*, and *this*, and *t' other*—anything. After my belief of Richard's relationship to Mrs. Brett, and after my belief in the existence of so unnatural a mother, I have a stomach for anything. What story of a flying-fish have you got for me now? If you don't make its wings too large, it won't stick in my throat, I promise you."

"You are very facetious," said Ludlow; "but merriment sounds like mockery to a sad heart. After five-and-twenty years' honest, faithful, and diligent service, my lady (no longer mine,) has been pleased to dismiss me. I think she has acted wrong, because ——"

"God bless my soul!" cried Myte. "I really am much concerned," and he looked so. "I hope, not on our young friend's account?"

"Why do you hope so?" said Ludlow; "the reason, or the pretext is of small importance, so long as my character is not brought in question."

"Which it cannot be," said Myte.

"Which it *cannot* be," echoed Ludlow. "I say, I think she has acted wrong, because she had no right to expect I should remain silent. She has taken her daughter's side against Richard, and does injustice by permitting it. Yes, she has, Richard," turning to me; "nor will she consent to see you more."

"I care not to see her," said I; "nor do I regard her adherence to my mother. *She* needs no assistance; but we want Lady Mason, and when we require, we can demand her."

"Can't we?" cried Ludlow, with some appearance of glee. "She cannot deny ——"

"That I am the son of Earl Rivers," said I.

"That she committed you, through me, to the care of Mrs. Freeman," pursued Ludlow.

"That she herself sent me to school, and paid Mr. Burridge out of her own pocket," I added.

"That she ordered me to take you away from thence, and then compelled me to bind you to the cob——"

"Enough," said I hastily, in dread of the coming reference to the cobbler.

"Yes, enough, of all conscience," said Myte. "I can't look two ways at once. I hate this see-saw talk. It moves the head a great deal more than the curiosity."

"We always feared the inhumanity of his mother; that was the cause of our giving out that he was dead," said Ludlow.

"I know all that," answered Myte; "but why did *we* always fear it? Because your mistress was foolish and weak, why were you weak and foolish?"

"I thought her so at first, I confess," said Ludlow; "but——"

"You didn't afterwards? He can't see his own weakness," said Myte, turning to me. "Woful, when a man eats a cursed onion, you may nose him afar off, and he smells most odiously: eat a cursed onion yourself, and you cannot smell him at all. Your combined folly has destroyed this lad's prospects; and, hang it! let us say this for Semiramis, she has no reason to courtesy to the compliment you have paid her."

"I pay her a compliment!" cried Ludlow. "But you are speaking in your way. I tell you, sir, the boy would have been murdered by her, if we had not taken him out of her reach, and concealed the fact of his continued existence."

"And that she has been told—eh?" exclaimed Myte. "A very pretty compliment when you return a full-grown fellow to his mother, who thought him dead, and wished him so. 'Madam, here he is; make much of him: his weasand has outgrown your fingers.' Ho! ho!" and Myte laughed with exceeding satisfaction.

"Don't you see," said Ludlow with some asperity, when Myte had left us, "how that man's foolish habit of jesting perverts his understanding, and corrupts his heart? There is he gone, I warrant, to his family, to make light of our distresses."

"You are mistaken in him," said I; "come, make allowance for the gaiety of his temperament, and remember the solemnity of your own."

"Well, no matter," he replied; "let us banish him from our thoughts. This strange proceeding on the part of Lady Mason——"

"Ay, what do you think of doing?"

"I don't know," he answered; "I have taken a lodging for the present."

"Where?"

He remained silent, and was slightly disconcerted.

"The people of the house where my wife is," he said at length, "are reputable, and had apartments to spare, and—I

have taken them. You don't think that right," he added, after a pause.

"Nay, you are the best judge of your own conduct. Do you intend that she shall live with you again?"

"No," he said resolutely, "I do not; or if I did, fate has prevented that. I have told you she is dying. But, now; what are we to do with that wolfish woman?"

"My mother? You must not call her so. Why, Ludlow, we must make a lamb of her."

"Ah!" he said, "would that I could see that change! I could forgive everything, *now*, if she could be brought to do you justice. The Colonel may, perhaps, do something. Fear might make her."

I shook my head.

"Fear — of shame, I mean," he resumed. "She knows no other fear. I will manage Lady Mason. I am strong enough for that. She is too old to begin to be wicked."

He applauded my resolution of writing instantly to Burridge.

"He is the man of all others," he said, "to engage in this matter, if he will but move in it. Your mother (to call her so!) would tremble under that glorious eye of his, I am sure of it. I should like to see the first meeting between them."

He pressed a considerable sum of money upon me.

"Bless you!" he cried, "I don't want it. I have more than I shall know what to do with, if I keep it to myself; and when you have obtained an independence, you may repay me, if you like. Besides, Myte will treat you better while you stay with him, if he sees that it is of no importance to you whether you stay or no. It is the way of this delightful world."

When he was gone I sat down and wrote a letter to Burridge, in which I conjured him to forward without delay the required certificate; or, if it were in his power, to come up to town, and make himself the present means of establishing my claims. To Lady Mason I disdained to apply. Her conduct had been so ambiguous that, whilst I dreaded her hostility, I meditated her exposure. It was clear that she was under the fear and direction of her daughter; it was not so certain that if I molested her I should not convert an instrument into a party against me.

Burridge returned no reply. I was thunderstruck at this. Could he, also, have been bought or begged off? I scorned the supposition the instant it entered my mind; but, after the lapse of a week, a second letter having been equally unsuccessful, I was constrained to yield admittance to the unworthy stranger, and devoted the world and its contents, from Burridge downwards and upwards, to perdition.

In the meanwhile Myte, day by day, became more and more staid and serious — as wise and worshipful as any other of the dull dogs of mankind, who are, at all events, wise enough to know that the gift of speech, unless confined to monosyllables,

is not calculated to enhance their reputation for wisdom. This behaviour on the part of Myte was so far from incensing me, that I was amused by it. The consciousness of being ill-treated imparts a sort of satisfaction to the sufferer, derived, I imagine, from the contemplation of one's own worth as opposed to the folly, meanness, or malignity, as the case may be, of the wrong-doer. I suffered him, therefore, to pursue his humour without expostulation or complaint, and consigned my best powers of conversation wholly to Mrs. Myte and little Martha (Vandal), with both of whom I had succeeded in making myself a favourite, and who were not to be deterred by Myte (I know not that he did attempt to influence them) from behaving themselves towards me with their former affability and kindness.

One evening I called upon Ludlow to relate the failure of my application to Burridge. He came down to me in the passage, and heard all I had to say in silence.

"Nevertheless," he said, rubbing his chin, "we shall be too much for them at last. Lady Mason is obdurate still, — never mind. She has discarded me, but she cannot get rid of her conscience,—she cannot make that her servant, and turn it away at pleasure. Or, if she can, and should do," shaking his head wisely, — "all out. We will loosen Burridge's tongue, and tie up their tongues for ever. Come up stairs, and sit with me. I am alone. If you should see a certain person during the evening," he added, halting upon the stairs, "I hope you will not make her perceive that you have heard all, and that you scorn and despise her."

"My dear Ludlow," I replied, in a whisper, "how can you suppose that I should breathe a syllable ——"

"It is not breath," he returned; "the eye speaks more than the tongue sometimes. I know, Dick, she ought to be hated—abhorred—scorned; but I cannot do it myself, and I could not," he pressed my hand, "bear to see anything like it from others, —least of all from you."

He was greatly disturbed during the evening—getting up, sitting down, handling the things upon the table, and frequently leaving the room. At length the door of an inner apartment opened, and an emaciated being entered with faltering steps, and was directed by Ludlow's eye to an arm-chair.

"Do you feel better, do you think?" said Ludlow, after a long pause, his nether lip quivering.

"I thank you — I think I am much worse," replied his wife, in a tone so piteous, so self-abased, as to bring tears into my eyes. Ludlow averted his head, and presently left the room.

Whatever share of beauty Mrs. Ludlow might once have possessed had entirely left her; not even the traces of it remained. There was a meanness of expression in the face—I remember it well—which made me feel doubtful at the time whether she could ever have been handsome.

As Ludlow did not return, I thought it only proper to venture upon a few general remarks, such as obtain with our thoughtful and speech-saving countrymen, and which are made up of comments upon the weather that was, observations upon the weather that is, and prognostications of the weather that will be. These ended, I had nothing further to say.

"And you are the son of my old mistress," she said, at length. "Mr. Ludlow tells me you are the son of Mrs. Brett. What wonderful things do happen!"

I silently assented. She was a living witness to the truth of that.

"You are a great favourite with Mr. Ludlow, sir," she resumed. "He is a good man — the best of men." A sigh followed.

"He is, indeed, a good man," I said.

"Oh! he is, sir. After what has happened, too,—after what I have been to him, I am sure," she raised her handkerchief as she spoke, and sobbed, "all that I could do in after years—if it pleased Heaven to spare my life,—could not ——"

I was glad that Ludlow entered at the moment. I began to feel rather sick, and shortly afterwards took my leave. As I walked home, how came that delectable wight, Joseph Carnaby, to rise up before my mind's eye in the plenitude of his peculiar power? I know not—I knew not then.

The next day a very mournful-looking person waited upon me, representing that he was Mr. Greaves, at whose house Ludlow lodged, and bearing a message from him to the effect that he wished me to come to him immediately.

I inquired the occasion of so sudden a summons.

"Oh, sir!" he replied, "the worthy gentleman's wife is, we fear, dying. Mrs. Greaves is certain she cannot last many hours, and her husband is in a terrible taking, to be sure. He has not yet been in to see her, but waits till you come."

I snatched my hat, and accompanied Mr. Greaves.

On entering Ludlow's room, I found him in a state of the greatest distress, pacing to and fro, and flinging up his hands distractedly.

"All over — dying," he exclaimed as I drew near. "What am I to do?—what am I to *do?* I look up to you now, Dick—tell me."

"Collect yourself," said I; "this is no sudden thing,—you have been expecting it."

"Oh, no!" he replied, shaking his head with a shudder.

"Oh, yes!" cried a little doleful woman, coming forward. "Me and Mr. Greaves has, I 'm sure, and so we 've told you. Come, sit 'e down, that 's a good man, and be quiet. You can't do her no good, and so don't go to do yourself no harm."

Ludlow, after bestowing upon this contemner of grammatical

propriety an unmeaning stare, waved her from him, and sank into a seat.

Mrs. Greaves now directed her attention to me. "Oh! you 're the young gentleman as the poor woman wished to see, are you? Well, I 'll prepare her to see you; she can't speak, I 'm afraid, by this time."

She beckoned me into the passage. "Lord love you!" she said in a loud whisper, "she can't last out the night. I hope you 're not a near relation, for I shouldn't like to hurt your feelings; but the truth must be told: she 's going very fast."

Here Mr. Greaves, who had been waiting in the passage, upcast a pair of large, dismal eyes, till the whites were alone visible. "Is she worse," he inquired, recovering his vision, "than Mrs. Wokey the night before——"

"She died?" cried his wife, anticipating the termination of the sentence. "Greaves, Mrs. Wokey was nothing like her. Why, you know, we didn't think that would be so soon."

Mr. Greaves pointed to an indentation in the wall: "Made by the coffin," he remarked, raising his brows.

"So it was," assented the wife. "But, come this way, young man. Mr. Greaves, don't you go out till I come down;" and she led the way to the apartment of Mrs. Ludlow.

She was, indeed, greatly changed, and for the worse. Unused to the varying appearances of sickness, I could scarcely have imagined that so perceptible an alteration could have taken place in so short a time as the period of a few hours since I had last seen her.

She motioned me to a chair by the bedside, and made a sign to Mrs. Greaves to leave the room. The woman did so slowly, and with apparent reluctance, softly closing the door. When the door *was* closed, I was as perfectly assured that she was listening, as though I had seen her ear through the keyhole.

"I hope, sir," began Mrs. Ludlow in a faint voice—in a voice so faint, indeed, that Mrs. Greaves must have been during our colloquy in an ecstacy of tormentingly unsatisfied curiosity,—"I hope, sir, you will not think I have been too free in sending for you; but I think — I really think *now* — that I am dying, Mr. Ludlow will do anything you bid him — I know he will. Oh, sir! intercede for me with him, for his forgiveness."

Here she was much affected, and could not proceed for some minutes.

"I feel at last," she resumed,—"do not withdraw your hand, Mr. Savage, if I presume to take it,—at last I feel—how fully, how deeply, I cannot tell you, — that there is no hope for my poor sinful soul in the other world, if I do not obtain his pardon. He was ever too good to me. Oh, sir!" she looked imploringly at me, "do help to save my soul!"

I was touched, and involuntarily returned the pressure of her hand.

"Do not say another word," I exclaimed, rising; "I will go to him this instant. There was a Providence, madam, in your unexpected meeting, and it must be fulfilled."

She gave me a look of gratitude; and I left her.

I related to Ludlow what had passed between us.

"She thought it necessary there should be a mediator?" he said, and his face brightened up, but was again overcast. "Oh, no! but I am glad she chose you. Richard, not a word of forgiveness has passed these lips; I am too much a man for that; but, now that she is dying ——"

"You will forgive all her faults," I said, taking him by the arm.

"The dying have no faults — except to Heaven!" he exclaimed; "oh! my dear fellow, live, and you will know that, when those you love are taken from you. You don't know," he added, in a familiar tone, "how I loved that girl."

"Yes — yes, I do," I replied; "come, you will see her now, will you not?"

"There was that Bennett," he said, halting at the door,—"if ever I were to go mad, that dead wretch, dead as he is, would make me so, — *he* loved her. No — no — I won't think of that. The wretched creature, Dick,—the frightful face—the abject—mean — base — oh, God!" and he took me by the shoulders, "am I human? am I a man? do I want *more* vengeance? It is *here*," striking his bosom. "Let no one say revenge is sweet."

"We lose it at the moment we detect,"

poor Ludlow would, perhaps, have added, had Pope written the line then, and had Ludlow read it. *That* was his feeling. I led him up-stairs. He trembled violently as he approached the bed on which his wife lay. He was silent, expecting her to speak. She appealed to me with her eyes. "One word, Ludlow,—it may be the last."

"Do not leave the room," he said, turning to me; "you shall see that I am not ashamed."

He dropped upon his knees by the bedside.

"Jane," he uttered, "I forgive you; but that is nothing. It is God who forgives. I pray for you. I hope what I say makes you happy. I hope you are happy."

She wept abundantly. His frame was shaken by emotion.

"What can I do?" he said, rising. "Can I say more?—from my heart I cannot. Could I talk cant to her," he proceeded, drawing me to the other end of the room, and wringing my hands, — "vile, horrid cant, and tell her how happy we might have been,—how miserable we are,—all that makes a death-bed agony, it would kill her. Stay; let me go to her. Jane," and he took her hand and kissed it, "I forgive you — oh! I forgive you. I would kiss your lips, my poor—poor girl, but —— I

cannot," coming to me. "All that I can do or say would torture her. Would it not? See—I have killed her."

Mrs. Ludlow had fainted. I rang the bell vehemently. Mrs. Greaves entered on the instant. I dragged my friend from the room, as the woman exclaimed, "She is dead!"

Mrs. Greaves came down to us after a short time.

"She has revived," she said; "but I don't know ——"

I motioned her to be silent.

"The doctor is here," she continued, "and what *can* be done will be done; but, after all —— "

"There is no certainty in this life," said Mr. Greaves, who had entered unperceived.

Ludlow insisted upon my staying with him all night, and Greaves was despatched to Myte with the intelligence.

I had neither time nor disposition on that evening to scan the meaning of Myte's reply, which the solemn landlord, I doubt not, delivered with exemplary correctness, and which was in these words: "Tell him he may stay as long as he pleases, and please himself as long as he stays."

Mrs. Ludlow outlived that night, and fluctuated during three or four days, when, much to the surprise of us all, and by no means the least so to Mr. and Mrs. Greaves, the doctor declared her out of danger.

Upon this, I prevailed upon Ludlow, whose faculties during the interval of suspense had been almost prostrated, to let me go to Myte, if only for a few hours. By this time a letter might be lying for me from Burridge. I could not altogether relinquish that hope.

"Mr. Savage," said Mrs. Greaves, intercepting me in the passage as I was going out, "a strange man has been inquiring whether you live here, and he wanted to take Greaves to the tavern, who can go there very well without his assistance, I can tell you. I expect he'll be brought home a corpse one of these nights."

"From Mr. Myte, I dare say," I said. A thought came across me that it might be Burridge. I questioned the woman, but her description (accustomed, as we all are, to accommodate the making out of another to our own wish,) in no respect tallied with my original.

I was puzzled; but thought no more of it at the moment.

"And so poor Mrs. Ludlow is better," said Mrs. Greaves.

"Very much," I replied. "She will do now."

"Picking up, greatly?" said Mrs. Greaves.

"Oh, yes; an excellent appetite."

She drew near to me, and with a sagacious shake of the head, and her forefinger in action,—"The very worst sign in the world. Poor man! I pity him. You will see — she will go off in her chair one of these days, after a hearty meal."

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

"Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?—
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A new Barcelona tied nate round his neck;
He goes to a tint, and he spends half-a-crown;
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green."

"IRELAND'S glory and her shame,"—the great fair of the country,—the annual revel so celebrated in song and story,—the unapproachable and unequalled *Donnybrook Fair* is to be *put down!* It is extremely probable that this may be the last year of its celebration, for, independently of the power of the law, which has been brought to bear against it, Father Mathew has given it a blow, from which it can never recover. The march of intellect is not in the direction of fairs. *Fairlop* is to be "knocked up;" *Bartlemy* "gradually abolished;" and *Donnybrook* is virtually put down. This is no subject for regret; and with regard to the last, although it has been called "the safety-valve of the national spirit," there need be no fear of a popular explosion when it is destroyed. It has been so renowned, however, in its day, that it is worth a parting notice, for many reasons; and as we have had the pleasure of visiting this "once celebrated place of public amusement," at the eleventh hour, an account of our observations may not be wholly uninteresting, more particularly to those who have often heard of, but "ne'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair!"

Donnybrook is a small village, not quite an hour's walk from Dublin. It consists principally of one long narrow street, at the end of which, with the high-road passing between, there is an extensive green, and on this green the fair was held. It commenced on the 26th August, and usually continued about a fortnight. Cattle, &c. were sold in it for the first day or two, before the amusements began; and it was always remarkable for being crowded with booths for eating and drinking. It has been said with regard to the latter, that as much whisky was usually sold in the fair in *one day* as in the whole of Dublin in *a week!* More properly speaking, the whisky was sold in the fair in the night, for this was the time when the fun was at its height. In Dublin a man can get more whisky than is sufficient to make him very comfortably intoxicated for twopence or threepence; and as the love of that "blessed licker" by the lower orders surpassed their fondness for everything else—except fighting, it may readily be supposed that very few of those who went to the fair returned from it sober. In short, after dark, when the fair was filled by nearly all the lower orders of Dublin, it became nothing better than an immense assemblage of drunken men and infamous women. None of the wit and humour supposed to be peculiar to the place was to be found, but only an infuriated drunken mob quarrelling with each other, and plundering those who unhappily fell in their way.

In Ireland there are unfortunately such an interminable variety of

clashing interests, that men hardly keep from quarrelling when they meet together in large numbers, even if they continue sober; and the violence of party-spirit exhibited by such a class of men as those we have alluded to — the very lowest class in Dublin, — maddened with liquor, can hardly be imagined. Every night there was sure to be a furious and sanguinary faction-fight, or conflict of some kind or other. The men from the small villages adjoining Dublin, for some senseless cause, bore a deadly animosity to a class of men who live in a part of Dublin called "*The Liberty*" — a place with which "Saint Giles's rookery" for order, cleanliness, and propriety, is far too good to be compared. The *Liberty boys*, although during the greater portion of the year they might be reduced to the verge of starvation, always mustered in strong force at Donnybrook Fair; they always got drunk, and always had a faction-fight. The scenes that ensued on such occasions cannot be described intelligibly. The place contained the elements of every kind of mischief; and it was seldom that the constables could venture to interfere, for they knew from experience that the factions would generally cease hostilities with each other for a time, in order to combine their power for an attack on the protectors of the peace, who were not unfrequently in such cases beaten insensible—if not killed.

The fighting, however, was hardly the worst feature of the fair. Robberies of the most atrocious character were perpetrated with impunity. The attraction of the fair naturally drew to it a great number of the young men of Dublin, who resorted thither to see the fun and participate in the amusements — for dancing was kept up with spirit in all the booths, till it terminated in such a *mêlée* as we have described. Many of these young men were frequently marked out by low ruffians as victims for plunder, even before they entered the fair. They were attacked with brutal violence, beaten severely, and robbed of everything valuable about them. To afford some idea of the real character of the fair of late years to those who have only heard of it as a place for fun and merriment, we may be permitted to mention one instance of this daring kind of robbery, which was stated to us by an intimate friend of one of the sufferers. Three young men went down to the fair one evening at dusk, intending to return early. They were induced, however, to enter one of the booths, and called for some punch. Here they were marked for robbery. A man came in, and, after looking at them for some time, went out, and returned with several low fellows, who placed themselves near the entrance. One of them shortly afterwards took up one of the gentlemen's tumblers of punch, and after drinking a portion, threw the rest in his face. The young men saw it was intended to "riz a fight," but they contrived to escape out of the place, and having reached the entrance of the fair, they hired a car to return home. These cars are unlike any public conveyances in England, persons sitting on them back to back, with a small space, like a child's coffin, between, called "the well." They had hardly taken their seats, when the car was beset, and although now in the public road, the thieves attacked them with savage fierceness. They knocked one off his seat with a shillelah, and set on the others front and rear. The young men, seeing they were thus surrounded, made a desperate resistance, and called on the people around for help. This only produced a general fight; one of the gentlemen was nearly

killed, having his skull fractured; the others escaped with some severe contusions, but with their clothes torn off their backs, and robbed of everything they had about them. Every one who knew the state of Donnybrook Fair a few years ago could relate many instances of a similar character.

An Irish gentleman once gave us an amusing account of an evening's adventures there, which will afford a very good illustration of the humours of the fair in general. We will present his account as nearly as possible in his own words, though the absence of the rich brogue with which he spoke, the twitch of the shoulders, and, above all, the humorous look with which he enriched portions of it, will make the written account very flat, compared with his description. He was "a lad of the old school," and had been "a right gay fellow" in his time. He had a bitter hatred against temperance societies, and everything, indeed, which he thought tended to put down "the sp'rits o' the people."

"I think I ought to remimber 'The 'Brook,' anyway," said he, "for devil such a slatin' did I iver get before or since, as the night I wint down wid Pether Sleevin. A right gay fellow was Pether, and from the kingdom o' Kerry, too. He was a medical student at that time, rest his sowl, (for he's dead long ago,) and for a skrimmage such a boy you wo'dn't pick out of the whole county. Well, towards the ind ov August, jist the second day ov the fair, who should come up to Dublin but Pether, an' ov course he come an' dined wid me. Afther we'd dined, an' wur jist mixin' our fourth tumbler o' punch, (by the same token that I only used to take three whin I was alone by meself,) 'Boyle,' sis he to me, 'isn't this Donnybrook Fair?' sis he.—''Faith, an' it is,' sis I, 'an' sure ther'll be some sport there to-night, I'm thinkin'.'—'An', what's the r'ason we're not to go?' sis he. 'Is the sp'rit goin' out ov the counthry intirely, that a dacent man like yerself, who knows how to handle a twig wid the best o' thim, should be makin' yerself a hermit at this s'ason o' the year?' sis he.

"It didn't want much pursuashun thin to make me say '*yes*' to sich an invitashun, for there wasn't a trick on the town but I know'd somethin' ov it. So afther we'd cleared off our punch, and one tumbler more — to rinse it down — for the boys at that time wo'dn't be botherin' thimselves wid tay, like they do now, — off we wint to go down to the fair. It was jist dark, an' the ould *Charlies* wur comin' their rounds, wid their long poles, an' their lantherns, as they always used to do early in the night, before any skrimmages begun in the streets, bekase *thin*, ye see, they always kept in their watch-boxes. But no matther for that—the crathurs! Sure warn't they better than all the po-lis in the world — barrin' the pathroles? It's the po-lis, them new po-lis, that spoil the sport intirely. Before they wur invented, Dublin was the place for fun and sp'rits, an' there was no comin' up before the magistrates in the mornin', mind ye, afther-wards. If a man took a Charley's pole from him, an' tapped him on the head wid it—what matther? Sure a pound-note was a good plasther; an' iv ye did git to the watch-house — which ye'd no call to do iv ye only minded how to do the thing properly — but iv ye did get to the lock-up, ye had only to lave a couple o' pounds for bail, an' they'd do for ye's app'arance in the mornin'. But, now, och hone! thim Peelers desthroy us. They're 'sport sp'ilers' in-

tirely. Everything 's brought up to the inspictor; an' *they* won't take leg-bail.

"Well, Pether an' I wint up to Stephen's Green, an' there we got a car, ov coorse, that wur goin' down to Donnybrook. 'Fourpence a-piece,' sis the man, 'an' aff at once.'—'That 'll do, sir,' sis Pether, an' so up we got, wid four men more on the seats, an' two in the well o' the car, which oughtent to carry only four altogether; an' indeed the horse seemed to think he 'd got his number. But cruelty to animals wasn't minded then, whin people were goin' down to 'The 'Brook.' So the horse *drove* us all down, an' maybe we warn't merry on the road at all! But whin we come to pay our fare,—'*Sixpence* each,' sis the man.—'Oh, the devil fly away wid yer sixpence, sir!' sis Pether. 'Do ye see *any cobwebs on my eyelashes?*' sis he. 'An' do ye think I'd be afther insultin' ye wid sixpence, whin ye only asked fourpence?' sis he.—'Ah! don't be humbuggin' me,' sis the carman. 'Oh, ye 's a nate lad!' said Pether; 'but I 'll not give ye *as much as would bile two small praties*, over yer fare!' sis he. The fact is, we wanted a bit ov a skrimmage about the twopence, an' so we bothered the man *till we see the perspiration comin' through his hat!*' an' thin he was afther callin' Pether 'a Jackeen!' Whin he said this, Pether knocked him down, like Oliver Crommel did the Pope, an' 'pon me conscience, in a minute we 'd fightin' enough for twenty Connaught men. For whin the carman got up, he took another man, in the dark, for Pether, an' he lent him such a touch on the side ov his hat, as brought him down like a lafe on a windy day. Thin, what wid people interferin' to stop the fight, an' what wid boys comin' up *to* fight, in less time than a pig wo'd uncurl his tail, there wur twenty 'twigs' at work at the smallest. But, as Pether an' me," said Mr. Boyle, with an arch wink of his eye, "didn't wish to make a disturbance at the first of the evenin', we thought it was judicious to lave the spot, and so, owin' the carman (who was a-fightin' wid a friend,) his fare till we met him again, we wint on very quietly to have a glass of punch in a tint.

"At that time timperance wasn't understood in this counthry, and Donnybrook was a *whisky brook*. But them days are gone, so they are. Father Mathew has desthroy'd the sp'rits of the counthry. Think of their havin' a timperance tay-party at Donnybrook last month—think o' that now! and not a drunken man among all the tay-totallers but only one; and he only after getting drunk in fun! Ah, I suppose they 'll l'ave off smokin' dudeens soon!

"Iv ye could have seen the fair at that time, you 'd niver forgit it. The large green on each side of the road covered with tints and people, an' every one wid a dudeen an' a shillelah—the men I mane, not the tints. Then, to see the row ov big tints behind, wid all the conjourers, an' the boxin' men, an' all the players ov the counthry. An' thin to hear the music, an' the beautiful pipes, an' the fiddles a-scrapin' in every tint; an' every boy wid a lass dancin' for the life on the hall-doors that had been borrowed from half the Liberty. Ah! that was the time for the fair. No timperance—no po-lis then; all fun, an' all in good humour. But wait till I tell ye's. There *wur* a fight sometimes, or how would I be sayin' what a slatin' I got? But sich a fight as I 'm goin' to tell ye of didn't often happen.

"The night we wint down there wur two men met in the fair who oughtn't to have come together there by any manes. One ov thim

was a shoemaker from the Liberties, Pat Reilly, an' he had been a-cheatin' an' playin' his thricks upon Jim Murphy, an' he came from Dundrum. Jim thought he'd meet Reilly, an' he said iv he did, he'd slaughter him, an' so he did — met him, I mane. Jim had twenty boys at his elbow, an' so had Reilly nearly, for the Liberty boys wur always ready for a skrimmage at Donnybrook. Well, in a minute Jim spied out Pat Reilly, an' he was wid him in a whisper. 'Stop, ye ould ugly bla'guard! ye thief ov the world!' sis Jim, 'I've got a reckonin' wid you, I have,' sis he. 'An', boys, mind, let *this* turn be only wid Reilly an' me, an' let none of ye's interfare, an' by my mother's blessin' I'll slate him.' The boys stood round 'em, an' in a moment they wur at it. Jim Murphy was an iligant made boy. Every limb ov him looked as iv it had been made for a giant, an' his big thick fist grasped a shillelah that hadn't been cut for ornament. Pat Reilly was a dirty little bla'guard. While Jim had his Sunday clothes on, though they wur covered by his large frieze coat, which he scorned to take off, out of contimpt of the shoemaker, Pat hadn't a rag on worth askin' for. He wore no coat—because he had none, an' his breeches were all untied at the knees, an' his stockings hanging about his legs. An' yet, for all that, ye could see by his knowin' face, an' his malignant eye, that he was more than a match for Jim in cunnin', though he hadn't so much 'power in his elbow.' But, however, at it they wint, and everybody thought that Jim *would* slate the other as he'd promised. 'Pon me conscience it would have made a good pictur'. They had got in front of one of the largest shows in the fair, for the light ov the lamps, an' whin the people ov the shows saw a faction-fight was goin' to begin, they stopped their dancin', an' the only music ye soon heard was Jim an' Pat's shillelahs as they met in the air. Jim poured his blows down so hearty an' so well, that there was little doubt who would kiss the sod first. But, as Reilly got beaten, so he got more venemous an' full ov revenge, till at last he was like a devil from the infernal place, an' leppin' about the ground like a madman. Jim hardly had a scratch upon him, while Reilly's head was covered wid wounds an' blood, that run down the sides of his face like a fountain; an' his head all clotted with gore. At last Jim aimed a blow that he intinded should finish the business. He swung his thick shillelah round his head, and while it was in full swing, he brought it down, intending it for the forehead of Reilly. But it took him on the ear, an' it tore it off as clane as iv a winch had done it. Reilly shrieked out wid the agony, and he seemed to be faintin'; but in a moment he put his hand in his breast, an' like a wild hyhena he rushed in upon Jim, and clutched him by the head. The villain had armed himself *wid his shoemaker's knife*, in case he should be beaten, an' now he used it. Before Jim could tell what he'd be at, he caught him by the hair wid his right hand, an' wid his left he made a gash across his windpipe, that almost cut his head from his body!

"After this, I can hardly tell ye what happened, for every boy who had a stick wid him took a part in the fight. Pether Sleevin an' I tried to get under one of the caravans, but some ruffian that saw us said we were constables in disguise, an' in a moment a hundred wild savages were down upon us. Pether fought like a gintleman, as he always did; but we wur both beaten senseless, an' the first recollection I had was findin' myself on a low bed in one ov the

public-houses ov the town, wid Pether standin' by me, an' his head patched all over *like an old quilt!* As for me, I didn't know for a day or two whether I had any head at all, for it was jist the size of my body; but by degrees I got round, an' as I got married the next year, the misthress would niver let me go near 'The 'Brook' again; and so, ye see, I've a betther remimbrance ov the fightin' than the fun; though, mind ye, I wo'dn't speak disparagin' ov the fair for all that."

At length, the Lord Mayor of Dublin determined, if possible, to put a stop to this annual celebration of riot, debauchery, and robbery; and on the establishment of the new police, in 1838, the Mayor for that year caused every tent to be closed at dusk, and prohibited the fair continuing more than three days. The consequence was, that it passed off quietly. But the person who received the rent for the show-booths, &c. during the continuance of the amusements, was far from being satisfied with this arrangement, and brought his action against the Mayor for interfering in the manner described. The cause was tried before the Chief Justice, who delivered an excellent charge to the jury, on the necessity of preserving the public peace by limiting the continuance of the disgraceful scene to the shortest possible period, and a verdict was given accordingly. The police, acting on this authority, have since obliged every drinking-booth to be closed at dusk, though they are still allowed to remain on the ground a week. The number is diminishing every year, as the owners do not find it worth their while to visit the place, and the late temperance reformation amongst the poorer classes of Dublin will, no doubt, put them down altogether. Donnybrook Fair is therefore virtually abolished. As we had the opportunity of visiting the place last year, we shall describe briefly what struck us at the time as being worthy of observation. It should be mentioned that the use of "*the crathur*" had not then been publicly renounced by the hundreds of thousands who have since "taken the pledge," and the last glimmerings of the "ould ancient spirit of the fair" were therefore just visible.

Dublin itself did not show any of the symptoms of excitement it once used to exhibit on such occasions. The principal feature was an extra number of conveyances, for while the fair continues there are a great number of cars at different parts of the city, that convey passengers to the scene of amusement for fourpence, or sixpence, according as an arrangement is made with the gentleman who drives the horse, *before* or *after* leaving Dublin. If a bargain is not struck first, he claims sixpence as a matter of course, and the fights (an Irish word for noisy disputes) which occur between him and his fares on many occasions on account of the twopence, are slight memorials of the greater battles of other kinds which formerly took place.

The lower class of people in Dublin ride about a great deal more than the working classes of London, although they are poorer, in consequence of car-hire being so very much less than the cab-fares of London. Half a dozen may go down to Donnybrook for eighteen pence, if they agree with the driver previously. On the Sunday before the fair, which commenced on the Monday, and was allowed to continue during the remainder of the week, we went down to observe the place. On this day, which was called "Walking Sunday," Donnybrook used to be a scene of awful intemperance; but on the

present occasion not a single booth was permitted to be erected, and nothing could be sold on the green. Parties of the police, about twenty in number, paraded the green and town; and a considerable number of mounted patroles were scattered about the place, to be in readiness should any disturbance take place. On Monday, the 26th of August, the fair commenced. On the left-hand side of the green from the town, five small amusement-shows were erected, and on the right about sixty drinking-booths. The latter were ranged side by side, forming a long line. Each of them had its name or sign; and, considering the restrictions imposed on their proprietors, they were substantially built.

The chief attractions of the fair appeared to be provisions for eating and drinking, but the kind of food showed that the taste of the visiters differed in some particulars from the frequenters of the well-known "Bartlemy Fair." There were a few sausages preparing for the lovers of forced-meat, here and there; and the savoury odour they diffused around was very similar to that at "Bartlemy." An epicure might have turned up his nose at their appearance, and hinted that the pieman's observations to Sam Weller were founded on fact; but the purchasers of the dainties appeared determined on enjoying the savoury morsels without unpleasing reflections on their preparation. Bread and cheese were in great request. The poorer classes in Dublin seldom enjoy this luxury; and though it might appear common to a cockney, it was by no means so to the Dubliners. One lady, the proprietor of a table near the entrance to the green, had an ample supply of "real Cheshire," — at least, she called them so; but they looked like large lumps of bees'-wax, and the smaller portions like yellow batter-pudding. Three of the usual size were placed on a low table, and on the top of them the lady was seated, with becoming dignity. A large supply of "pen'oths" were arranged in front of the table. Pigs' trotters appeared to be a drug in the market: being very common in Dublin, they were no luxury; and although the vendors gave a liberal supply of salt to the article, yet many of these stalls, on the fourth day of the fair, diffused a very unpleasant odour, and the price, as well as the quality of the trotters, was evidently on the decline. One or two gentlemen, who paraded the fair with "hot peas," appeared to possess a novel dish, and were honoured with much patronage, although I heard one customer, who had purchased some, remark, "that it wasn't rale butter wid 'em." I did not ascertain whether the peas were green, grey, or split; but, whatever they were, they were certainly a dainty. The chief luxury of the fair every day, except Friday, was "pig's face and *biled greens*." The number of iron pots supported over small turf fires containing these delectable articles were beyond all calculation. On Friday, they gave place to food of a different kind. Nearly all the visiters being Catholics, of course, meat was not eaten on Fridays. In its place there was an ample supply of fish — salt herrings! ling! cockles! all prepared in the first style of art, to gratify the appetites of purchasers. But, notwithstanding the large supply of these, and similar dainties, some of the usual eatables of a fair were wanting. There was not one gingerbread-stall; nor a spice-nut in the whole place! The only approach to these usual fairings were a few pennyworths of children's "eight a penny;" little bits of gingerbread-pastry, that

are unsavoury in all mouths excepting those of school-boys. Pastry is the rarest thing in Dublin excepting in the shops of pastrycooks. You may dine at a gentleman's table for six months, and not taste a pudding. This national peculiarity, for such it really is, may account for the deficiency of sweet things at the fair. The frequenters of it looked only for the more substantial kind of food. Indeed, many circumstances showed that the fair was more a country feast than a city entertainment. There was not a toy in the place, but what might have been purchased for a few pence. Fancy stalls there were none. A few tables, and table-cloths spread on the grass, covered with penny dolls and whistles, constituted the toys of the fair. We were told that in former days, Donnybrook, like other fairs, had a good supply of the usual fairings; but, on the occasion now described, the only temptation for purchasers were the savoury provisions and the whisky.

The drinking booths, as just mentioned, were pretty numerous, and the frontage certainly had an imposing appearance. During the day, a few planks, or a room door, taken from some apartment in "the Liberty," was placed before the entrance to each tent, and on these, during the whole day, ladies and gentlemen experienced in the difficult steps which constitute the Irish jig might be seen dancing, with a vigour which showed that the strains of the miserable fiddler were dulcet sounds to them. In front of these tents groups might be seen, which, if Wilkie could have transferred to canvass, would have excited the admiration of all lovers of the picturesque. The boys with their shillelahs, the girls with their gowns pinned up behind them, dancing "for the life;"—the old men and women looking on with admiration at the *double shuffle*, and the *toe and heel;* the "My! my!" and "see *that* now!" as strongly expressed in their features as if the words were printed on their faces. Altogether, the groups exhibited a picture of Irish life which it was really worth a visit to Ireland to see. At six o'clock all this, most judiciously, was stopped. Before it was dusk, the Lord Mayor, accompanied by a strong body of police, entered the fair. They proceeded to each drinking-booth in succession, causing their inmates to come forth. A policeman was then placed at the entrance, and another at *the rear;* their duty was to prevent any one entering the tent. In this way, every drinking-booth was emptied and guarded; not a drop of spirits was sold in the fair after six o'clock; the consequence was, the drunken men were taken home in good time; and the ruffians who used to carry on their depredations under cover of the night were prevented from exercising their vocation.

The amusement-booths continued open till ten o'clock. They were few in number; and all of fourth-rate character, presuming that to be the last degree of comparison capable of being applied to such exhibitions. One show, "Batty's wild beasts," ranked a little higher. It was a collection of a few animals, confined in small dens, which few could feel an interest in seeing, when they could visit the very interesting collection of animals, &c. at the Zoological Gardens in the Phœnix Park for threepence. One show was that of a pugilist. The proprietor pretended that he was an Englishman; but the brogue told he was from "Cork." The idea of seeing English boxers, however, attracted a good audience; the best part of the "sparring," however, took place outside. At another show, four

"dramatic entertainments," as the man called them, were to be seen for two-pence; so we went in. It was wretchedly fitted up. The company were strolling-players from the south; and their appearance showed how miserably they were encouraged in the country parts. Previously to the performances commencing, one of the audience, a gentleman in liquor, clambered up on the stage, and favoured the company with a jig, whistling the tune for himself. After the first piece —an incomprehensible rhyming tragedy,—a lady in dirty white trowsers came on to dance; but the gentleman before-mentioned, saying, "Blur and 'oun's! he wouldn't see a lady dancing alone at all," again mounted the stage from the pit. On this, the proprietor of the show also jumped up, and the lady retiring, a battle-royal ensued, to the great delight of the spectators, who evinced their satisfaction by frightful shrieks and howling. Victory remained for some time undecided; but, at last, the tipsy gentleman, making a false step from the stage into the pit, drew his antagonist down with him, in consequence of having hold of him by his hair. When they once got to the pit, of course, the spectators took a part in the "skrimmage;" and, finding the fight becoming general, we thought it advisable to make our escape, along with a few of the young ladies present, who had not the courage to stop and encourage the combatants from the raised steps called the gallery, as many did, with a most terrible screeching. Amongst all this, however, there was an evidence of the march of science. A showman, with a steam-engine, drew as many spectators as the prize-fighters; and the exhibition was very good for the fair. The only other show was a pictorial representation of "*say* ingagements," and "the battle of Waterloo." Such an admixture of soldiers and sailors fighting together was never seen before. The old joke was really verified: "Look to the right, and there you see Napoleon Bonapar*tee* leading the French army. Look to the left, and there you see the Marquis Wellesley beating him from the field." — "Which is Napoleon Bonapartee, sir? and which is Marquis Wellesley?" — "Whichever you please, my little dears; only don't breathe on the spy-glasses."

This was Donnybrook Fair! At one or two whisky shops in the town and on the road there was a little dancing; but the excellent arrangements of the Lord Mayor for preventing riot and disorder had been made with so much prudence, that there was not the slightest tumult or confusion. We only met three drunken men on the road after eight o'clock.

The following is a portion of the celebrated Irish song, noted for its method of tracing a pedigree, as well as its description of the humours of Donnybrook Fair. It is called

THE DONNYBROOK JIG.

Oh! 'twas Dermot O'Nolan M'Figg,
That could properly handle a twig,
He wint to the fair, and kicked up a dust there,
In dancing a Donnybrook jig—with his twig.
Oh! my blessing to Dermot M'Figg.

Whin he came to the midst of the fair,
He was all in a paugh for fresh air,
For the fair very soon, was as full—as the moon,
Such mobs upon mobs as were there, oh rare!
So more luck to sweet Donnybrook Fair.

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
In search of his sweetheart he went,
  Peep'd in here and there, as he walked through the fair,
And took a small drop in each tent—as he went,—
Oh! on whisky and love he was bent.

And who should he spy in a jig,
With a meal-man so tall and so big,
  But his own darling Kate, so gay and so nate?
'Faith! her partner he hit him a dig—the pig,
He beat the meal out of his wig.

The piper, to keep him in tune,
Struck up a gay lilt very soon;
  Until an arch wag cut a hole in the bag,
And at once put an end to the tune—too soon—
Och! the music flew up to the moon.

The meal-man he looked very shy,
While a great big tear stood in his eye,
  He cried, "Lord, how I'm kilt, all alone for that jilt;
With her may the devil fly high in the sky,
For I'm murdered, and don't know for why."

"Oh!" says Dermot, and he in the dance,
Whilst a step to'ards his foe did advance,
  "By the Father of Men, say but that word again,
And I 'll soon knock you back in a trance—to your dance,
For with me you'd have but small chance."

"But," says Kitty, the darlint, says she,
"If you'll only just listen to me,
  It's myself that will show that he can't be your foe,
Though he fought for his cousin—that's me," says she,
"For sure Billy's related to me.

"For my own cousin-jarmin, Anne Wild,
Stood for Biddy Mulroony's first child;
  And Biddy's step-son, sure he married Bess Dunn,
Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild a child
As ever at mother's breast smiled.

"And may be you don't know Jane Brown,
Who served goat's-whey in Dundrum's sweet town?
  'Twas her uncle's half-brother, who married my mother,
And bought me this new yellow gown, to go down
When the marriage was held in Milltown."

"By the powers, then," says Dermot, "'tis plain,
Like the son of that rapscallion Cain,
  My best friend I have kilt, though no blood is spilt,
But the devil a harm did I mane—that's plain;
And by me he'll be ne'er kilt again."

DILLON.

Merrie England in the olden Time;

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXV.

"In the year 1776," continued the Laureat, "*Mr. Philip Astley*[1] transferred his equestrian troop to the 'Rounds.' To him succeeded *Saunders*,[2] who brought forward into the 'circle' that 'wonderful child of promise,' his *son*, accompanied by *the tailor riding to Brentford!* To thee, *Billy Button!* and thy '*Buffo Caricatto*,' *Thompson*, the tumbler, we owe some of the heartiest laughs of our youthful days. Ods 'wriggling, giggling, gallopping, galloway,' we have made merry in St. Bartlemy!"

There were grand doings at the fair in 1786, 87 and 88. *Palmer*, "at the Greyhound," placarded Harlequin Proteus, and the Tailor done over. At the George Inn, *Mr. Flockton* exhibited the Italian Fantoccini, and the Tinker in a bustle. *Mr. Jobson*[3] put his puppets in motion; *Mrs. Garman's* caravan, with the classical motto, *Hoc tempus et non aliter*, advertised vaulting by the juvenile imp. "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen," cried *Mr. Smith*, near the Swan Livery Stables; "and be enchanted among the rocks, fountains, and waterfalls of art!" *Patrick O'Brien* (o'ertopping *Henry Blacker*,[4] the seven feet four inches giant of 1761,) arrived in his tea-kettle. A *goose*, instructed by a *poll parrot*, sang several popular songs. Three *turkeys* danced cotillons and minuets. The military *ox* went through his manual exercise; and the *monkey* taught the *cow* her horn-book. *Ives's* company of comedians played "The Wife well managed," to twenty-eight different audiences in one day! The *automaton Lady*; the *infant musical phenomenon without arms*, and another *phenomenon*, equally infantine and musical, *without legs*; a *three-legged heifer*, with four nostrils; a *hen web-footed*, and a *duck* with a *cock's* head, put forth their several attractions. *Messrs. White*, at the Lock and Key, sold capital *punch*; *savoury sausages* (out-frying every other

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[1] In the early part of his career Mr. Astley paraded the streets of London, and dealt out his hand-bills to the *servants* and *apprentices* whom his *trumpet* and *drum* attracted to the doors as he passed along.

[2] "Master Saunders, only seven years old, jumps through a hoop, and brings it over his head, and dances a hornpipe on the saddle, his horse going three-quarters speed round the circle! The Tailor riding to Brentford, by Mr. Belcher. — Bartholomew Fair, 1796."

[3] *Mr. Jobson* added the following verses to his bill:

"Prithee come, my lads and lasses,
Jobson's oddities let 's see;
Where there 's mirth and smiling faces,
And good store of fun and glee!
Pleasant lads and pretty lasses,
All to *Jobson's* haste away;
Point your toes, and brim your glasses!
And enjoy a cheerful day."

[4] "*Mr. O'Brien* measures eight feet four inches in height, but lives in hopes of attaining nine feet," the family altitude!

fry in the fair,) fizzed at "the *Grunter's Ordinary* or *Relish-Warehouse*, in Hosier Lane;" and Pie-Corner rang with the screeching drollery of *Mr. Mountebank Merry Andrew Macphinondraughanarmonbolinbrough!* The "wonderful antipodean," *Sieur Sanches*, who walked against the ceiling with his head downwards, and a flag in his hand; *Louis Porte*[1] ("Hercule du Roi!") a French equilibrist; *Pietro Bologna*, a dancer on the slack-wire; *Signor Placida* ("the Little Devil!"); "*La Belle Espagnole*" (on the tight-rope); the "real wild man of the woods;"[2] the dancing-dogs of *Sieur Scaglioni*;[3] *General Jacko*,[4] and *Pidcock's*[5] menagerie, (to which succeeded those of *Polito* and *Wombwell*,) one and all drove a roaring trade at Bartholomew Fair.

Of the modern minstrelsy of the "Rounds," the lyrics of *Mr. Johannot, Joe Grimaldi*, and the very merry hey down derry, "*Neighbour Prig*" song of *Charles Mathews*,[6] are amusing specimens.

We chronicle not the gods, emperors, dark bottle-green demons, and indigo-blue nondescripts that have *since* strutted their hour upon the boards of "Richardson's Grand Theatrical Booth."[7] They, like every dog, have had their day; and comical dogs were most of them!

What more than a hasty glance can we afford the *Wild Indian*

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[1] *Louis Porte* was an inoffensive giant. Not so our *English* monsters. On the 10th of Sept. 1787, a *Bartlemy Fair Giant* was brought before Sir William Plomer at Guildhall, for knocking out two of his manager's fore-teeth, for which the magistrate fined him two guineas per tooth! In March 1841, a *giantess*, six feet nine inches high, from Modern Athens and Bartholomew Fair, killed her husband in a booth at Glasgow; and in the same year, at Barnard-Castle Easter Fair, a *giant* stole a change of linen from a hedge, for which he was sent to prison for three months.

On the 26th May, 1555, (see Strype's Memorials,) there was a May-game at St. Martin's in the Fields, with *giants* and hobby-horses, drums, guns, morris-dancers, and minstrels.

[2] "This *Ethiopian savage* has a black face, with a large white circle round it. He sits in a chair in a very pleasing and majestic attitude; eats his food like a Christian, and is extremely affable and polite."

[3] These dogs danced an allemand, mimicked a lady spinning, and a deserter going to execution, attended by a chaplain (a dressed-up puppy!) in canonicals.

[4] "June 17, 1785, at Astley's, *General Jacko* performs the broad-sword exercise; dances on the tight-rope; balances a pyramid of lights; and lights his master home with a link." In the following September the General opened his campaign at *Bartholomew Fair*.

[5] "Were you to range the mighty globe all o'er,
From east to west, from north to southern shore;
Under the line of torrid zone to go,—
No desarts, woods, groves, mountains, more can shew
To you, than *Pidcock* in his forest small—
Here, at one view, you have a sight of all."

[6] My last visit to *Mr. Mathews* at Kentish Town was in March, 1833. "'Tis agony point with me just now," he writes. "I have been scribbling from morning till night for three weeks. I am hurried with my *entertainment*: my fingers are cramped with writing; and on my return, I find *twenty-five letters*, at least, to answer. I shall be at home Tuesday and Wednesday; can you come up? Do. Very sincerely yours, *in a gallop!* CHARLES MATHEWS.—P.S. It will be your *last chance* of seeing my gallery *here*." I accepted the invitation, and spent a delightful day.

[7] In Sept. 1806, *Mr. and Mrs. Carey* (the reputed father and mother of *Edmund Kean*, the tragedian,) played at Richardson's Theatre, *Bartholomew Fair*, the *Baron Montaldi* and his *daughter*, in a gallimaufry of love, murder, brimstone, and blue fire, called "*The Monk and Murderer, or the Skeleton Spectre!!*"

Warriors; the *Enchanted Skeleton*; *Comical Joe* on his Piggy-Wiggy; the *Canadian Giantess*; *Toby*, the sapient pig; the learned *goose*;[1] Doncaster *Dick*; the great *Mr. Paap*,[2] *Sieur Borawliski*, *Thomas Allen*, and *Lady Morgan* the little; the *wonderful child* (in spirits) with two heads, three legs, and four arms ("no *white leather!* but all *real flesh*,"); the *Bonassus*, "whose fascinating powers are most wonderful;" the *Chinese Swinish Philosopher* (a rival of *Toby!*); *Mrs. Samwell's* voltigeurs on the slack-wire, and Tyrolesian stilts; the *Spotted Negro Boy*; *Hokee Pokee*; the *learned dog*, near-sighted, and in spectacles; the *Red Barn Tragedy*, and *Corder's*[3] execution "done to the *life!*" the *Indian Jugglers*; the *Reform Banquet*; *Mr. Haynes*, the fire-eater;[4] the *Chinese Conjuror*, who swallows fifty needles, which, after remaining some time in his throat, are pulled out threaded; the chattering, locomotive, laughing, lissom, light-heeled *Flying Pieman*; and the diverting humours of Richardson's clown, *Rumfungus Hookumsnookumwalkrisky?* This ark of oddities[5] must—

"Come like shadows, so depart."

MR. TITLEPAGE. With a little love, murder, larceny, and lunacy, Mr. Bosky, your monsters with two heads would cut capital figures on double crown!

MR. CRAMBO. If *I* had their drilling and dovetailing, a pretty episode should they make to my forthcoming historical romance of *Mother Brownrigg!* I've always a brace of plots at work, an upper

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[1] "It tells the time of day; the day of the month; the month of the year; takes a hand at whist; and (O the profundity of this goose's intellects!) counts the number of ladies and gentlemen in the room."

[2] *Mr. Simon Paap* was the most diminutive of dwarfs, not excepting *Jeffrey Hudson*, and the "*Little Welchman*," who, in 1752, advertised his thirty inches at sixpence a-head. *Simon* measured but twenty-eight inches, and weighed only twenty-seven pounds. *Count Borawliski* was three feet three inches high; so was *Thomas Allen*. *Lady Morgan*, the "*Windsor Fairy*," was a yard high. Her *Ladyship* and *Allen* were thus be-rhymed by some Bartlemy Fair bard:—

"The *lady* like a fairy queen,
 The *gentleman* of equal stature;
O how curious these dear creatures!
Little bodies! little features!
Hands, feet, and all alike so small,
 How wondrous are the works of nature!"

[3] A *countryman* from Hertford, being in the gallery of Covent Garden Theatre, at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and hearing *Duncan* demand of *Malcolm*,

"Is execution done on *Cawdor?*"

exclaimed, "Yes, your honour! he was *hanged* this morning."

[4] June 7, 1826, at the *White Conduit House*, Islington, *Mons. Chabert*, after a luncheon of phosphorus, arsenic, oxalic acid, boiling oil, and molten lead, walked into a hot oven, preceded by a leg of lamb and a rumpsteak. On the two last, when properly baked, the spectators dined with him. An ordinary most extraordinary! Some wags insinuated that, if the *Salamander* was not "*done brown*," his *gulls* were!

[5] The following account of Bartlemy Fair *receipts*, in 1828, may be relied on:— *Wombwell's Menagerie*, 1700*l.*; *Atkins' ditto*, 1000*l.*; and *Richardson's Theatre*, 1200*l.*; the price of admission to each being *sixpence*. *Morgan's Menagerie*, 150*l.*, admission *threepence*. *Balls*, 80*l.*; *Ballard*, 89*l.*; *Keyes*, 20*l.*; *Frazer*, 26*l.*; *Pike*, 40*l.*; *Pig-faced Lady*, 150*l.*; *Corder's Head*, 100*l.*; *Chinese Jugglers*, 50*l.*; *Fat Boy and Girl*, 140*l.*; *Salamander*, 30*l.*; *Diorama Navarin*, 60*l.*; *Scotch Giant*, 20*l.* The admission to the last twelve shows varied from twopence to one halfpenny.

and an under one, like two men at a saw-pit! Indeed, so horribly puzzled was I how to get decently over the *starvation* part of my story, till I hit upon the notable expedient of joining Mrs. B. in holy matrimony to a *New Poor Law Commissioner*, that it was a toss-up whether I hanged *myself* or my *heroine!* *That* union happily solemnised, and a few liberal drafts upon *Philosophical Necessity*, by way of floating capital, my plots, like Johnny Gilpin's wine-bottles, hung on each side of my Pegasus, and preserved my equipoise as I galloped over the course! By suspending the good lady's suspension till the end of vol. three (I don't cut her down to a single one), the interest is never suffered to drop till it reaches the *New* one. Or, as I 'm *doing* the *Newgate Calendar*, (I like to have two strings to my bow!) what say you, gents? if, in my fashionable novel of *Miss Blandy* (the Oxford lass, who popped off in her pumps for dosing—"*poison in jest!*"—her doting old dad), St. Bartlemy and his conjurors were made to play first fiddle! D' ye think, friend Merripall, you could rake me up from your rarities a sketch of *Mother Brownrigg* coercing her apprentices? (*There* I am fearfully graphic! You may count every string in the lash, and every knot in the string!) A print of her execution? (*There* I melt Jack Ketch, and dissolve the turnkeys. Or, an inch of the identical twine (duly attested by the *Ordinary!*) that compressed the jugular of *Miss Mary?*"

Mr. Merripall. I promise you all three, Mr. Crambo. Let the flogging and the finishing scene be engraved in mezzotinto, and the rope in line.

Uncle Timothy. Many years since I accompanied my old friend, *Charles Lamb*, to Bartholomew Fair. It was his pet notion to explore the droll-booths; perchance to regale in the "pens:" indeed, had *roast pig* ("a Chinese and a female," dredged at the critical moment, and done till it crackled delicately,) continued one of its tit-bits, he had bargained for an ear! "In spirit a lion, in figure a lamb," the game of jostling went on merrily; and when the nimble fingers of a *chevalier d'industrie* found their way into his pocket, he remarked that the poor rogue only wanted "*change!*" As little heeded he the penny rattles scraped down his back, and their frightful harmony dinned in his ears. Of a black magician, who was marvellously adroit with his daggers and gilt balls, he said, "That fellow is not only a *Negro man, sir*, but a *necromancer!*" He introduced himself to *Saunders*, whose fiery visage and scarlet surtout looked like Monmouth Street in a blaze! and the showman suspended a threatened blast from his speaking-trumpet to bid him welcome. A painted show-cloth announced in colossal capitals that a two-headed cow was to be seen at sixpence a head. *Elia* inquired if it meant at per *our* heads or the *cow's?* On another was chalked, "*Ladies and gentlemen*, two-pence; *servants*, one penny." *Elia* subscribed us the exhibitor's "most obedient *servants*," posted our plebeian pence, and passed in. We peeped into the puppet-shows; paid our respects to the wild animals; visited Gyngell and Richardson; patronised ("nobly daring!") a puff of the Flying Pieman's; and, such was his wild humour, all but ventured into a swing! This was a perilous joke! His fragile form canted out, and his neck broken! Then the unclassical evidence of the Bartlemy Fair folk at the "Crowner's 'quest." What a serio-comic chapter for a posthumous edition of *Elia's Last Essays!* Three *little sweeps* luxuriating over a dish of

fried sausages caught his eye. *This* time he *would* have his way! We entered the "*parlour*," and on a dingy table-cloth, embroidered with mustard and gravy, were quickly spread before us, "hissing hot," some of "the best in the fair." His olfactory organs hinted that the "*odeur des graillons*" which invaded them was not that of *Monsieur Ude*, still he inhaled it heroically, observing that, not to argue *dog*-matically, yet *cat*-egorically speaking, it reminded him of *cur*-ry. "Lunch time with us," quoth *Elia*, "is past, and dinner-time not yet come," and he passed over the steaming dish to our companions at the *table d'hôte*, with a kind welcome, and a winning smile. They stared, grinned, and all three fell to. We left them to their enjoyments; but not before *Elia* had slipped a silver piece into their little ebony palms. A copious libation to "*rare Ben Jonson*" concluded the day's sports. I never beheld him happier, more full of antique reminiscences, and gracious humanity.

"The peace of heaven,
The fellowship of all good souls go with him!"

Uncle Timothy rose to retire.

"One moment, sir," said the Laureat; "we have not yet had Mr. Bumgarten's song."

"My *singing* days, Cousin Bosky, are over," replied the ill-matched hubby of the "*Hollyhock*;" "but, if it please the company, I will tell them a *tale*."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. Merripall, having gathered that the tale was of a ghostly character, would not suffer the candles to be snuffed, but requested his mutes to sprinkle over them a pinch or two of salt, that they might burn appropriately blue. He would have given his gold repeater for a death-watch; and when a coffin bounced out to him from the fire (howbeit it might be carrying coals to Newcastle!) he hailed it as a pleasant omen. Messrs. Hatband and Stiflegig, catching the jocular infection, brightened up amazingly.

Three Churches all of a row.

Fytte I.

If you journey westward—ho,
Three churches all of a row,
Ever since the days of the Friars,
Have lifted to Heaven their ancient spires.
The bells of the third are heard to toll—
For *Pauper*, *Dives*?
Pastor, *Cives*?
For a rich or a poor man's soul?

Winding round the sandy mound
Coaches and four, feathers and pall,
Startle the simple villagers all!
Sable mutes, death's recruits!
Marshall the hearse to the holy ground.
Eight stout men the coffin bear—
What a creak is here! what a groan is there!
As the marching corps toil through the church door—
For the rich dead must be buried in lead;
Their pamper'd forms are too good for the worms!
They cheat in dust, as they cheated before.

Mumbles the parson, and mumbles the clerk,
Prayer, response,
All for the nonce!
Who shall shrive the soul of a shark?

Slides the coffin deep in the ground;
Earth knocks the lid with a hollow sound!
It lies in state, and the silver'd plate
Glares in the ghastly sepulchre round!
Death has his dole!
At last, at last the body's nail'd fast!
But who has the soul?

See a mourner slowly retire,
With a conscience ill at ease
For opening graves and burial fees,
He hath yet to pay his debt,—
Tho' Heaven delays, can Heaven forget?
Forget? As soon as the sun at noon,
That gilds yon spire,
Shall cease to roll—or that mourner's soul
Itself expire!

Fytte II.

Swift the arrow, eagle's flight,
Thought, sensation, sound, and light!
But swift indeed is the spirit's speed
To the glory of day, or the darkness of night!

Who knocks at the brazen gate? A fare
By the ferryman row'd to the gulf of despair!

With hissing snakes twisted into a thong,
("I drove you on earth, I drive you below,
Gee up! gee up! old Judas, gee ho!")
A furious crone whipp'd a spirit along!—
Her blood-shot sight
Caught the ferryman's sprite;
"Welcome! welcome!" she shriek'd with delight,—
"Thy father is *here* for his gifts to me,
And here am I, his torment to be"—
(And the cruel crone
Lash'd out a groan!
A deep-drawn breath
From the ribs of death,
Where the undying worm gnaw'd the marrowless bone!)
"For what I have given thy brethren and thee!
Gold was to keep up our *family name*."

SPIRIT. A penny-wise fame!
It *has* kept it up! for 'tis written in shame
On earth: and, behold! in that bright shining flame!'

OLD MAN. Death so soon to knock at thy door!
And send thee hither at forty and four.

SPIRIT. My sire! my sire! unholy desire,
The hypocrite's guile,
Mask'd under a smile!
And avarice made me a pillow of fire
The ill-gotten purse has carried its curse——

OLD MAN. Hath *Jacob* done better?

SPIRIT. Nor better nor worse!
Losses and crosses, and sorrow and care
Have furrowed his cheeks and whitened his hair.

Betray'd in turn by the heart he betray'd,
Exalting his horn
To the finger of scorn,
He lies in the bed that his meanness has made.

OLD MAN. } CRONE. } Our gold! our gold! ten thousand times told!
Thus to fly from the family fold.

SPIRIT. Father! mother! my spirit is wrung:
Water! water! for parch'd is my tongue.
Is this fiery lake ne'er to be cross'd?
Are those wild sounds the shrieks of the lost?
And that stern angel sitting alone,
Lucifer crown'd, on his burning throne?

OLD MAN. But how fares *Jonathan*, modest and meek?
My *Meeting-House* walking-stick thrice in the week!
Ere wife and cough
Carried me off,—
Instead of heathenish Latin and Greek,
I early taught him my maxims true,—
Do unto all as you 'd have others do
To yourself, good *Jonathan?* *Certainly not!*
But learning never will boil the pot;—
A penny sav'd is a penny got;—
A groat per year is per day a pin;—
Let those (the lucky ones!) laugh that win;—
Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you!
Grasps his clutch little or much?
Has his good round sum roll'd into a plum?
A voice spake in thunder—"*His time is not come!*"

Fytte III.

There is an eye that compasses all,
Good and ill in this earthly ball;
That pierces the dunnest, loneliest cell,
Where wickedness hides, and marks it well!
Years have wheeled their circles round,
And the ancient sexton re-opens the ground;
A weary man at the end of his span,—
Again the bell tolls a funeral sound,
And the nodding plumes pass down the hill,—
'Tis the time of the year when the buds appear,
And the blackbird pipes his music shrill;
On the breeze there is balm, and a holy calm,
Whispers the troubled heart, "Be still!"

Ah! how chang'd since we saw him last,
That mourner of twenty long winters past!
He halts and bends as he slowly wends—
Bereft! bereft! what hath he done?
That death should smite his only son!

Fix'd to the sod,
Bitter tears his cheeks bedew;
His broken heart is buried too!
With gentle hand, and accents bland,
The man of God
Leads him forth—'tis silence deep,—
And fathers, mothers, children weep.

Fytte IV.

For what man gives the world, he learns
Too late, how little it returns!

Nor counts he, till the funeral pall
Has made a shipwreck of his all,
His pleasures, pains; his losses, gains;
And finds that, bankrupt! naught remains.
In the watches of the night
E'en our very thoughts affright—
And see! before the mourner's sight
  A dark and shadowy form appears;
  Hark! a voice salutes his ears,
  "Hush thy sorrow, dry thy tears!
Father! 'twas to save thy son
  From av'rice, cunning, passion, pride,
  That he hath left the path untried,
The crooked path that worldlings run,
  And, happy spirit! early died.
If thou couldst know who dwell below
In deep unutterable woe;
Or wing with me thy journey far
Above, where shines the morning star;
And hear the bright angelic choirs
  (Casting their crowns before His feet,)
  In choral hymns His praise repeat,
And strike their golden lyres—
Another sun would never rise,
  And gild the azure vault of heaven,
Ere thy petition reach'd the skies
  To be forgiven."

Was it a dream?—The mournful man
Next morn his alter'd course began.
To his kindred he restor'd
What unjustly swell'd his hoard.
With a meek, contented mind,
He liv'd in peace with all mankind;
And thus would gratefully prolong
To heaven his morn and evening song;—
I have no time to *pray*, to plead
For all the blessings that I need;
For what *I have*, a patriarch's days
Would only give me time to *praise!*—
He died in hope. Yon narrow cell
Guards his sleeping ashes well.
The rest can holy angels tell! . . . .

"This will I carry with me to my pillow," said Uncle Timothy. "My friends, good night."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CHUBBY young gentleman, a "little *Jack Horner* eating his Christmas pie," abutting from "*The Fortune of War*," at Pie-Corner, marks the memorable spot where the Great Fire of London concluded its ravages. The sin of *gluttony*,[1] to which, in the original

[1] "There was excessive spending of *venison*, as well as other victuals, in the *halls*. Nay, and a great consumption of *venison* there was frequently at *taverns* and *cooks' shops*, insomuch that the *Court* was much offended with it. Whereupon, anno 1573, that the *City* might not continue to give the *Queen and nobility* offence, the Lord Mayor, Sir Lionel Ducket, and Aldermen, had by act of Common Council

inscription (now effaced,) the fire was attributed, is still rife; a considerable trade in eatables and drinkables being driven, and corks innumerable drawn, in defiance, under the chubby young gentleman's bottle nose. A Bartlemy Fair shower of rain overtook us while we were contemplating the dilapidated mansion of the *Cock Lane Ghost;* and, as it never rains in Bartlemy Fair, but it pours, we scudded along to the parlour of *The Fortune of War,* as our nearest shelter; where we beheld Mr. Bosky, though he beheld not us, bombarding his little body with cutlets and bottled beer, in company with a tragedy queen; a motion-master; and a brace of conjurors, Mr. Rumfiz and Mr. Glumfiz. Mr. Rumfiz was a merry fellow, who had fattened on blue fire, which he hung out for a sign upon his torrid nose; with Mr. Glumfiz dolor seemed to wait on drinking, and melancholy on mastication; for he looked as if he had been regaling on fish-hooks and castor-oil, instead of Mr. Bosky's bountiful cheer.

"'Tis hard to bid good-b'ye to an old friend that we may never see again! Heigho! I'm sorry and sick; as cross and as queer as the hatband of Dick! Good-b'ye to St. Bartholomew."

This was sighed forth by the lean conjuror, who, as he emitted a cloud of tobacco-smoke, seemed ready to pipe his eye, and responded to by the tragedy queen with a look of unutterable woe.

"Bah!" chuckled the corpulent conjuror, "*à bas* the blue devils! If ruin must come, good luck send that it may be blue. Though poor in purse, let me be rich in nose! Saint Bartlemy in a consumption—ha! ha! Pinched for standing-room, the comical old grig laughs and lies down! and, so droll he looks in dissolution, that I must have my lark out, though one of his boa-constrictors should threaten to suck me down in a lump. He dies full of years and fun, the patriarch of posture-masters and puppet-showmen! Merry be his memory! and Scaramouches eternal caper round his sarcophagus! Shall we cry him a canting canticle? Rather let us chant a rattling roundelay!"

Major Domo 's a comical homo!
Sic transit gloria mundi;
Highty-tighty! frolicksome flighty!
Soon will *Bartlemy Fair* and fun die.

Coat of *motley, cap* and *bells,*
O'er his bier shall dolefully jingle;
Conjurors all shall bear his pall,
And *mountebanks* follow it, married and single.

Giants, dwarfs in sable scarfs,
Merry mourners! will not tarry one;
Humps, bumps shall stir their stumps!
And *toes of timber* dot and carry one!

Harlequin droll the bell shall toll,
Mister Punch shall shrive and bury him;
Tumblers grin while they shovel him in,
And Charon send *Joe Grim* to ferry him!

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forbidden such feasts hereafter to be made; and restrained the same only to necessary meetings, in which, also, *no venison* (!!) was permitted."—Stow.

Venison was also prohibited in the *taverns and cooks' shops.* Our modern civic *gourmands* and *gourmets,* wiser grown! have propitiated the *Court* by occasional invitations to take part in their gluttony.

B'ye, b'ye! we all must die;
Ev'ry day with death 's a dun day;
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday, Sunday!

Nothing could resist the hilarity of Mr. Rumfiz. The tragedy queen gave a lop-sided smile from under the ruins of a straw-bonnet; the motion-master grinned approbation; Mr. Rumfiz was tumultuously tickled. At this moment an infantine tumbler, dressed in a tinselled scarlet jacket, dirty-white muslin-fringed trousers, and yellow leather pumps, made a professional entry on his head and hands, to summon the two conjurors from their cups to their balls.

"Keep the blue fire hot till I come, Mr. Glumfiz!" said the Laureat.

"It won't cool," replied the lean conjuror.

The tragedy queen now received a call from Cardinal Wolsey, to relieve Miss Narcissa Nimblepins on the Pandean pipes and double drum. The little Melpomene assured Mr. Bosky of her high consideration, and, leaning on the mountebank messenger's arm, bobbed and backed out of the parlour very gracefully. But the motion-master would have been immovable, had not his tawdry better-half, who had nothing of a piece but her tongue, hurried in with the news that their stage-manager, having spitefully cut the wires, puppets and trade were at a stand-still.

The Laureat being left solus, exhibited a disposition to compose himself over a cigar, an indulgence at which his eyes sympathetically winked. Should we draw aside the curtain between his box and ours?

A note from Mr. Bosky's nose
Seem'd to say,
"Away! away!
Leave me, leave me to repose!"

Our glasses were empty, and the fair was filling; so we took the hint and our hats, and were soon among the lions.

THE ENTHUSIAST AT THE PYRAMIDS.

In this vast chamber of the kingly dead,
Where Mystery shudders, and where Silence broods,
Where Fancy scarce with drooping wing intrudes,
I would to thought resign my throbbing head.
But ah! what means that echo? 'Tis the tread
Of steps contiguous. What! a stranger here!
Hail! visitant of this dim scene; draw near,
And o'er its waste the glimmer let us shed
Of mutual mind. Let us awhile discourse
Of those weird fames that cause the soul to start,
Semiramis, Sesostris, and the force
Of haughty Nimrod. Tell me whence thou art,
And by what name thy presence I may greet.
"Sir! my name 's Vite, and I 'm from Tooley Street."

G. D.

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

With a moody air, from morn till noon,
King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon;
From morn till eve
He does nothing but grieve;
Sighings and sobbings his midriff heave,
And he wipes his eyes with his ermined sleeve,
And he presses his feverish hand to his brow,
And he frowns, and he looks I can't tell you how;
And the Spanish Grandees,
In their degrees,
Are whispering about in twos and in threes,
And there is not a man of them seems at his ease,
But they gaze on the monarch, as watching what he does,
With their very long whiskers, and longer Toledos.
Don Gaspar, Don Gusman, Don Juan, Don Diego,
Don Gomez, Don Pedro, Don Blas, Don Rodrigo,
Don Jerome, Don Giacomo join Don Alphonso
In making inquiries
Of grave Don Ramirez,
The Chamberlain, what it is makes him take on so
A Monarch so great that the soundest opinions
Maintain the sun can't set throughout his dominions;
But grave Don Ramirez
In guessing no nigher is
Than the other grave Dons who propound these inquiries;
When, pausing at length, as beginning to tire, his
Majesty beckons, with stately civility,
To Señor Don Lewis
Condé d'Aranjuez,
Who in birth, wealth, and consequence second to few is,
And Señor Don Manuel, Count de Pacheco,
A lineal descendant from King Pharoah Neco,
Both Knights of the Golden Fleece, highborn Hidalgos,
With whom e'en the King himself quite as a "pal" goes.

"Don Lewis," says he,
"Just listen to me;
And you, Count Pacheco,—I think that we three
On matters of state, for the most part agree,—
Now you both of you know
That some six years ago,
Being then, for a King, no indifferent Beau,

At the altar I took, like my forebears of old,
The Peninsula's paragon,
Fair Blanche of Aragon,
For better, for worse, and to have and to hold—
And you 're fully aware,
When the matter took air,
How they shouted, and fired the great guns in the Square,
And cried '*Viva!*' and rung all the bells in the steeple,
And all that sort of thing
The mob do when a King
Brings a Queen Consort home for the good of his people.

"Well!—six years and a day
Have flitted away
Since that blessed event, yet I 'm sorry to say—
In fact it 's the principal cause of my pain—
I don't see any signs of an Infant of Spain!—
Now I want to ask you,
Cavaliers true,
And Counsellors sage,—what the deuce shall I do?—
The State—don't you see?—hey?—an heir to the throne—
Every monarch—you know—should have one of his own—
Disputed succession—hey?—terrible Go!—
Hum!—hey?—Old fellows!—you see!—don't you know?"—

Now Reader, dear,
If you've ever been near
Enough to a Court to encounter a Peer
When his principal tenant 's gone off in arrear,
And his brewer has sent in a long bill for beer,
And his butcher and baker, with faces austere,
Ask him to clear
Off, for furnish'd good cheer,
Bills, they say, "have been standing for more than a year,"
And the tailor and shoemaker also appear
With their "little account"
Of "trifling amount,"
For Wellingtons, waistcoats, pea-jackets, and—gear
Which to name in society 's thought rather queer,—
While Drummond's chief clerk, with his pen in his ear,
With a kind of a sneer, says, "We 've no effects here!"
—Or if ever you 've seen
An Alderman, keen
After turtle, peep into the silver tureen,
In search of the fat call'd *par excellence* "green,"
When there 's none of the meat left—not even the lean!—
—Or if ever you 've witness'd the face of a sailor
Return'd from a voyage, and escaped from a gale, or
Poeticé "Boreas," that "blustering railer,"
To find that his wife, when he hastens to "hail" her,
Has just run away with his cash—and a tailor,—

If one of these cases you 've ever survey'd,
You 'll, without my aid,
To yourself have portray'd,
The beautiful mystification display'd,
And the puzzled expression of manner and air
Exhibited now by the dignified pair,
When thus unexpectedly ask'd to declare
Their opinions as Counsellors, several and joint,
On so delicate, grave, and important a point.

Señor Don Lewis
Condé d'Aranjuez
At length forced a smile 'twixt the prim and the grim,
And look'd at Pacheco—Pacheco at him—
Then, making a rev'rence, and dropping his eyes,
Cough'd, hem'd, and deliver'd himself in this wise:

"My Liege!—unaccustom'd as I am to speaking
In public—an art I 'm remarkably weak in—
I feel I should be quite unworthy the name
Of a man and a Spaniard—and highly to blame,
Were there not in my breast
What—can't be exprest,—
And can therefore, your Majesty, only be guess'd—
—What I mean to say is—since your Majesty deigns
To ask my advice on your welfare—and Spain's,—
And on that of your Majesty's Bride—that is, Wife—
It 's the—as I may say—proudest day of my life!
But as to the point—on a subject so nice
It 's a delicate matter to give one's advice,
Especially, too,
When one don't clearly view
The best mode of proceeding,—or know what to do;
My decided opinion, however, is this,
And I fearlessly say that you can't do amiss,
If, with all that fine tact
Both to think and to act,
In which all know your Majesty so much excels—
You are graciously pleased to—ask somebody else!"

Here the noble Grandee
Made that sort of congée,
Which, as Hill used to say, "I once *happen'd to see*"
The great Indian conjuror, Ramo Samee,
Make, while swallowing what all thought a regular choker,
Viz. a small sword as long and as stiff as a poker.
Then the Count de Pacheco,
Whose turn 'twas to speak, o-
-mitting all preface, exclaim'd with devotion,
"Sire, I beg leave to second Don Lewis's motion!"

Now a Monarch of Spain
Of course could not deign

To expostulate, argue, or, much less, complain
Of an answer thus giv'n, or to ask them again;
So he merely observ'd, with an air of disdain,
"Well, Gentlemen,—since you both shrink from the task
Of advising your Sovereign—pray, whom shall I ask?"

Each felt the rub,
And in Spain not a Sub,
Much less an Hidalgo, can stomach a snub,
So the noses of these
Castilian Grandees
Rise at once in an angle of several degrees,
Till the under-lip 's almost becoming the upper,
Each perceptibly grows, too, more stiff in the crupper,
Their right hands rest
On the left side the breast,
While the hilts of their swords, by their left hands deprest,
Make the ends of their scabbards to cock up behind,
Till they 're quite horizontal instead of inclined,
And Don Lewis, with scarce an attempt to disguise
The disgust he experiences, gravely replies
"Sire, ask the Archbishop—his Grace of Toledo!—
He understands these things much better than we do!"
—*Pauca Verba!*—enough,
Each turns off in a huff,
This twirling his mustache, that fingering his ruff,
Like a blue-bottle fly on a rather large scale,
With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail.

* * * *

King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon,
With a moody brow, and he looks like a "Spoon,"
And all the Court Nobles, who form the ring,
Have a spooney appearance, of course, like the King,
All of them eyeing King Ferdinand
As he goes up and down, with his watch in his hand,
Which he claps to his ear as he walks to and fro,—
"What is it can make the Archbishop so slow?"
Hark!—at last there 's a sound in the courtyard below,
Where the Beefeaters all are drawn up in a row,—
I would say the "Guards," for in Spain they 're in chief eaters
Of *omelettes* and garlick, and can't be call'd Beefeaters.
In fact, of the few
Individuals I knew
Who ever had happened to travel in Spain,
There has scarce been a person who did not complain
Of their cookery and dishes as all bad in grain,
And no one I 'm sure will deny it who 's tried a
Vile compound they have that 's called *Olla podrida.*
(This, by the bye,
's a mere rhyme to the eye,

For in Spanish the *i* is pronounced like an *e*,
And they 've not quite our mode of pronouncing the *d*.
In Castille, for instance, it 's giv'n through the teeth,
And what we call Ma*drid* they sound more like Mad*reeth*,)
Of course you will see in a moment they 've no men
That at all correspond with our Beefeating Yeomen;
So call them "Walloons," or whatever you please,
By the rattles and slaps they 're not "standing at ease,"
But, beyond all disputing,
Engaged in saluting
Some very great person among the Grandees,
And a Gentleman Usher walks in and declares,
"His Grace the Archbishop 's a-coming up-stairs!"

The Most Reverend Don Garcilasso Quevedo
Was just at this time, as he
Now held the Primacy,
(Always attach'd to the See of Toledo,)
A man of great worship *Officii virtute*
Versed in all that pertains to a Counsellor's duty,
Well skill'd to combine
Civil law with divine;
As a statesman, inferior to none in that line;
As an orator, too,
He was equalled by few;
Uniting, in short, in tongue, head-piece, and pen,
The very great powers of three very great men,
Talleyrand,—who will never drive down Piccadilly more
To the Traveller's Club-House!—Charles Phillips, and Phillimore.
Not only at home,
But even at Rome
There was not a Prelate among them could cope
With the Primate of Spain in the eyes of the Pope.
(The Conclave was full, and they 'd not a spare hat, or he
'd long since been Cardinal, Legate *a latere*,
A dignity fairly his due, without flattery,
So much he excited among all beholders
Their marvel to see
At his age—thirty-three
Such a very old head on such very young shoulders,)
No wonder the King, then, in this his distress,
Should send for so sage an adviser express,
Who, you 'll readily guess,
Could not do less
Than start off at once, without stopping to dress,
In his haste to get Majesty out of a mess.

His Grace the Archbishop comes up the back way,
Set apart for such Nobles as have the *entrée*,
Viz. Grandees of the first class, both cleric and lay;
Walks up to the monarch, and makes him a bow,
As a dignified clergyman always knows how,
Then replaces the mitre at once on his brow;

For, in Spain, recollect,
As a mark of respect
To the Crown, if a Grandee uncovers, it's quite
As a matter of option, and not one of right;
A thing not conceded by *our* Royal Masters,
Who always make Noblemen take off their "castors,"
Except the heirs male
Of John Lord Kinsale,
A stalwart old Baron, who, acting as Henchman
To one of our early Kings, kill'd a big Frenchman;
A feat which his Majesty deigning to smile on,
Allow'd him thenceforward to stand with his "tile" on;
And all his successors have kept the same privilege
Down from those barbarous times to our civil age.

Returning his bow with a slight demi-bob,
And replacing the watch in his hand in his fob,
"My Lord," said the King, "here's a rather tough job,
Which it seems, of a sort is
To puzzle our *Cortes*,
And since it has quite flabbergasted that Diet, I
Look to your Grace with no little anxiety
Respecting a point
Which has quite out of joint
Put us all with respect to the good of society:—
Your Grace is aware
That we've not got an Heir;
Now, it seems, one and all, they don't stick to declare
That of all our advisers there is not in Spain one
Can tell, like your Grace, the best way to obtain one;
So put your considering cap on—we're curious
To learn your receipt for a Prince of Asturias."

One without the nice tact
Of his Grace would have backt
Out at once, as the Noblemen did, and, in fact,
He was at the first rather pozed how to act—
One moment—no more!—
Bowing then, as before,
He said, "Sire, 'twere superfluous for me to acquaint
The 'Most Catholic King' in the world that a Saint
Is the usual resource
In these cases,—of course
Of their influence your Majesty well knows the force;
If I may be, therefore, allow'd to suggest
The plan which occurs to my mind as the best,
Your Majesty may go
At once to St. Jago,
Whom as Spain's patron Saint I pick out from the rest;
If your Majesty looks
Into Guthrie, or Brooks,
In all the approved Geographical books

You will find Compostella laid down in the maps
Some two hundred and sev'nty miles off; and, perhaps,
In a case so important, you may not decline
A pedestrian excursion to visit his shrine;
And, Sire, should you choose
To put peas in your shoes,
The Saint, as a Gentleman, can't well refuse
So distinguish'd a Pilgrim,—especially when he
Considers the boon will not cost him one penny!"
His speech ended, his Grace bow'd, and put on his mitre
As tight as before, and perhaps a thought tighter.
"Pooh! pooh!" says the King,
"I shall do no such thing!
It 's nonsense,—Old fellow—you see—no use talking—
The peas set apart, I abominate walking—
Such a deuced way off, too—hey?—walk there—what me?
Pooh!—it 's no Go, Old fellow!—you know—don't you see?"

"Well, Sire," with much sweetness the Prelate replied,
"If your Majesty don't like to walk—you can ride!
And then, if you please,
In lieu of the peas,
A small portion of horse-hair, cut fine, we 'll insert
As a substitute under your Majesty's shirt;
Then a rope round your collar instead of a laced band,
A few nettles tuck'd into your Majesty's waistband,
Assafœtida mix'd with your *bouquet* and civet,
I 'll warrant you 'll find yourself right as a trivet!"

"Pooh! pooh!
I tell you,"
Quoth the King, "it won't do!"
A cold perspiration began to bedew
His Majesty's cheek, and he grew in a stew,
When Jozé de Humez, the King's privy-purse-keeper
(Many folks thought it could scarce have a worse keeper)
Came to the rescue, and said with a smile,
"Sire, your Majesty *can't* go—'twould take a long while,
And you won't post it under TWO SHILLINGS A MILE!!
Twenty-seven pounds ten
To get there—and then
Twenty-seven pounds ten more to get back agen!!!
Sire, the *tottle* 's enormous!—you ought to be King
Of Golconda as well as the Indies, to fling
Such a vast sum away upon any such thing!"

At this second rebuff
The Archbishop look'd gruff,
And his eye glanced on Humez as if he 'd said "Stuff!"
But seeing the King seem'd himself in a huff,
He changed his demeanour, and grew smooth enough,
Then, taking his chin 'twixt his finger and thumb,
As a help to reflection, gave vent to a "Hum!"

'Twas the pause of an instant—his eye assumed fast
That expression which says, "Come, I 've got it at last!"

"There 's one plan," he resumed, "which, with all due respect to
Your Majesty, no one, I think, can object to—
—Since your Majesty don't like the peas in the shoe—or to
Travel—what say you to burning a Jew or two?—
Of all cookeries, most
The Saints love a roast!
And a Jew 's, of all others, the best dish to toast;
And then for a Cook
We have not far to look—
Father Dominic's self, Sire, your own Grand Inquisitor,
Luckily now at your Court is a visitor;
Of his Rev'rence's functions there is not one weightier
Than Heretic-burning—in fact, 'tis his *métier*.
Besides Alguazils
Who still follow his heels,
He has always familiars enough at his beck, at home,
To pick you up Hebrews enough for a hecatomb!
And depend on it, Sire, such a glorious specific
Would make every Queen throughout Europe prolific!"

Says the King, "That 'll do!
Pooh! pooh!—burn a Jew?
Burn half a score Jews—burn a dozen—burn two—
Your Grace, it 's a match!
Burn all you can catch,
Men, women, and children—Pooh! pooh!—great and small—
Old clothes—slippers—sealing-wax—Pooh!—burn them all.
For once we 'll be gay,
A Grand *Auto-da-Fé*
Is much better fun than a ball or a play!"

So the warrant was made out without more delay,
Drawn, seal'd, and deliver'd, and
(Signed)
YO EL RE!

END OF CANTO I.

POPULAR ADMIRATION FOR GREAT THIEVES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WHETHER it be that the multitude, feeling the pangs of poverty, sympathise with the daring and ingenious depredators who take away the rich man's superfluity, or whether it be the interest that mankind in general feel for the records of perilous adventures, it is certain that the populace of all countries look with admiration upon great and successful thieves. Perhaps both these causes combine to invest their career with charms in the popular eye. Almost every country in Europe has its traditional thief, whose exploits are recorded with all the graces of poetry.

Among these traditional thieves the most noted in England, or perhaps in any country, is Robin Hood, a name which popular affection has encircled with a peculiar halo. "He robbed the rich to give to the poor;" and his reward has been an immortality of fame, a tithe of which would be thought more than sufficient to recompense a benefactor of his species. Romance and poetry have been emulous to make him all their own; and the forest of Sherwood, in which he roamed with his merry men, armed with their long bows, and clad in Lincoln green, has become the resort of pilgrims, and a classic spot sacred to his memory. The few virtues he had, which would have ensured him no praise if he had been an honest man, have been blazoned forth by popular renown during seven successive centuries, and will never be forgotten while the English tongue endures. His charity to the poor, and his gallantry and respect for women, have made him the pre-eminent thief of all the world.

Among English thieves of a later date, who has not heard of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, Jonathan Wild, and Jack Sheppard, those knights of the road and of the town, whose peculiar chivalry formed at once the dread and the delight of England during the eighteenth century? Turpin's fame is unknown to no portion of the male population of England after they have attained the age of ten. His wondrous ride from London to York has endeared him to the imagination of millions; his cruelty in placing an old woman upon a fire, to force her to tell him where she had hidden her money, is regarded as a good joke; and his proud bearing upon the scaffold is looked upon as a virtuous action. The Abbé le Blanc, writing in 1737, says he was continually entertained with stories of Turpin—how, when he robbed gentlemen, he would generously leave them enough to continue their journey, and exact a pledge from them never to inform against him, and how scrupulous such gentlemen were in keeping their word. He was one day told a story with which the relater was in the highest degree delighted. Turpin, or some other noted robber, stopped a man whom he knew to be very rich, with the usual salutation — "Your money or your life!" but not finding more than five or six guineas about him, he took the liberty of entreating him, in the most affable manner, never to come out so ill provided; adding that, if he fell in with him, and he had no more than such a paltry sum, he would give him a good licking. Another story, told by one of Turpin's admirers, was of a robbery he had committed upon a Mr. C. near Cambridge. He took from this gentleman his watch, his snuff-box, and all his money but two shillings, and, before he left him, required his word of honour that he would not cause him to be pursued or brought before a justice. The promise being given, they both parted very courteously. They afterwards met at Newmarket, and renewed their acquaintance. Mr. C. kept his word religiously; he not only refrained from giving Turpin into custody, but made a boast that he had fairly won some of his money back again in an honest way. Turpin offered to bet with him on some favourite horse, and Mr. C. accepted the wager with as good a grace as he could have done from the best gentleman in England. Turpin lost his bet, and paid it immediately, and was so smitten with the generous behaviour of Mr. C. that he told him how deeply he regretted that the trifling affair which had happened between them did not permit them to drink together.

Not less familiar to the people of England is the career of Jack

Sheppard, as brutal a ruffian as ever disgraced his country, but who has claims upon the popular admiration which are very generally acknowledged. He did not, like Robin Hood, plunder the rich to relieve the poor, nor rob with an uncouth sort of courtesy, like Turpin; but he escaped from Newgate with the fetters on his limbs. This achievement, more than once repeated, has encircled his felon brow with the wreath of immortality, and made him quite a pattern thief among the populace. He was no more than twenty-three years of age at the time of his execution, and he died much pitied by the crowd. His adventures were the sole topics of conversation for months; the print-shops were filled with his effigies, and a fine painting of him was made by Sir Richard Thornhill.

So high was Jack's fame that a pantomime entertainment, called "Harlequin Jack Sheppard," was brought out with great success at Drury Lane Theatre. All the scenes were painted from nature, including the public-house that the robber frequented in Clare Market, and the condemned cell from which he had made his escape in Newgate.

But, popular as the name of Jack Sheppard was immediately after he had suffered the last penalty of his crimes, it was as nothing compared to the vast renown which he has acquired in these days, after the lapse of a century and a quarter. Jack Sheppard, faintly praised in his own day, shines out in ours the hero of heroes, pre-eminent above all his fellows. Thornhill made but one picture of the illustrious robber, but Cruikshank has made dozens, and the populace of England have now become as familiar with Jack's features as they are with their own. Jack is the hero of three goodly volumes, and the delight of the circulating libraries; and the theatres have been smitten with the universal enthusiasm. Jack's story has been reproduced in the shape of drama, melodrama, and farce, at half a dozen places of entertainment at once. Never was such a display of popular regard for a hero as was exhibited in London in 1840 for the renowned Jack Sheppard: robbery acquired additional lustre in the popular eye, and not only Englishmen, but foreigners, caught the contagion; and one of the latter, fired by the example, robbed and murdered a venerable and too-confiding nobleman, whom it was his especial duty to have protected. But he was a coward and a wretch; — it was a solitary crime — he had not made a daring escape from dungeon walls, or ridden from London to York,—and he died amid the execrations of the people.

Jonathan Wild, whose name has been immortalised by Fielding, was no favourite with the people. He had none of the virtues, which, combined with crimes, make up the character of the great thief. He was a pitiful fellow, who informed against his comrades, and was afraid of death. This meanness was not to be forgiven by the crowd, and they pelted him with dirt and stones on his way to Tyburn, and expressed their contempt by every possible means. How different was their conduct to Turpin and Jack Sheppard, who died in their neatest attire, with nosegays in their button-holes, and with the courage that a crowd expects! It was anticipated that the body of Turpin would have been delivered up to the surgeons for dissection, and the people seeing some men very busily employed in removing it, suddenly set upon them, rescued the body, bore it about the town in triumph, and then buried it in a very deep grave, filled with quick-lime, to hasten the progress of decomposition. They would not suffer the corpse of their hero, of the

man who had ridden from London to York in four-and-twenty hours, to be mangled by the rude hands of unmannerly surgeons.

The death of Claude Duval would appear to have been no less triumphant. Claude was a gentlemanly thief. According to Butler, in the famous ode to his memory, he

> "Taught the wild Arabs of the road
> To rob in a more gentle mode;
> Take prizes more obligingly than those
> Who never had been bred *filous;*
> And how to hang in a more graceful fashion
> Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation."

In fact, he was the pink of politeness, and his gallantry to the fair sex was proverbial. When he was caught at last, pent in "stone walls and chains and iron grates,"—their grief was in proportion to his rare merits and his great fame. Butler says, that to his dungeon

> "—— came ladies from all parts,
> To offer up close prisoners their hearts,
> Which he received as tribute due."

Among the noted thieves of France, there is none to compare with the famous Aimerigot Têtenoire, who flourished in the reign of Charles VI. This fellow was at the head of four or five hundred men, and possessed two very strong castles in Limousin and Auvergne. There was a good deal of the feudal baron about him, although he possessed no revenues but such as the road afforded him. At his death he left a singular will. "I give and bequeath," said the robber, "1500 francs to St. George's Chapel, for such repairs as it may need. To my sweet girl, who so loyally loved me, I give 2500; and the surplus I give to my companions. I hope they will all live as brothers, and divide it amicably among them. If they cannot agree, and the devil of contention gets among them, it is no fault of mine; and I advise them to get a good strong, sharp axe, and break open my strong box. Let them scramble for what it contains, and the Devil seize the hindmost." The people of Auvergne still recount with admiration the daring feats of this brigand.

Of later years, the French thieves have been such unmitigated scoundrels as to have left but little room for popular admiration. The famous Cartouche, whose name has become synonymous with ruffian in their language, had none of the generosity, courtesy, and devoted bravery which are so requisite to make a robber-hero. He was born at Paris, towards the end of the seventeenth century, and broken alive on the wheel in November 1727. He was, however, sufficiently popular to have been pitied at his death, and afterwards to have formed the subject of a much-admired drama, which bore his name, and was played with great success in all the theatres of France during the years 1734, 5, and 6. In our own day the French have been more fortunate in a robber. Vidocq bids fair to rival the fame of Turpin and Jack Sheppard. Already he has become the hero of many an apocryphal tale.

Germany has its Schinderhannes, Hungary its Schubry, and Italy and Spain a whole host of brigands, whose names and exploits are familiar as household words in the mouths of the children and populace of those countries.

The Italian banditti are renowned over the world; and many of them are not only very religious, after a fashion, but very charitable.

Charity from such a source is so unexpected, that the people dote upon them for it. One of them, when he fell into the hands of the police, exclaimed as they led him away, "Ho fatto più carità!" — "I have given away more in charity than any three convents in these provinces." And the fellow spoke truth.

Schinderhannes, the robber of the Rhine, is a great favourite on the banks of the river which he so long kept in awe. Many amusing stories are related by the peasantry of the tricks he played off upon rich Jews, or too-presuming officers of justice, — of his princely generosity, and undaunted courage.

There is another robber-hero, of whose character and exploits the people of Germany speak admiringly. Mausch Nadel was captain of a considerable band that infested the Rhine, Switzerland, Alsatia, and Lorraine, during the years 1824, 5, and 6. Like Jack Sheppard, he endeared himself to the populace by his most hazardous escape from prison. Being confined at Bremen in a dungeon, on the third story of the prison of that town, he contrived to let himself down without exciting the vigilance of the sentinels, and to swim across the Weser, though heavily laden with irons. When about half way over, he was espied by a sentinel, who fired at him, and shot him in the calf of the leg; but the undaunted robber struck out manfully, reached the shore, and was out of sight before the officers of justice could get ready their boats to follow him. He was captured again in 1826, tried at Mayence, and sentenced to death. He was a tall, strong, handsome man, and his fate, villain as he was, excited much sympathy all over Germany. The ladies especially were loud in their regret that nothing could be done to save a hero so good-looking, and of adventures so romantic, from the knife of the headsman.

The theatre has frequently recurred to the annals of thieves and banditti for its most favourite heroes. These theatrical robbers, with their picturesque attire, wild haunts, jolly, reckless, devil-may-care manners, take a wonderful hold upon the imagination, and exercise a very pernicious influence upon public morals. In the Memoirs of the Duke of Guise * it is stated, that the manners, dress, and mode of life of the Neapolitan banditti were rendered so captivating upon the stage, that the authorities found it absolutely necessary to forbid the representation of dramas in which they figured, and even to prohibit their costume at the masquerades. So numerous were the banditti at this time, that the Duke found no difficulty in raising an army of them, to aid him in his endeavours to seize on the throne of Naples. He thus describes them: "They were three thousand five hundred men, of whom the oldest came short of five and forty years, and the youngest was above twenty. They were all tall and well made, with long black hair, for the most part curled, coats of black Spanish leather, with sleeves of velvet, or cloth of gold, cloth breeches with gold lace, most of them scarlet; girdles of velvet, laced with gold, with two pistols on each side; a cutlass hanging at a belt, suitably trimmed, three fingers broad and two feet long; a hawking-bag at their girdle, and a powder-flask hung about their neck with a great silk riband. Some of them carried firelocks, and others blunderbusses; they had all good shoes, with silk stockings, and every one a cap of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver, of different colours, on his head, which was very delightful to the eye."

* Upon the Revolution of Naples in 1647 and 1648.

The " Beggars' Opera" is another instance of the admiration that thieves excite upon the stage. Of the extraordinary success of this piece when first produced, the following account is given in the notes to "The Dunciad," and quoted by Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets." This piece was received with greater applause than was ever known. Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Bristol, &c. fifty. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days successively. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The fame of it was not confined to the author only. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town;* her pictures were engraved and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests. Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years." Dr. Johnson, in his Life of the Author, says, that Herring, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, censured the opera, as giving encouragement, not only to vice, but to crimes, by making the highwayman the hero, and dismissing him at last unpunished; and adds, that it was even said, that after the exhibition the gangs of robbers were evidently multiplied. The Doctor doubts the assertion, giving as his reason that highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse. But there is the weighty authority of Sir John Fielding, the chief magistrate of Bow Street, who asserted positively, and proved his assertion by the records of his office, that the number of thieves was greatly increased at the time when that opera was so popular.

We have another instance of the same result much nearer our own times. Schiller's " Raüber," that wonderful play, written by a green youth, perverted the taste and imagination of all the young men in Germany. The high-minded, metaphysical thief, its hero, was so warmly admired, that several raw students, longing to imitate a character they thought so noble, actually abandoned their homes and their colleges, and betook themselves to the forests and wilds to levy contributions upon travellers. They thought they would, like Moor, plunder the rich, and deliver eloquent soliloquies to the setting sun or the rising moon; relieve the poor when they met them, and drink flasks of Rhenish with their free companions in rugged mountain passes, or in tents in the thicknesses of the forests. But a little experience wonderfully cooled their courage, in the shape of three months imprisonment, with bread and water for their fare, and damp straw to lie upon.

In the penny theatres that abound in the poor and populous districts of London, chiefly frequented by striplings of dissolute habits, tales of thieves and murderers are more admired, and draw more crowded audiences, than any other species of representation. There the footpad, the burglar, and the highwayman, are portrayed in their natural colours, and give pleasant lessons in crime to their delighted listeners. There, whenever a crime of unusual atrocity is committed, it is brought out afresh, with all its disgusting incidents copied from the life, for the amusement of those who will one day become its imitators.

* Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton.

A MYSTERY.*

BY ISABELLA F. ROMER.

"She was false as water!"—*Othello.*

PART THE FIRST.

"L'uno di servitù, l'altro d'impero
Si gloria; ella in se stessa, ed egli in lei."—Tasso.

It was a September night, soft, fragrant, and starlight,—one of those delicious nights peculiar to Italian skies, which the inhabitants of ruder climes vainly sigh to behold,—when to breathe the pure atmosphere, and to gaze upon the transparent firmanent is, in itself, a joy too deep for words; and the soul lifts itself in silent thanksgiving to the God who made so fair a world! There was no moon; yet a dying glory, the last trace of departed day, lingered in the clear heavens, and shed its magic colouring upon the gardens of Pratolino, (that gem of the Apennines, the regal villa of the Medici,) investing with a soft, shadowy beauty the glades and fountains, the groves and lawns, the dim grottoes and bright translucent lakes, with which the taste and magnificence of the reigning Duke, Francesco de Medici, had embellished that Eden-like retreat. All was silence; the murmurs of the waters were hushed; the leaves stirred not in that breathless calm; the very air seemed to sleep! A stranger, wrapped in a dark-brown mantle, was the only living accompaniment to the scene; his features were concealed beneath the flap of a large hat, and he was seated at the base of a statue of Pan, which was placed under the shelter of a clustering mass of myrtles, and overshadowed by two weeping willows, whose graceful branches kissed the velvet turf beneath, and fell like a verdant tent around him. As he sat in breathless expectation, mute and motionless as the statue at whose pedestal he reclined, the beatings of his heart became audible in the deep, pervading stillness that reigned around. And who was he, that muffled stranger? What mysterious hand had opened to him at the "witching" hour of night the gates of that prohibited retreat? How had he contrived to elude the vigilance of its watchful guardians? "What business had he there at such a time?"

Guido Razzi was the younger son of a rich and noble Genoese family. Nature had lavished upon him "the fatal gift of beauty," and the perhaps still more fatal one of deep sensibility; to these were added a powerful intellect and rare talents, the soul of a poet, the enthusiasm of an artist, and that ardour of mind which led him to treat whatever occupation interested him, less as a pastime than a passionate and engrossing pursuit. In earlier ages, when the red-cross banner waved triumphant over the seas, and the glory of Genoa, and the deeds of her sons, had spread her dominion from west to east, the youthful Guido's aspirations would perhaps have raised him to the ranks of her most distinguished warriors; like his forefathers, he would have become a hero; he would have made glory his idol, and, spurning all meaner ambition, would have worshipped at no shrine less dazzling; but he had fallen upon other times, when all that remained to his country was the light of the past; the dreary *fuimus*, which leaves to nations as well as to indi-

* This story is derived from an Italian Chronicle.

viduals nothing but the sterile and melancholy pleasures of retrospection!

His ardent spirit, chafing under the inactivity to which circumstances had doomed him, "cabined, cribbed, confined," by the indolent monotony of his existence in his father's house, sought for indemnification in the fairy-land of Imagination, and devoted its energies to the worship of the Muses, and the cultivation of the fine arts. He quitted Genoa, and wandered through Italy. Rome beheld the young stranger within her walls, feeding the sacred flame of genius from those pure sources at which the minds of Raphael and Michael Angelo had kindled into immortal lustre. The shores of Pausilippo and of Mergellina had echoed to the accents of his voice, as "dazzled and drunk with beauty," he lingered in that enchanting clime, and caught poetical inspiration from the aspect of Nature in her most seducing form. He had stood by the tombs of Virgil and of Sannazzaro; had meditated over the marble that encloses the dust of Dante; gazed with pitying eyes upon the walls of St. Anna, in whose gloomy cell the gifted Torquato was then expiating the involuntary crime of having believed that a princess might be "a love-mate for a bard!" lingered amidst the Euganean hills, near that quiet hamlet where the bones of Laura's lover repose; and visited every spot which had been sanctified to the memory of man by the presence and the sufferings of genius. And applause and renown had followed the footsteps of the youthful Guido in his pilgrimage; and the poet's wreath had bound his brows at the Capitol! But this was not enough to satisfy the cravings of his soul; it yearned for a happiness still untasted; it aspired to triumphs, in which his heart might lose a sense of its loneliness. There was an aching void within, which nothing yet had filled; what were the applauses of the multitude to him, since no fond heart echoed them, and beat responsive to his own? In this vague and dreamy state of melancholy, which, like the still, sultry gloom that precedes the tempest, is often the precursor of some devastating *heart-quake,* he reached Florence, then flourishing under the government of that famous race of merchant princes, the blood-stained Medici, whose liberal protection of the fine arts, and unceasing efforts to render their fair capital the seat of learning and refinement, have not dazzled succeeding ages into blind forgetfulness of their many crimes, or sufficed to redeem their memory from the moral leprosy that clings to it.

During one of the excursions in which Guido loved to indulge in the lovely environs of Florence, with no companion save his "thick-coming fancies," he wandered to the domain of Pratolino, and, enchanted by the beauty of the scene, he flung himself upon the grass, and dreamed the golden hours away, lulled by the murmurs of its waterfalls, and shaded by its magnificent trees. With his eye fixed upon the colossal Apennine, whose bold and rugged outline showed in strong relief against the bright blue sky, and towered above the voluptuous bowers that sheltered him, calm, majestic, and severe, like the monarch of the fair domain, he admired the beautiful effects of light and shade, the magical changes of colouring produced by the gradual transition from noonday splendour to the more subdued glories of sunset; and, determined to perpetuate his observations, he returned thither more than once, and busied himself in transmitting to canvass the fleeting hues that had enchanted him.

One day, while he was thus employed, and that he had embodied in the foreground of his picture one of his dreams of beauty in the form of a naïad rising from her fountain, and wringing in graceful disorder the long meshes of her streaming hair, the sound of footsteps approaching caused him to look up, and he beheld, issuing from a grove of platanus trees, a female figure, wrapped in a light *zendada,* her head covered with a veil so transparent, that, like a thin vapour floating across the disk of a bright star, it shaded but could not conceal her beauty. She approached with slow steps, her eyes bent upon the ground, and apparently quite unconscious of Guido's vicinity. Beautiful she was, even beyond all that his glowing imagination had ever depicted to him of female loveliness; her movements were all grace, her countenance all harmony; and so ethereal and dream-like was her appearance that scarcely could he believe it was a "mortal mixture of earth's mould" that moved before him. Motionless, and absorbed in the delight of beholding her, Guido followed with his eyes the fair vision as she slowly pursued the windings of the avenue ; and when at last she disappeared, he felt like one from whom the light of the sun had suddenly been withdrawn. The naïad remained untouched,—the pencil fell from his hand,—his occupation was gone! and his heart, soul, and thoughts, ravished by the enchanting apparition he had just beheld, hovered eagerly towards the spot where she had vanished. In vain, however, when he decided upon following her, did he wander through the woods and labyrinths of Pratolino,—in vain did he penetrate into its deep grottoes, and visit its clustering bowers; she whom he sought was no longer there; she had disappeared.

On the morrow he returned, and the next day, and the next; and during a whole week he pursued his vain research. The beautiful stranger came no more to the platanus grove; the avenue was deserted by her; and to the sickly fancy of Guido, the whole of that lovely region had suddenly changed into a desert, — the face of Nature had become discoloured, and without a charm.

"Wert thou an illusion of my brain?" he asked himself,—"a phantom conjured up by my heated imagination, or a living being sent to dazzle my eyes, and mock my hopes with a glimpse of thy matchless beauty, and then disappear for ever? Art thou an angel descended upon earth to give to its inhabitants a foretaste of Heaven, or a creature of this world revealed to me by the hand of Fate as the being who is to become a part of myself, — the arbitress of my happiness, — the sovereign lady enthroned within my heart? All that is most beautiful, most poetical, most sublime in the wonders of nature, and the treasures of art, unites in thy aspect, oh, incomparable being! Nor can aught of beautiful, poetical, or sublime, henceforth present itself to my imagination but as connected with thy divine charms. But, wherefore dost thou conceal thyself from me? Why wilt thou not once again appear to bless me with a look, to console me with a word? Henceforward my life is bound up in thee; and to thee alone does my soul turn as the source from which all its future happiness or misery must emanate."

Thus the enamoured Guido lingered day after day on the spot where he had beheld the fair unknown, Hope still whispering to him that she would again appear, and with delusive dreams feeding the flame that consumed his heart; and, night after night, when the

closing of the gates at sunset warned him to depart, he would tear himself away from Pratolino sick at soul, bitterly railing at the weakness which had suffered so fantastic a passion to tyrannise over him, yet yielding without a struggle to the infatuation which daily led him to the scene of his enchantment, again to hope, and again to be disappointed. His pencil was neglected; his books thrown aside; and all his favourite pursuits became intolerable to him; but in this period of moral suffering his poetical talent developed itself with rare perfection, and the woods of Pratolino daily echoed to the melody of his voice, as, sweeping the chords of his lute with a master's hand, the history of his heart flowed to his lips in verses tender and harmonious as those of Petrarch himself.

At last, one evening, as with reluctant steps and slow he prepared to leave the gardens, a female form appeared in sight, following him at a distance. It was not the adored unknown (the eye of love could not for one moment be deceived); she neither possessed her faultless contours nor her graceful movements; but his beating heart presaged that she came from her who was his destiny — nor had it deceived him. As soon as he had reached a spot where lime-trees spreading above, and myrtles clustering beneath, shut him out from the possibility of being observed, the fleet-footed damsel rapidly gained his side, and stopped him. With her finger laid upon her lip, she signified to him that he was not to speak, placed a letter in his hand, and disappeared, without breaking silence. The billet contained these lines:—

"Be in waiting to-night at the garden-wall facing the north, near a little door fastened with a bolt, and overshadowed by two old cypress trees. *Silence and discretion.*"

Language cannot do justice to the felicity which these few words conveyed to the heart of Guido,—his feelings had been understood,—his love was returned! Long before nightfall he was hovering round the spot indicated; at last the door opened, — the taciturn damsel introduced him into the garden, guided him, without breathing a word, to the spot where the opening of this sketch describes him to have been seated, and, making a sign that he was to wait there in silence, she quitted him, and became lost to view in the deepening shadows of the trees.

And presently the pendent branches of the two willows were gently parted, and, light as a sylph, silent and spirit-like, the beautiful incognita stood before him, her fair cheek pale as the statue at whose base he was seated, her large eyes veiled beneath their long lashes, and bent timidly towards the earth. Guido, bending his knee to the ground, stretched out his arms towards her as though invoking a deity, and that simple act conveyed more eloquently than words perhaps could have done, the wonder, joy, and adoration, which filled his heart, and had deprived him of the power of speech; at least the incognita thus interpreted his silent homage. She was the first to speak; and soft, low, and musical, her voice completed the fascination which her loveliness had exercised over the feelings of the young Genoese.

"Guido," she said, "the step I have taken, — the expedient to which I have had recourse, are convincing proofs that our souls understand each other, and that mine abandons itself with implicit confidence to the loyalty of yours. Forbid it, Heaven, that this

fond trust should prove to be as misplaced as it is blind! The sentiment which has subjugated us both may lead to our mutual perdition — yes, mutual! Do you hear me?" she continued hurriedly, perceiving the agitation of Guido, and drawing nearer to him. "Listen, then, without interrupting me, for these precious moments are full of solemn import. I know you, Guido! I have known you ever since the day on which I appeared to you in the platanus grove; unseen by you, I then beheld you follow the traces of my footsteps, and each succeeding day I watched you, and witnessed your vain researches, and the ardent emotions with which they were pursued. I listened to the passionate accents that revealed to me the love I had inspired,—a love such as my youthful fancy had once dreamed of, but which I had despaired of ever finding to be a reality! And then it was, that in my turn I hung upon your footsteps; ever near, yet still unseen, I gave myself up to the dangerous delight of observing you. In secret I watched you—in secret I made myself mistress of your sentiments and inclinations; I obtained (no matter how) a knowledge of your name, rank, country, habits,—and all that I heard was favourable,—all tended to strengthen my infatuation! One thing still remains to be ascertained — your willingness to accede to conditions which I am forced to impose on you; I must put your devotion to a test, difficult indeed to require, still more difficult to grant; but I cannot absolve you from this trial, for the alternative of our parting now for ever hangs upon its issue; it is with that intention that I have brought you here."

She paused; and the gentle gravity of her accents sunk into the heart of Guido, and caused it to thrill with emotions which he sought not to define.

"A trial!" he exclaimed, and there was that in his voice which carried conviction to her soul, — there was in its intonation a confidence in his own sentiments, an *abandon d'âme*, an abnegation of selfish feeling, as spontaneous as it was unlimited; "a test!" he added; "name it, that you may be obeyed!" and he prostrated himself at her feet in token of unconditional devotion.

"I believe you," she replied, motioning him to rise and place himself beside her; "and yet, I must extract from you *an oath* to that effect. Do you feel yourself capable of obeying the only restriction with which I shall ever shackle your affection?"

Thus saying, she extended to him her trembling hand, and Guido eagerly possessing himself of it, sealed with his lips the vow of allegiance he breathed over it.

"Listen to me," she continued. "I have already told you that our attachment may prove fatal to us both; and now, I repeat, that it will lead us to certain perdition unless we surround it with the profoundest mystery. It is absolutely necessary that we should conceal it from every living being; and, if it were possible, it ought in like manner to be hidden from the light of Heaven, from the very air that we breathe! Swear to me, then, by all that is dearest to you upon earth, by all that is most sacred to you in Heaven, that, satisfied with my tenderness alone, you will never seek to know me,—to see me,—to be with me,—except when I shall point out to you the time, the manner, and the place. Swear to me, that, deaf to every suspicion, impenetrable to all curiosity, you will never interrogate me respecting aught that regards my actual position, or my future prospects;—that you will never even ask to know my name!"

"Not even your name!" repeated Guido, with indignant surprise. "What strange mystery is this? and what can you fear from me?"

"Nothing *from* you, but everything *for* you! Must I repeat it, Guido? this imprudent love may lead us both to destruction; a terrible fatality governs my life, and more terribly still does it threaten all who interest me. Love alone, exalted, disinterested, confiding love, such as my soul has long sighed for, and which I believed had for ever vanished from earth, can shed a ray of brightness over the gloom of my existence. Alas! such an affection *once* appeared to smile upon me; but rapid, fugitive as a wintry sunbeam, it vanished, and left my heart more chill and dreary from having for a moment reflected its transitory glow. And now, even now, I beheld it shine upon me once again, more serenely steady than before; and Hope whispered to me that the joy would be less fleeting — but it was an illusion! again it abandons me more cruelly than before — without leaving me even the remembrance of a momentary felicity to dwell upon. Leave me, Guido, and forget all that has passed; think no more of this conversation, this place, this hour! — think no more of me!"

She arose to depart; but Guido, flinging himself upon his knees before her, and grasping her dress, detained her.

"No, this must not be!" he exclaimed. "Beautiful and beloved one! you cannot mean that we should thus separate! From henceforward my destiny is here, at your feet, blindly to obey you! Whoever you are, whatever the mystery may be that involves you, I accept the conditions you have imposed upon me, and abandon myself to your guidance, heart and soul, without reserve!"

The incognita sunk back upon the marble seat from which she had risen, breathless with emotion; then, bending over the prostrate youth, who still remained at her feet, with his face buried in his hands, "Oh, Guido!" she murmured, "deceive me not!"

He raised his eyes at those words, and gazed upon the enchantress. Her veil, disengaged from the golden bodkin by which it had been confined, fell negligently over her shoulders, leaving completely revealed to him her beautiful face, pale with passion, doubt, and fear; a tear trembled in her deep lustrous eyes, and gleamed in the starlight like a dew-drop in the chalice of a violet. "I swear not to deceive you!" exclaimed the youthful lover. "Provided that your heart is mine, and that you banish me not from your presence, what are your secrets, or your name, to me? I will believe that a celestial spirit has descended upon earth to visit and console me; and the name that my heart in its secret orisons bestows upon you shall never be whispered even to the winds of Heaven! Yes, I swear it!"

PART THE SECOND.

"La vide, e la conobbe; e restò senza
E voce e moto. Ahi vista! ahi conoscenza!"
Gerusalemme Liberata.

And the oath of Guido Raggi was sacred. For a time his felicity was unclouded, and if it appeared to him that the fulness of his joy could admit of no increase, neither did he contemplate the possibility of its ever diminishing. The passionate dream of his heart had been realized, and beyond the present he looked not; besides, such were the beauty and blandishments of his mysterious enslaver,

such the subjugating influence of her presence, that as long as they were together he never felt the unequal grounds upon which her strange caprice had willed that they should stand. With womanly tact she delicately administered to his vanity as well as to his love; she spoke to him of himself, she drew from his lips the history of his whole life, of his aspirations, his studies, and his sensations; she hung delighted upon the recital of his travels, and in imagination wandered by his side through the classic ruins of Rome, along the enchanting shores of the Mediterranean, or by the green waters of the Adriatic; and it was only when they had separated that Guido remembered the impenetrable mystery in which she had wrapped herself; and if a passing doubt ever assailed his mind, it was (like one of those thin vapours which float in early morning over a beautiful landscape, and vanish before the bright rays of the sun,) dispelled, forgotten, in her presence. Curiosity became hushed there; and if he remembered his oath, it was to shrink from every attempt at absolving himself from it, even as he would have shrunk from raising the curtain that veiled from profane eyes some holy sanctuary.

As long as the serene nights of autumn lasted, the meetings of the lovers at the same place and the same hour were uninterrupted; but at last the rainy season commenced, bleak winds blew from the Apennines, and the nocturnal interviews at Pratolino became less frequent, and more brief. "I must soon go to Florence," said the unknown one night to Guido; "I am forced to leave you for a few weeks,—and in so doing, I must, alas! impose another sacrifice upon you. Do not, I conjure you, leave these solitudes during my absence; but tranquilly await my return here. Do you promise me this, dearest Guido?—do you swear it to me?"

"And do you promise me that your return will be prompt and certain?" inquired Guido, with a sinking at heart which he could not overcome.

She remained silent for a moment plunged in deep thought, as if revolving in her mind what answer might best tranquillise his feelings, without compromising her secret; while Guido, with his eyes sorrowfully fixed upon her countenance, endeavoured to read there the fiat that she was about to pronounce.

But in that moment the noise of carriage-wheels, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the clash of arms, were heard outside of the garden wall near to which the lovers were seated; lights suddenly appeared in the grounds of Pratolino; servants bearing flambeaux followed one another in quick succession, and cries of "The Duke! the Duke! Long live the Duke!" resounded through the gardens.

The incognita started to her feet, pale and breathless, and looked round her with an expression of terror and suspicion. "Go—fly!" she exclaimed to Guido, in a voice scarcely articulate, and joining her hands together with frantic energy. "Remember your oath, Guido! Life or death hangs upon your fidelity to it. Go — go! You shall soon hear from me!" And, without awaiting his reply, she sprang past him, rushed into the nearest avenue, and vanished from the sight of her astonished lover, leaving him motionless and thunderstruck, without the power either to detain or to follow her.

Eight days — a fortnight — the whole of November passed away, and yet Guido heard nothing from the mysterious fair one. At first he resolutely struggled against the doubts that assailed his mind,

and the fears that tortured his heart; for the faith he so religiously placed in her love for him sustained his courage in that first sickening trial of hope deferred; but when his expectations died away into despondency, and to his trust in her truth succeeded a conviction of her heartless abandonment, words are wanting to express the wretchedness and despair that overwhelmed him. He recalled to mind all the conversations that had passed between them, weighed her fond avowals, pondered over her concealments, and pictured to himself her looks and gestures, nay, the tears even that she had shed upon his bosom, that he might extract from these once-prized evidences of her tenderness, proofs of her perfidy and deceit. Irritated with himself for his weak concessions to her, irritated against the fascinations that had dazzled and blinded him, he cursed the passion which had lured him on into the dark and devious windings of such an adventure without knowing the hand to whose guidance he had surrendered himself. But, alas! his anger was like the wind that blows upon a flame, fanning, but not extinguishing it: such was the strength of his infatuation, such the weakness of his resolves, that the unhappy Guido would again have blindly committed himself to the deceiver to have renewed one moment of his past felicity,—he would have braved eternal torments to have found himself once more beneath the willows of Pratolino, listening to the vows of the beloved but false unknown.

One day, at last — fatal day! — a letter reached him, without any date either of time or place; he tore it open, and, with a bursting heart, read its contents.

"Few are the words that I can write to you, Guido, and sad and solemn must they be, as the farewell of the dying. We shall never meet again! A horrible necessity separates us for ever! Do not curse me for inflicting this unhappiness upon you: my crime will be visited upon me by a life of hopeless anguish! No—do not curse me: the fatality that persecutes me extends even to those I love, and involves you in my sufferings. This I ought to have foreseen, and I did foresee it; but love was stronger in my breast than reason; and a vain hope—the hope that, once for all, I might vanquish my destiny—overcame me. For, believe me, Guido, I loved you as few on earth are capable of loving, and I love you *still*, and *for ever* shall I love you, despite our eternal separation, and the iron barrier that has been raised between us. But, although I have caused your wretchedness, do not let me have to reproach myself with having caused your death! Destruction hangs over your head as long as you remain in Tuscany: it will fall and crush you if you do not speedily remove yourself far away. Fly quickly, then! seek safety in another land, and efface from your memory the last two months of your existence. A word uttered — a sign made by you *of the past* to any breathing being, would be the signal for your immediate destruction; no obstacle, no precaution could, in that case, prevent the powerful hand which has for ever separated us from reaching you. Farewell, dear and unhappy Guido! May Heaven watch over and console you! May your path in life be strewed with flowers, although *my* hand, alas! must not scatter them there! May the noble aspirations of your early days lead to the glory and happiness of your riper years;—and, oh! may some devoted woman,—happier far than me,—compensate to you for the

ills I have inflicted, and replace in your young heart the wretched being who is lost to you for ever!"

The populace of Florence had assembled in crowds in the great square before the ducal palace; every street and alley poured forth its living masses, like a torrent overflowing its banks. The air rang with the acclamations of a thousand joyous voices, and the hum and bustle of the multitude sounded in the distance like the murmur of the ocean waves lashed by the storm, and wildly breaking upon the shore. Rich tapestries were hung before all the buildings; flowers strewed the pavements; the bells of all the churches rung forth a merry peal, and, mingling with the roar of cannon fired at regular intervals, the delicious strains of music issuing from temporary orchestras stationed here and there, and the warlike din of the drums and trumpets of the troops that lined the streets, formed a *tout ensemble* of bustle, noise, and movement, such as had not been seen or heard for years in that city of luxury and refinement,—the fair and peerless Florence. Francesco the Second De Medici, Duke of Tuscany, was on that day to celebrate his nuptials with Bianca Capello, daughter of the Venetian Republic.

The magnificent procession, opened by the Florentine nobles, moved slowly onwards towards the cathedral church of Santa Maria del Fiore; then followed the carriages of the Venetian ambassadors, surrounded by the most conspicuous personages of their nation, ninety in number, who had flocked from the shores of the Adriatic to assist in placing upon the throne this new Caterina Cornaro; then came the brother of the Duke, the Cardinal Ferdinand de Medici, smiling at the applauses of the multitude, and the magnificence of the scene, with such a dark ambiguous smile, as once again, at a future day, was to curl his lip, upon an occasion splendid as the actual one, but not so joyous. Afterwards came the heralds and the household of the sovereign, and, lastly, the ducal carriage appeared, brilliant with gilding, sculpture, and rock crystal, and drawn by eight splendid Andalusian horses, who, impatient of the slow pace to which their conductors reined them in, chafed upon their bits, tossed their superb manes, and pawed the ground as if indignantly spurning its contact. "She comes!—she comes! The beautiful Bianca, our fair Duchess, comes!" burst from the lips of the crowd, as, rushing from all sides towards the point of attraction, they jostled and pushed against one another in order to obtain a nearer glimpse of the triumphant beauty. "Long live Bianca! Long live the bride of Duke Francesco! Long live our lovely Sovereign!" resounded through the air, and greeted her approach.

Behind the foremost rank of spectators were standing a knot of young and light-hearted citizens, who amused themselves in bandying jokes, and exchanging remarks upon the passing scene; not one of which escaped the attention of a youthful stranger, who, hopeless of advancing nearer to the procession through the dense crowd that intervened, had stationed himself close to these young men.

"She is indeed exquisitely beautiful," said one of them: "how well do those gorgeous robes and that transparent veil become her! but did you observe how pale and pensive she looks, as though she were a stranger to the joy which her presence occasions?"

"She is amazed by her good fortune," replied another, "to which

assuredly she had no right to pretend. Corpo di Bacco! a poor Venetian, of noble family it is true, but unconnected with the state, —a fugitive from her father's house, the wife of a simple merchant's clerk, accustomed to the privations of a wandering life, to step all at once from such obscurity to the throne of Tuscany! to find herself the bride of a Medici, and hear herself saluted as Duchess! — Why, sirs, it is enough to turn her head!"

"Ay, ay," added a third; "and if she looks pensive and pale, she has good reasons for doing so. Do you think it possible all at once to forget the past? Are there not sad recollections that fix themselves indelibly upon the mind; remorse which the heart cannot fling aside? Poor Bonaventuri! that unfortunate husband who perished in so tragical a manner!"

"And do you believe that Bianca was privy to her husband's death?" inquired a fourth in a low voice.

"Who knows?" returned the last speaker, shrugging his shoulders.

"Eh, signori!" observed another one with a bitter smile, "this light-o'-love has left her remorse in the solitudes of Pratolino!"

At these words the stranger started as if a sword had pierced his heart; he heard no more, but darting into the crowd, pushed steadfastly onward.

The procession reached the gates of the cathedral, and Bianca Capello having alighted from her carriage, stood for a moment upon the threshold, in the midst of the noble ladies and cavaliers who composed her retinue. A breathless silence had succeeded to the noisy acclamations that had greeted her on her march, and the multitude, hushed into mute expectation, testified their homage and admiration only with their eyes in that solemn moment; when suddenly a cry of indescribable anguish was heard. "'Tis she!—'tis she!" broke upon the still air; and a young man, whom the guards had vainly endeavoured to hold back, precipitated himself from the crowd, and stretching his arms towards Bianca Capello, fell senseless at her feet.

At that heart-broken cry, the bride turned round, and a crimson flush for a moment suffused the transparent purity of her cheeks; but quickly recovering herself, she cast a look of cold wonder and pity upon the motionless stranger, passed on, "and made no sign."

The next day, a group of inquisitive idlers were collected upon the banks of the Arno, near the Ponte Vecchio, around the lifeless body of a young man, which had just been drawn out of the river; three ghastly wounds had pierced his breast, and one of them had passed through his heart. Nobody knew who the deceased was, nor were there any papers about his person by which his name or station might be ascertained. One woman only, who by her dress was nothing more than a serving damsel, gazed long and silently upon his still beautiful countenance, as though transfixed by the sad spectacle; then moving slowly away, she muttered to herself, "*Guido Raggi!*"

The name was overheard, and flew from mouth to mouth; it was soon known who the unfortunate victim had been: but how he perished, whether by his own act, or by the hand of an assassin, remained then, and has ever since remained, *a mystery*.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRAITOR BETRAYED.

Lord Mounteagle arrived at the Tower shortly after Viviana, and repairing at once to the lieutenant's lodgings, had a brief conference with him, and informed him that he had a secret order to deliver to Jasper Ipgreve, from the Earl of Salisbury, touching the conspirators. Sir William Waad would have summoned the jailer; but Mounteagle preferred visiting him at the Well Tower, and accordingly proceeded thither.

He found Ipgreve with his wife and daughter, and telling him he desired a moment's private speech with him, the jailer dismissed them. Suspecting that the new-comer's errand related in some way to Viviana, Ruth contrived to place herself in such a situation that she could overhear what passed. A moment's scrutiny of Jasper's villanous countenance satisfied Mounteagle that the Earl of Salisbury was not mistaken in his man; and, as soon as he supposed they were alone, he unhesitatingly opened his plan to him. As he expected, Jasper exhibited no reluctance to undertake it; and, after some further discussion, it was agreed to put it in execution without delay.

"The sooner Mr. Tresham is silenced the better," said Jasper; "for he threatens to make disclosures to the Council that will bring some noble persons," with a significant look at Mounteagle, "into trouble."

"Where is he confined?" demanded the other.

"In the Beauchamp Tower," replied Ipgreve.

"I will visit him at once," said Mounteagle; "and when I have conferred with him, will call for wine. Bring two goblets, and in that which you give to Tresham place this powder."

Ipgreve nodded assent, and with a grim smile took the packet. Shortly after this they quitted the Well Tower together, and passing under the archway of the Bloody Tower, crossed the green, and entered the fortification in which the traitor was confined. Tresham was treated with far greater consideration than the other conspirators, being allowed the use of the large room on the upper floor of the Beauchamp Tower, which was seldom allotted to any persons except those of the highest distinction. When they entered, he was pacing to and fro within his chamber in great agitation, but he immediately stopped on seeing Mounteagle, and rushed towards him.

"You bring me my liberation?" he said.

"It is impossible to effect it at present," returned the other. "But make yourself perfectly easy. Your confinement will not be of long duration."

"I will not be trifled with," cried Tresham, furiously. "If I am

examined by the Council, look to yourselves. As I hope for salvation, the truth shall out."

"Leave us," said Mounteagle, with a significant look at the jailer, who quitted the chamber.

"Hark'e, Mounteagle," said Tresham, as soon as they were alone, "I have been your tool thus far. But if you propose to lead me blindfold to the scaffold, you are greatly mistaken. You think that you have me safe within these walls; that my voice cannot be heard; and that I cannot betray you. But you are deceived — fearfully deceived, as you will find. I have your letters—the Earl of Salisbury's letters, proving that you were both aware of the plot—and that you employed me to watch its progress, and report it to you. I have also letters from Doctor Dee, the warden of Manchester, detailing his acquaintance with the conspiracy, and containing descriptions of the persons of Fawkes and Catesby, which I showed to the Earl of Salisbury.— These letters are now in my possession, and I will deliver them to the Council, if I am not released."

"Deliver them to me, and I swear to you you shall be set free," said Mounteagle.

"I will not trust you," rejoined Tresham. "Liberate me, and they are yours. But I will not rob myself of vengeance. I will confound you and the false Earl of Salisbury."

"You wrong us both by your unjust suspicions," said Mounteagle.

"Wrong you!" echoed Tresham, contemptuously. "Where is my promised reward? Why am I in this dungeon? Why am I treated like a traitor? If you meant me fairly, I should not be here, but, like yourself, at liberty, and in the enjoyment of the King's favour. But you have duped me, villain, and shall rue it. If I am led to the scaffold, it shall be in your company."

"Compose yourself," rejoined Mounteagle, calmly. "Appearances, I own, are against us. But circumstances render it imperatively necessary that the Earl of Salisbury should *appear* to act against you. You have been charged by Guy Fawkes, when under the torture, of being a confederate in the design, and your arrest could not be avoided. I am come hither to give you a solemn assurance that no harm shall befal you, but that you shall be delivered from your thraldom in a few days—perhaps in a few hours."

"You have no further design against me?" said Tresham, suspiciously.

"What motive could I have in coming hither, except to set your mind at rest?" rejoined Mounteagle.

"And I shall receive my reward?" demanded Tresham.

"You will receive your reward," returned Mounteagle, with significant emphasis. "I swear it. So make yourself easy."

"If I thought I might trust you, I should not heed my imprisonment, irksome though it be," rejoined Tresham.

"It cannot be avoided, for the reasons I have just stated," replied Mounteagle. "But come, no more despondency. All will be well with you speedily. Let us drown care in a bumper. What ho! jailer," he added, opening the door, "a cup of wine!"

In a few minutes, Ipgreve made his appearance, bearing two goblets filled with wine on a salver, one of which he presented to Mounteagle, and the other to Tresham.

"Here is to your speedy deliverance from captivity!" said Mount-

eagle, draining the goblet. "You will not refuse that pledge, Tresham?"

"Of a surety not," replied the other. "To my speedy deliverance!"

And he emptied the cup, while Mounteagle and the jailer exchanged significant glances.

"And now, having fully discharged my errand, I must bid you farewell," said Mounteagle.

"You will not forget your promise?" observed Tresham.

"Assuredly not," replied the other. "A week hence, and you will make no complaint against me.—Are you sure you did not give me the wrong goblet?" he added to Ipgreve, as they descended the spiral staircase.

"Quite sure, my lord," returned the jailer, with a grim smile.

Mounteagle immediately quitted the Tower, and hastening to Whitehall, sought out the Earl of Salisbury, to whom he related what he had done. The Earl complimented him on his skilful management of the matter; and congratulating each other upon having got rid of a dangerous and now useless instrument, they separated.

On the following day, Tresham was seized with a sudden illness, and making known his symptoms to Ipgreve, the chirurgeon who attended the prison was sent for, and on seeing him pronounced him dangerously ill, though he was at a loss to explain the nature of his disorder. Every hour the sick man grew worse, and he was torn with racking pains. Connecting his sudden seizure with the visit of Lord Mounteagle, an idea of the truth flashed upon him, and he mentioned his suspicions to the chirurgeon, charging Jasper Ipgreve with being accessory to the deed. The jailer stoutly denied the accusation, and charged the prisoner in his turn with making a malicious statement to bring him into discredit.

"I will soon test the truth of his assertion," observed the chirurgeon, taking a small flat piece of the purest gold from his doublet. "Place this in your mouth."

Tresham obeyed, and Ipgreve watched the experiment with gloomy curiosity.

"You are a dead man," said the chirurgeon to Tresham, as he drew forth the piece of gold, and perceived that it was slightly tarnished. "Poison *has* been administered to you."

"Is there no remedy — no counter-poison?" demanded Tresham, eagerly.

The chirurgeon shook his head.

"Then let the lieutenant be summoned," said Tresham; "I have an important confession to make to him. I charge this man," pointing to the jailer, "with giving poisoned wine to me. Do you hear what I say to you?"

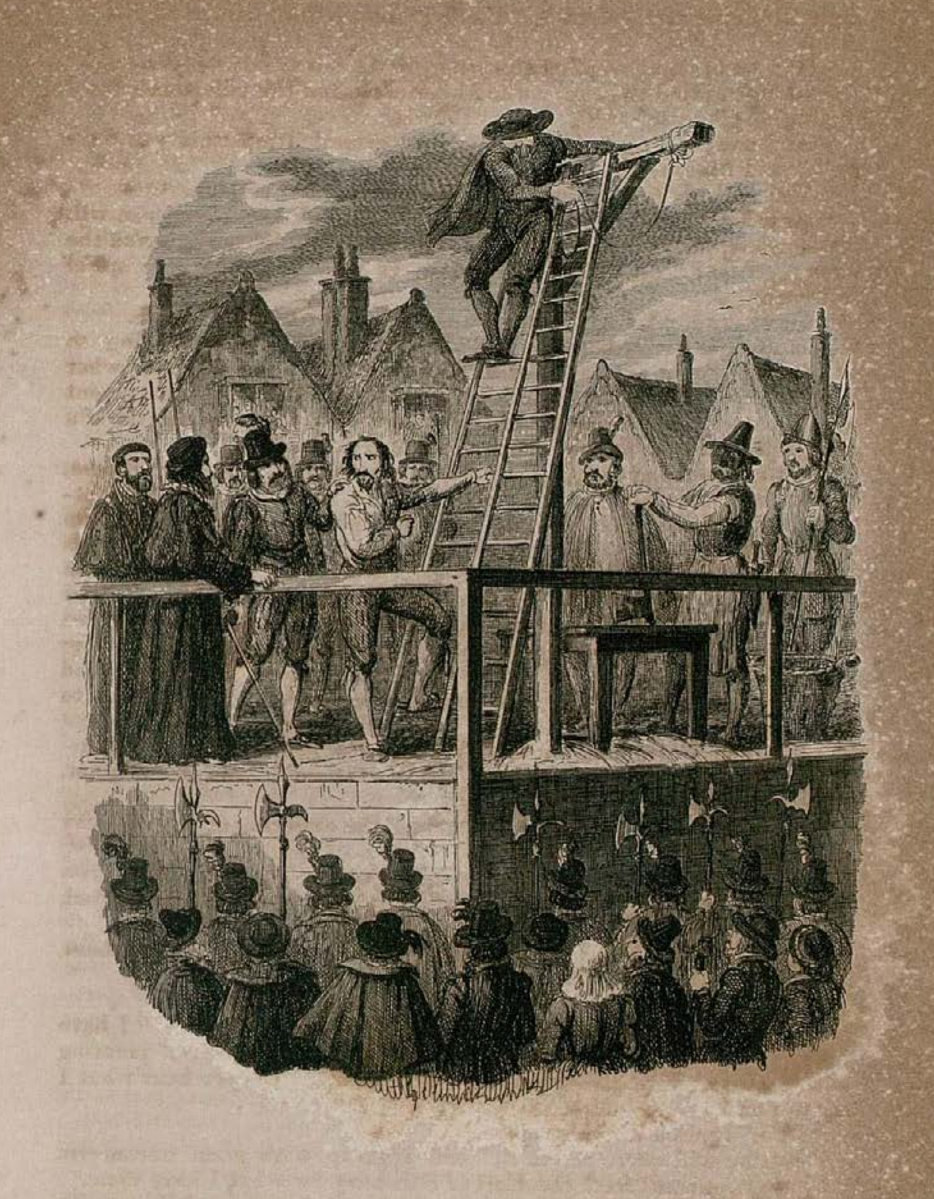
"I do," replied the chirurgeon.

"But he will never reveal it," said Ipgreve, with great unconcern. "I have a warrant from the Earl of Salisbury for what I have done."

"What!" cried Tresham, "can murder be committed here with impunity?"

"You have to thank your own indiscretion for what has happened," rejoined Ipgreve. "Had you kept a close tongue in your head, you would have been safe."

"Can nothing be done to save me?" cried the miserable man, with an imploring look at the chirurgeon.



Execution of Guy Fawkes.

London: Richard Bentley, 1841.

[illegible] the night together. [illegible] scanty fare of bread and water. [illegible] edged, and [illegible] of being poisoned.

"I will take charge of your papers, if you die so [illegible] me," he said, "and will lay them before the Court [illegible]."

"No," replied Treshum, "while life [illegible] I will not part with them."

"I have brought you a mixture which, [illegible] will at least allay your sufferings?" said the [illegible].

"[illegible]," groaned Treshum. [illegible]

[illegible]

"I will not fail to do so," replied the [illegible].

"Nothing whatever," replied the person appealed to. "I would advise you to recommend your soul to God."

"Will you not inform the lieutenant that I desire to speak with him?" demanded Tresham.

The chirurgeon glanced at Ipgreve, and receiving a sign from him, gave a promise to that effect.

They then quitted the cell together, leaving Tresham in a state of indescribable agony both of mind and body. Half an hour afterwards the chirurgeon returned, and informed him that the lieutenant refused to visit him, or to hear his confession, and wholly discredited the fact of his being poisoned.

"I will take charge of your papers, if you choose to commit them to me," he said, "and will lay them before the Council."

"No," replied Tresham; "while life remains to me I will never part with them."

"I have brought you a mixture which, though it cannot heal you, will at least allay your sufferings," said the chirurgeon.

"I will not take it," groaned Tresham. "I distrust you as much as the others."

"I will leave it with you, at all events," rejoined the chirurgeon, setting down the phial.

The noise of the bolts shot into their sockets sounded to Tresham as if his tomb were closed upon him, and he uttered a cry of anguish. He would have laid violent hands upon himself, and accelerated his own end, but he wanted courage to do so, and continued to pace backwards and forwards across his chamber as long as his strength lasted. He was about to throw himself on the couch, from which he never expected to rise again, when his eyes fell upon the phial. "What if it should be poison!" he said, "it will end my sufferings the sooner."

And placing it to his lips, he swallowed its contents. As the chirurgeon had foretold, it alleviated his sufferings, and throwing himself on the bed, he sank into a troubled slumber, during which he dreamed that Catesby appeared to him with a vengeful countenance, and tried to drag him into a fathomless abyss that yawned beneath their feet. Shrieking with agony, he awoke, and found two persons standing by his couch. One of them was the jailer, and the other appeared, from his garb, to be a priest; but a hood was drawn over his head so as to conceal his features.

"Are you come to witness my dying pangs, or to finish me?" demanded Tresham of the jailer.

"I am come for neither purpose," replied Ipgreve, "I pity your condition, and have brought you a priest of your own faith, who like yourself is a prisoner in the Tower. I will leave him with you, but he cannot remain long; so make the most of your time." And with these words, he retired.

When he was gone, the supposed priest, who spoke in feeble and faltering accents, desired to hear Tresham's confession, and having listened to it, gave him absolution. The wretched man then drew from his bosom a small packet, and offered it to the confessor, who eagerly received it.

"This contains the letters of the Earl of Salisbury and Lord Mounteagle, which I have just mentioned," he said. "I pray you lay them before the Privy Council."

"I will not fail to do so," replied the confessor.

And reciting a prayer for one *in extremis* over the dying man, he departed.

"I have obtained the letters from him," said Mounteagle, throwing back his hood as he quitted the chamber, and addressing the jailer. "And now you need give yourself no further concern about him; he will be dead before morning."

Jasper Ipgreve locked the door upon the prisoner, and proceeded to the Well Tower. When he returned, he found Mounteagle's words had come to pass. Tresham was lying on the floor quite dead — his collapsed frame and distorted countenance showing the agonies in which he must have expired.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRIAL.

The trial of the conspirators, which had been delayed in order that full evidence might be procured against them, was at length appointed to take place in Westminster Hall, on Monday the 27th of January, 1606. Early on the morning of this day, the eight surviving confederates (Garnet and Oldcorne being at this time secreted at Hendlip) were conveyed in two large covered wherries from the fortress to the place of trial. In spite of the severity of the weather, — it was snowing heavily, and the river was covered with sheets of ice, — they were attended by a vast number of boats filled with persons anxious to obtain a sight of them. Such was the abhorrence in which the actors in the conspiracy were held by the populace, that, not contented with menaces and execrations, many of these persons hurled missiles against the wherries, and would have proceeded to further violence if they had not been restrained by the pikemen. When the prisoners landed, a tremendous and fearful shout was raised by the mob stationed at the head of the stairs, and it required the utmost efforts of the guard to protect them from injury. Two lines of soldiers, with calivers on their shoulders, were drawn out from the banks of the river to the entrance of the Hall, and between them the conspirators marched.

The melancholy procession was headed by Sir William Waad, who was followed by an officer of the guard and six halberdiers. Then came the executioner carrying the gleaming implement of death with its edge turned from the prisoners. He was followed by Sir Everard Digby, whose noble figure and handsome countenance excited much sympathy among the beholders, and Ambrose Rookwood. Next came the two Winters, both of whom appeared greatly dejected. Next, John Grant and Robert Bates,—Catesby's servant, who had been captured at Holbeach. And lastly, Keyes and Fawkes.

Bitterly and justly incensed as were the multitude against the conspirators, their feelings underwent some change as they beheld the haggard countenance and shattered frame of Guy Fawkes. It was soon understood that he was the individual who had been found in the vault near the Parliament House, with the touchwood and matches in belt, ready to fire the train; and the greatest curiosity was exhibited to see him.

Just as the foremost of the conspirators reached the entrance of the Hall, a terrific yell, resembling nothing earthly, except the roar of a thousand tigers thirsting for blood, was uttered by the mob, and a tre-

mendous but ineffectual attempt was made to break through the lines of the guard. Never before had so large an assemblage been collected on the spot. The whole of the space extending on one hand from Westminster Hall to the gates of Whitehall, and on the other to the Abbey, was filled with spectators; and every roof, window, and buttress was occupied. Nor was the interior of the Hall less crowded. Not an inch of room was unoccupied; and it was afterwards complained in Parliament, that the members of the house had been so pressed and incommoded, that they could not hear what was said at the arraignment.

The conspirators were first conveyed to the court of the Star-Chamber, where they remained till the Lords Commissioners had arrived, and taken their seats. The commissioners were the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral of England; the Earl of Suffolk, Steward of the Household; the Earl of Worcester, Master of the Horse; the Earl of Devonshire, Master of the Ordnance; the Earl of Northampton, Warden of the Cinque-Ports; the Earl of Salisbury, Principal Secretary of State; Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice; Sir Thomas Fleming, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and Sir Thomas Walmisley and Sir Peter Warburton, Knights, and both Justices of the Common Pleas.

Summoned by an usher, the conspirators were conducted to a platform covered with black cloth, which had been erected at the lower end of the Hall. A murmur of indignation, vainly sought to be repressed by the grave looks of the Commissioners, burst from the immense assemblage, as they one by one ascended the steps of the platform. Guy Fawkes was the last to mount, and his appearance was followed by a deep groan. Supporting himself against the rail of the scaffold, he surveyed the assemblage with a stern and undaunted look. As he gazed around, he could not help marvelling at the vast multitude before him. The whole of the peers, and all the members of the House of Commons were present, while in a box on the left, though screened by a lattice, sat the Queen and Prince Henry; and in another on the right, and protected in the same way, the King and his courtiers.

Silence being peremptorily commanded, the indictment was read, wherein the prisoners were charged with conspiring to blow up the King and the peers with gunpowder, and with attempting to incite the Papists, and other persons, to open rebellion; to which all the conspirators, to the no small surprise of those who heard them, and were aware that they had subscribed their confessions, pleaded not guilty.

"How, sir!" cried the Lord Chief Justice, in a stern tone to Fawkes. "With what face can you pretend to deny the indictment, when you were actually taken in the cellar with the powder, and have already confessed your treasonable intentions?"

"I do not mean to deny what I have confessed, my lord," replied Fawkes. "But this indictment contains many matters which I neither can nor will countenance by assent or silence. And I therefore deny it."

"It is well," replied the Lord Chief Justice. "Let the trial proceed."

The indictment being opened by Sir Edward Philips, sergeant-at-law, he was followed by Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, who in an eloquent and elaborate speech, which produced an extraordinary

effect upon the assemblage, expatiated upon the monstrous nature of the plot, which he characterised as "the greatest treason that ever was plotted in England, and against the greatest King that ever reigned in England;" and after narrating the origin and progress of the conspiracy, concluded by desiring that the confessions of the prisoners should be openly read. This done, the jury were ordered by the Lord Chief Justice to retire, and the injunction being obeyed, they almost instantly returned with a verdict of guilty.

A deep, dread silence then prevailed throughout the Hall, and every eye was bent upon the conspirators, all of whom maintained a composed demeanour. They were then questioned by the Lord Chief Justice whether they had anything to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced against them.

"All I have to crave of your lordships," said Thomas Winter, "is, that being the chief offender of the two, I may die for my brother and myself."

"And I ask only that my brother's request may not be granted," said Robert Winter. "If he is condemned, I do not desire to live."

"I have nothing to solicit—not even pardon," said Keyes, carelessly. "My fortunes were always desperate, and are better now than they have ever been."

"I desire mercy," said Rookwood, "not from any fear of death, but because so shameful an ending will leave a perpetual stain upon my name and blood. I humbly submit myself to the King, and pray him to imitate our Supreme Judge, who sometimes punishes corporally, but not mortally."

"I have been guilty of a conspiracy, intended but never effected," said John Grant; "and solicit forgiveness on that plea."

"My crime has been fidelity to my master," said Bates. "If the King will let me live, I will serve him as faithfully as I did Mr. Catesby."

"I would not utter a word," said Fawkes, looking sternly round; "if I did not fear my silence might be misinterpreted. I would not accept a pardon if it were offered me. I regard the project as a glorious one, and only lament its failure."

"Silence the vile traitor," said the Earl of Salisbury, rising.

And as he spoke two halberdiers sprang up the steps of the scaffold, and placing themselves on either side of Fawkes, prepared to gag him.

"I have done," he said, contemptuously regarding them.

"I have nothing to say save this," said Sir Everard Digby, bowing to the judges. "If any of your lordships will tell me you forgive me, I shall go more cheerfully to the scaffold."

"Heaven forgive you, Sir Everard," said the Earl of Nottingham, returning his reverence, "as we do."

"I humbly thank your lordship," replied Digby.

Sentence was then passed upon the prisoners by Lord Chief Justice Popham, and they were removed from the platform.

As they issued from the Hall, and it became known to the assemblage without that they were condemned, a shout of fierce exultation rent the air, and they were so violently assailed on all sides, that they had great difficulty in reaching the wherries. The guard, however, succeeded, at length, in accomplishing their embarkation, and they were conveyed back in safety to the Tower.



The Crimps surprised by [illegible]

London Richard Bentley [illegible]

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XI.

In which Richard Savage is made the principal in an unlooked-for adventure; and finds certain new and serviceable friends.

Mr. Langley came out of Myte's door as I was about to enter it. Upon perceiving me, he hesitated; then removing his hat, and making me a cold and ceremonious bow, he glided past me. I was half tempted to run after him, and inquire the reason of this conduct; but, concluding that whatever the cause might be I should be able to collect it from his father-in-law, I walked into the office.

Hearing my footstep, Myte, who was seated at his desk, raised his head, and with eyes and the feather end of his pen directed towards me, continued to gaze upon me for some time.

"What Levant wind blew you hither?" he said, at last; "or have you come to ask me to bail you to the sessions? for, I suppose you were either compelled to come, or have a favour to beg."

"Neither," I replied, smiling, for I supposed him to be in jest. "Ludlow is now better, and can spare me; and so I have returned."

"And so you 've returned — ugh!" cried Myte with a sort of grunt; "have you brought any news with you?"

"None, in particular."

"Not time yet to fire 'em off?" suggested Myte. "Mendez Pinto got 'em ready more easily."

"What do you mean?" said I, in doubt whether I ought to laugh or to take offence.

"Pinto was one of those men that never let down the bucket to help truth out of her well," answered Myte.

"What of that?" I exclaimed in perplexity.

"Is n't Ludlow a little like Pinto, and are not you his apprentice?"

"Mr. Myte!" I exclaimed, in indignant astonishment, "this language ——"

"Has only truth to recommend it," cried Myte, rising, "and therefore will carry little weight with you. Go away, young man, — go away, and let me never see your face again. A fellow of your parts, — Lord bless my soul! — that might tear the

bandage from Fortune's eyes, and make her smile at you for doing so,—that might invent a wheel of your own, with cogs in it, to turn hers at pleasure,—cogs ? — cogs ?—oh d—— it ! " (the only oath I ever heard from Myte's lips,) " I think there has been a great deal too much cogging already between you. Ricardo—Richard Freeman, I blush for you."

"Do you ? " I replied. " I wish I could see your meaning; that and your blushes are alike hidden, at present."

" None of your jeers," cried Myte, in a rage, colouring in downright earnest; " you 'll put me in a passion, and I 'm — I don't know what when I 'm once roused. I can say hard things — but I won't. You want my meaning, do you ? Take it, then. Woful — (what the deuce !) Ludlow and you have been concocting a plot—*that* we have discovered,—I always thought it a strange story— to pass yourself off for the son of Semira — Mrs. Brett. I am convinced of it *now*."

"Convinced of it ! " said I, with an insolent sneer, " and *now !* since when is that *now ?* How much—how much wrought that conviction ? Tell me, good Mr. Myte, for *how much* my good mother, Mrs. Brett, bought you ? (was there much haggling ?)—purchased you, I say—in a lump, as it were; bluster and remonstrance — virtuous resentment and invisible blushes. I hope the gold, at least, was true."

" Out—out of my house ! " roared Myte, and he sprang nimbly forwards, and I verily thought was going to lay hands upon me. " I sell myself to Mrs. Brett for money ! I and my son Langley lend ourselves to ——. Oh ! go away; or I know not what I may do."

" I care not, for my part," said I. " For what, Mr. Myte, do you take me ? "

" An impostor," he cried decisively.

" And what the aim of my imposition ? "

" The extortion of money," he said with equal promptness.

" Oh, sir ! " I rejoined, " fair play, if you please. If you suspect, why may not I ? If money is so potential, perhaps you acknowledge its influence—feel it—fall to it."

" My character through life," said he, after a pause, " sets aside that supposition."

" Will Ludlow's stand him in any stead ? " I asked. " Charity, Mr. Myte."

" Freeman," he began.

" My name is not Freeman, sir," said I.

" Never mind that. We would not believe anything against you—we, Langley and I, — upon the mere word of Mrs. Brett. Why, my thoughts were friendly towards you—very friendly."

" You told me that once before, sir, and still I doubt it. Words are wind, and easily vented."

" Therefore, I forgive what you say," returned Myte. " Let me go on. We had a worthier assurance than Mrs. Brett could offer."

"And whose was that?" I inquired.

"An honourable lady — Lady Mason. She has told us that you are ——"

"An impostor?"

"That word was your own," cried Myte, — "that you are Ludlow's nephew. She thinks so. At all events, that you are not the son of Mrs. Brett. That child died in its infancy."

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say that Lady Mason has disowned me? I'll not believe it. This is another worthy device of my excellent mother. But, why do I talk to you? Does it signify to me a rush what you think of me?"

"Yes," answered Myte, "it does. The good opinion of an honest man is worth all the rushes that were ever made into chairs for knaves to sit upon. I tell you, Langley and I waited upon Lady Mason, and had it from her own lips."

I was confounded, and unable to speak for some time. Myte regarded me with an aspect of pity.

"My poor Ricardo!" said he, shaking his head. "You, also, I fear, have been deceived by that insidious villain, Ludlow. Nay, don't storm, or I shall be certain you are acting in concert."

"But I will speak, sir."

"Young man," said Myte, with more solemnity than I thought he could put on, "when people league together to do base things, they should be very circumspect; but what has Ludlow done? No sooner is he turned out of doors by his mistress, than he recals—reclaims—faugh! takes to his bosom his wife—as infamous a woman as ever spurned at every suggestion of decency, of virtue, of humanity. You see, we know all. And what have *you* done? you have positively gone to live with them; you have made yourself one of them, — identified yourself with them. What is the inevitable conclusion?" raising his voice. "Why, roguery, roguery, roguery. Oh!" and he shook his head so that his face was scarce distinguishable, "no more, no more. If you think you have any claim upon Mrs. Brett, get away from 'em — have nothing to do with 'em. With your hands to your ears, and your feet to the ground, scamper away from 'em."

This was a home-thrust which I could not parry. And it *did* look awkward—ugly. It was so excellent a foundation for Mrs. Brett to build upon: I could not but see that. And then — what man out of a thousand, — if, indeed, any man were to be found, — who could understand, much less sympathise, with the feelings that had prompted Ludlow to take back to his forgiveness a penitent sinner—that sinner being his wife. Presently, however, a sense of Myte's injustice towards me—an unprotected, inexperienced youth—returned to me. I was too proud to ask him to put a favourable construction upon my proceed-

ings,—to suspend his opinion of me. I turned, therefore, to him, and said,

"I called, sir, to inquire whether a gentleman, tall and stout, has been here after me."

"No gentleman," returned Myte, "tall and stout, or short and slender, has been here. Do you mean Colonel Brett?"

"I do not. Is any letter lying for me?"

"No letter lies for you here."

"Then, good morning, sir," and I was about to depart.

"Stay!" cried Myte; "let us see— your clothes— you will come for them?"

"I will send for them," I replied. "Into this house, sir, I never set my foot again."

"Would to God, Richard," said Myte, "I could think you honest."

"Is your money safe?" said I, looking over my shoulder. "Is your plate gone? Have you counted the spoons? Where 's your watch?"

"Stay, I tell you," urged Myte, fumbling in his pocket for a small key, which he drew out.

"How I hate," I exclaimed, "this detestable scene! Mr. Myte, you shall regret your conduct to me this day,—upon my soul you shall. What new insult? Search my trunks. I will wait while you send for a tipstaff."

"I didn't mean that,—not that," cried Myte, clapping down the lid of a tin-box which he had just opened. "Look here, Ricardo. I should like to part good friends with you, in case your story should turn out to be true. Upon my word, it would go nigh to break my heart — it would, indeed, to think that I had done you injustice. See here," he continued, opening the box, and coming towards me with a coaxing smile, "look at these. Here, take these parings from the hoof of the golden calf," and he handed me several pieces of gold.

The old fellow caused a rising in my throat, which I gulped down again.

"Give me these parings, as you call them," I said.

"Yes," he replied complacently, counting them into my hand. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, — *ten*,—there."

I tossed them from me on the ground, as a man deals cards.

"There," said I, "stoop and pick them up, as you *have* stooped, I dare say, to pick up money. I shall not stoop to receive money from you. Ha! ha! sir. Now, if this is not the basest insult of all; but I 'll be even with you, yet."

"Oh, dear me! don't," exclaimed Myte, seizing me by the coat. "If that wasn't the face, and the voice too, of Semiramis, may I never touch gold more."

I broke from him, and rushed out of the office; and hastening up a gateway, gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears.

I had conceived a sort of affection for the little man, the extent of which, until I parted from him (as I resolved, for ever,) I did not know. I felt a yearning, too, to take leave of Mrs. Myte and her daughter, who had upon all occasions treated me with singular and unvarying kindness. But that must not be thought on now. Other considerations pressed upon me.

And, first—should I return to Ludlow? I could not but be sensible that to continue to reside under the same roof with him must prejudice me very strongly in the eyes of those who were to decide upon the reality of my claims. The recent forgiveness of his wife would not be so called by the world, which never gives a man credit for a Christian virtue when the action of which it is the effect can be referred to a base motive. Her continuance in the house, coupled with my residence there, must inevitably throw an air of collusion over the whole business. Myte, after all, was not so much to blame. Mankind generally would draw the same inference. But then, I could not bring myself to leave Ludlow in his present frame of mind, of which, for a reason I will hereafter disclose, I have furnished only a faint description to the reader. Besides, the very money wherewith I should be enabled to support myself for a time, was of his provision; and it would be nothing short of ingratitude to run away from him—to employ a common saying—in the very shoes he had placed upon my feet.

Again, the extraordinary weakness or wickedness of Lady Mason our joint endeavours could alone counteract. There could be no doubt — for Myte in grave matters was a man of veracity, — that she had renounced me to him and Langley, and that she was prepared to maintain her disavowal at all hazards. "Hang that woman—that wife of his!" thought I, as I turned into the street in which we lodged, "would that Ludlow had never sought or seen her."

I was about to knock at the door, when a man tapped me on the shoulder.

"One word with you, if you please," he said, beckoning me a few paces. I attended him.

"Is your name Savage?" he inquired.

"It is. What do you want?"

"Here, Bill, lend a hand," he said.

Bill, it seemed, was alive to business; for, scarce were the words spoken, when my arms were pinioned by a powerful ruffian, and I was thrust into a coach, the two men tumbling in after me. In an instant, the door was closed, — the windows were drawn up, the blinds after them, and the coach drove off at a rapid rate.

I was so confounded by this sudden seizure, that I was surprised out of my presence of mind. In a moment, however, I regained my senses, and struggling violently with the two fellows, attempted to get hold of the handle of one of the doors.

"Curse his young bones and muscles," cried one of them, with a brutal oath. "This won't do. Down with him, Bill."

Hereupon, Bill dealt me a tremendous blow on the side of the head, and winding his hand into my cravat, thrust me down upon one of the seats.

"I shall be choked," I gasped. "Don't murder me."

"Not this bout," cried the fellow with a hoarse chuckle, planting his knee upon my chest, and forcing my head back with his hand. "Now, Watson, where 's the rope? Just tie up his pickers and stealers; he can't do much harm after that."

Watson was ready with his rope, which he bound tightly round my wrists. "Now get up," said he, lending me a back-handed slap upon the face, "and tell us how you find yourself by this time."

Whatever my private feelings of resentment might be, I was wise enough to keep them very private. I perceived it was useless to remonstrate with men, whom, had I been at perfect liberty, I could not effectually resist, and who had rendered me altogether powerless. They were acting under orders; and these, although in some alarm, I applied myself to discover.

"Gentlemen," I began, (what a shocking perversion of this word circumstances compel us at times to commit!)—"gentlemen, I am sure there must be some mistake. I cannot be the person you want."

"Shall I just make the gag useful?" said the fellow who was called Bill, "that mouth of his will be opening."

"Young fellow," cried the other, "if you'll promise not to set up your throat, and to attempt no escape, Bill, there, shall keep his gag in his pocket: if you make a noise or a scuffle," swearing horribly, "it shall be worse for you. We have got you; and we know what to do with you; and what we choose to do with you, nobody need know. We shan't murder you, I dare say, unless you wish it."

"But, what are you going to do with me?" I urged, greatly disturbed at this speech, which implied that murder was one of the branches of the worthies' profession.

"He will be chattering, you see," said Bill.

"Never mind," replied Watson, "it does him good, and us no harm. It 's natural he should feel a little curiosity. Shouldn't *you*, Bill?"

"Why yes," said Bill. "Nature, you know, as a man may say, is what we all feel."

"Do we?" returned Watson. "Well, I 'm no scholar, and don't know much about that."

"Gentlemen," said I, "I am sure you are in an error. I am certain you have taken the wrong person."

"Catch us doing that," replied Watson; "though, I dare say, if we had taken any one else instead of you, you 'd have thought him the right one. No—no."

"I am known to nobody," I said: "no human being can possibly entertain any enmity against me."

"Perhaps not," returned Watson quietly; "we heard it was to be all for your good; you wouldn't be easy, young fellow; and so you're to be sent where they'll try to make you comfortable."

"What have I done?" I inquired. "I have injured nobody."

"Perhaps not, again," said Watson; "it appears you have been paying great attention to a certain lady, who'd rather be without it; and that's the long and the short. You sha'n't be sent to the Indies without knowing who's to be at the expense of you."

"The Indies!" I exclaimed, "and who is it would send me there?"

"Ah!" cried Watson, while Bill chuckled approvingly at his friend's peculiar humour, "you'll know that one of these days, when you return with a yellow face, and a bag of yellow guineas. 'Mrs. B——, how d'ye do, dear Mrs. B——? many thanks for your kindness in taking care of me. Here I am, come back again, you see.' Then says Mrs. B——, 'Mighty glad to see you, I protest,' says she; 'and how did you leave the blacks at Jamaicy?' she says.—'Why, mum,' says you, 'they're as well as the whites'll let 'em be. They keep their colour,' you says, 'which is more than I've been able to do,' meaning your yellow phiz. Oh! you've a famous chance before you, Mr. Savage, and I wish you luck with all my heart. You'll remember us when you return?"

I said no more. It was too clear that Mrs. Brett was at the bottom of this — that my mother had hit upon these means of providing for me.

"Come, young one," cried Bill, after a long pause, attracting my attention by a kick on the shins, "don't fall asleep. You'll have plenty of time for a nap before they give you a row down the river. What time are they to be up with the boat?" to Watson.

"Nine," replied his companion.

"Three good hours, yet," rejoined Bill. "We're nearly there by this time, I should think."

"I dare say," answered Watson, letting down the blind and the window. "You're a good one at a guess, Bill," he continued, drawing in his head, which he had thrust out at the window. "Here we are. Stop!"

The coach now stopped, and the driver came to the door, which he opened.

"Now, Mr. Savage, *will* you be so good?" cried Watson with mock politeness. "There, now, — not quite so fast," he added, seizing me as I attempted to spring out of the vehicle,— "we're so fond of your company that we *must* stick to you.

Lend a hand, Bill, and show the gentleman into the house. Be very gentle with him—you know how."

The ruffian took the hint. Clasping me under the arm with one huge hand, he wound the other into my cravat, forcing his knuckles into my throat. Watson did likewise, and lifting me out of the coach, and urging me forward with their knees, they succeeded in getting me into the passage of a small alehouse.

"Now, Rugby," cried Watson, as they dragged me towards the back of the house, speaking to a short stout man, who was lighting a lantern, "we 've caught our bird at last. He hasn't sung much since we 've had him."

"Oh! he 's a sweet one,—he is," cried Rugby, as he looked into my face by the aid of the lantern, giving me a plaguy chuck under the chin, and mimicking the chirping sound with which a man encourages his favourite bird. "He hasn't sung much, hasn't he? it 's moulting time with him," surveying my clothes, "he 'll soon shed his feathers, I doubt."

"A tankard of ale," said Watson; "we 've had dry work hitherto." Rugby went away, presently returning with a foaming measure.

"Now, Mr. Savage," said Watson, turning to me. "Tell us at once, to save trouble. Will you go up stairs quietly, or do you mean to compel us to treat you roughly? Bill, let go his throat, will you?"

"If you will unbind my wrists, I will go quietly," I said, "the rope hurts them very much. Nay, upon my honour I will offer no resistance."

"I think we can manage him if he does," said Rugby. "Why, if you 'd only leave him to me, I 'd up with him in no time."

"You would?" cried Watson; "he 'd down with you in less than no time, I can tell you that, mine host. There, Bill, pocket the rope; and hand over the tankard. Here, young one, lay hold. I like a fellow of spirit."

I drank heartily, emptying the measure.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, giving the tankard to Rugby, "I attend you. It is useless to resist; and I shall not attempt it. You are going, it seems, to carry me on board a vessel."

"No, we ain't," replied Watson; "our work 's nearly ended. When we 've given you over to two jolly tars who will be here at nine, we 've nothing to do but to make our bow to honest Rugby here," (the villanous host expanded his mouth into a grin at the inapplicable adjective,) "and to wait upon the lady —dear Mrs. B——, your Mrs. B——, who will be anxious to know whether you have been placed in safe keeping."

"Well, gentlemen," I returned, "I give you warning, which I hope you will be pleased with me for doing,—if I should find means to escape from the fate designed me by Mrs. B——, as you call her,—now, or at any future time,—my best endeavours

shall be exercised to trace you out, and to have you punished, as you deserve. You know the law will not permit such outrages to be committed with impunity."

Bill had his hand up in readiness for a stunning blow, which he designed for my head, but he was checked by Watson with a fierce oath.

"Not much chance of your escaping, Savage," he said, with a laugh; "if you do, we will give you leave to set the bull-dogs after us. Come, walk up—you first, if you please."

So saying, he administered an unceremonious shove to me, which caused me to stumble over the first stair.

"Lend us the lantern," said he, to Rugby, "this young gentleman 's not used to your stairs. He 'll come down more easily, I dare say."

Having pushed me up three flights of steep and narrow stairs, the man halted at a door immediately before them.

"Where is the key, my jolly host?" asked Watson.

"Here, master," answered Rugby.

Watson, having unlocked, unbolted, and unbarred the door, —for this door, unlike others that are usually to be met with in honest houses, was furnished with bolts and bars on the outside, —projected his lantern, and took a momentary survey of the room, into which, immediately afterwards, he thrust me without ceremony.

"There—get you in there," said he, proceeding to lock, bolt and bar; "if you don't find it warm enough, there 's plenty of room for a dance. No wind can get at him, I think, Rugby? the windows are pretty fast; and it won't whistle down the chimney, I promise you. You 'll find a sort of a bed somewhere: take your nap out on it," he added, through the keyhole. "It hasn't been much slept upon lately; and I don't think there ever was a good sound night's rest got out of it yet."

With a burst of boisterous, and, I dare say, heartfelt merriment, the three rogues left me to my own reflections.

And sad and bitter they were, for a time,—and then, revengeful. But *her* revenge, it was too apparent, would precede mine, perhaps prevent it. Was it certain — whatever Watson might have hinted to the contrary,—that my life would not be attempted,—that I should not be murdered in this den? *That*, I had full reason to believe, would be the disposal of me most satisfactory to Mrs. Brett. For, of what avail—lasting avail— to send me to Jamaica, if I chanced to come back again? the possibility of my doing which my mother, guilty, I remembered, as well as malignant and revengeful, must have revolved, before she decided upon this step. Murdered, — the decree had gone forth, — I was to be murdered — drowned, it occurred to me, by the jolly tars of whom Watson had spoken, whose jollity would suffer little diminution from the trivial circumstance of having sent a poor devil to the bottom of the Thames. My hair

stood on end at this suggestion, — and the sweat gathered into drops upon my forehead.

The moon at the instant broke through the darkness,—bland goddess! she never walked out of a cloud to supply the exigence of the hide-bound brains of a poetaster more opportunely than she seemed to visit me in my prison now. Through one of the small windows, high above my reach, and barred, her light streamed into the room, disclosing its dimensions. It was tolerably large, and square. A huge, old-fashioned bedstead against the wall opposite the windows, the sole thing in the room, except myself, — and I, indeed, a thing, entrapped, outwitted, brought to my pleas, and my knees, too; yes, my prayers, my tears, my cries, my wild howlings for mercy — for life — by a woman; and that woman (it was a lie—a fiend) my mother!

It would have done her heart — good, I was about to write, but it had, long ago, been past that, — to have heard me curse and swear, as I ran madly about the room, seeking some impossible outlet. No chimney, no trap-door in floor or ceiling; no chance of scaling the windows; no chance if I could do so. Exhausted at length, by these unavailing and weak efforts, I flung myself upon the mattress. I would sleep out the interval between this and nine o'clock. I wished the time were come. Suspense was agony.

It would not do. Sleep was out of the question. So was it to lie passive, whilst dreadful thoughts of horror and of death came thickly, — the last more hideous than the former,—and wreaked themselves upon my brain. I could not bear it. Starting up violently, my arm came in contact with something that protruded from the wall—was it merely the wall?—at the back of the bed. There was a sort of dingy curtain — I know not what to call it — that prevented my seeing what this something was. I rent a hole in the rotten piece of linen. It was a key—a key in the lock of a door. I tried it. It turned easily. Already I could open the door some inches. Remove the bedstead, and I should at once find myself in another room—a room they had probably forgotten, and the door of which they had most likely omitted to secure.

Ha! ha! I sprang from the bed in a transport, and was at my work in a trice. These villains were not adepts,— they had something of their business yet to learn. My escape would teach them foresight, caution. They would make all fast beforehand, next bout. I did not think, at the time, of my successor, whoever he might be, with whom it would go hard in consequence of their acquired caution and foresight.

Never, surely, was there such a huge, unmanageable, impracticable bedstead. Invoking imprecations upon the joiner, I laboured away at the vast effort of wood-work, and had nearly drawn it from the wall far enough to enable me to open the

door, and to squeeze myself through, when a loud knocking arrested my attention, and suspended my labours.

"Hilloah! young fellow!" cried the gruff voice of Rugby.

"Well; what do you want?" I answered, in a courageous tone. "Are you going to let me out?" It occurred to me that, Rugby being alone, and by no means a powerful man, if he opened the door, I would have a struggle for it. Could I force him into the room, and succeed in bolting and barring him quietly within, I might slip down stairs — out at the door, and then,—"Mrs. Brett, my service to you." My heart leapt at the possibility of it.

The reply of Rugby, however, dispelled this pleasing anticipation.

"Going to let you out?" said he, — "not I, till your time comes. Mr. Watson 's a kind-hearted, considerate gentleman, and he wants to know whether you 'll have anything. If you will, me and Bill Sims 'll bring it to you."

"I want nothing: go away, and leave me," I said.

"You might put a handle to my name, and call me Mister," said Rugby. "Neither hog, dog, nor devil. 'I want nothing — go away!' I should like to have the teaching of you manners. I 'd cut 'em into you, I would, that you 'd never forget 'em," and the fellow retired, muttering.

When he was well gone, I resumed my employment with renewed vigour. I had been on tenter-hooks whilst the man stayed, lest he should be reminded of the door of the inner room, which I concluded to be immediately on his right hand. In a short time I had sufficiently removed the bedstead to press myself through the opening of the door behind it, which I did with such precipitation as to fall headlong down a couple of steps that led into the inner room. I got up, regardless of the accident, and proceeded, as well as I was able, to explore the apartment. It was a small garret, or rather hole, lighted in the day-time by a casement; but this I did not at the moment observe. My first impulse was to make towards that part of the wall in which I had assured myself I should find a door. Like many other assurances which a man makes to himself, mine had no foundation in reality. After carefully (in both senses carefully) feeling the whole superficies of the walls, and of the ceiling — for that I could reach with my hands, — not a door was to be found, except, indeed, the door that opened into my prison. The hopelessness of my condition now returned to me with tenfold poignancy. I sat me down on the two steps, and could have wept with very anguish; but, of what avail, thought I, when I somewhat recovered my composure, to wring one's hands, and to disturb one's spirits, when work is to be done, that, perhaps, after all, *may* be done?

Springing up—for a new hope broke in upon me—I hastened to the casement, which with some difficulty I opened. Could

I get out, and make my escape over the roofs of the houses! Some friendly neighbour would, perhaps, receive me, and assist my deliverance out of the hands of these murderers. Or, if no window were accessible, I could alarm the passengers in the street by my outcries, who might insist upon, nay, who would compel my liberation. But would they so? I was not so certain of that. I decided that this should be my last resort; for I was well aware that unless I had an opportunity of telling my story first, I should stand small chance of obtaining credit for it, against the combined contradiction of three hard-fronted ruffians, who could, doubtless, utter a lie with more confidence than an honest man could relate the truth.

The great fiend fly away with Rugby, and invent a new and exquisite torture expressly for him! His house had been built for the purpose, and he had taken it with the view, of accommodating young gentlemen, who might happen to fall under their mothers' displeasure, with a few hours' lodging preparatory to their embarkation for the plantations. I could not stretch myself sufficiently far out of the casement to distinguish whether there were houses on either side of us. I began to fear that our house (*our* house!) was detached; in which case no hope was left to me. All was silence. Before, and widely-extended before, was a space of ground, diversified here and there with patches of hungry grass, and ponds of accumulated rain. Not a soul — and I watched for half an hour — dotted the surface of this lost waste. Not a house was to be seen.

And now, as to escape from the hole in which I was. The edge of the roof — a steep one — was barely a yard and a half below the casement. There was not even the common wooden gutter to convey the rain from the eaves. And now I turned from the casement, and placed this question straight before me. I repeated it aloud, that, as it were, my mind should distinctly see it. "Shall I stay here, and submit myself to certain death, — or, if that be not certain, to a life-long captivity, worse than death, or shall I avail myself of this chance for my life, which Providence has pointed out to me?"

No time was to be lost; nor could there be any hesitation. Having taken off my shoes, and put them in my pockets, I fell upon my knees, and commended myself to God, — and I arose, strengthened.

It was a matter of no small difficulty to get myself, in a collected form, outside the casement, and when I had done so, to project myself upwards by its side, which was raised from the roof. One glance below would have been inevitable destruction. I threw myself forward, and on hands and feet made my way towards the ridge of the roof in an oblique direction, purposing to reach the next house, if there were one. I had proceeded some distance, when one tile, and then another, and another, gave way from beneath my feet, which could effect no hold or

stay,—neither could my fingers, the nails of which I vainly endeavoured to infix into the mortar. I was now sliding downwards at full length. God! what a moment was that! My eyes closed, — my senses reeled, — and yet one thought — one vision, horribly distinct within me. I saw myself below — on the ground, on the flinty, jagged stones,—and what I saw—what figure, if figure it may be called—the reader shall imagine; for I cannot; or if I can, will not, describe it.

Merciful Powers! what superhuman hand, outstretched from Heaven, has stayed,—has saved me? Yes, my feet were stayed — restrained by a firm bulwark. I looked round; a secure wall, it seemed, against which I leaned, — against which I lay my bursting temples. A flood of tears relieved me: my heart was thankful to the Almighty; but I could not as yet speak, nor could my mind yet form a prayer.

I had fallen against a stack of chimneys, placed, as well as I could guess, between the partition that divided Rugby's house from its neighbour. As yet, I could discover no garret window corresponding with the one I had (and yet how long the time appeared!) just left. I decided, therefore, upon again venturing to the ridge of the roof, taking care to keep the chimneys immediately in my rear, that, should my feet betray me a second time, they might once more stand me in good stead. This time I was more fortunate. Having reached the summit, I placed myself astride upon the roof, and took a survey of the prospect on my right hand, which I had not yet seen. The river lay before me and beside me, with its multifarious craft, whose half-formed shadows hung beneath the water, black, and almost as motionless as themselves. The beauty— if any there were— of this scene, was lost upon me. The picturesque must give way to the pressing, and I was in haste. Placing my hands before me, and impelling myself by my heels on either side of the roof, I got forward some distance, till I was on a level with a second stack of chimneys similar to the former. I slid down to these easily; and, lo! not far off, but beneath me, the flat top of a garret window. There was a long iron bar—a holdfast, I think it is called,—attached to the chimneys and to the roof. I took off my cravat, and tied it with a strong knot to my handkerchief, which I fastened to the bar; and, winding the other end tightly round my wrist, let myself down to the small platform. There was barely space to crouch down upon it, which I did. The horrible yard and a half of steep tiles was under this window also. I shuddered at the thought of trusting myself to the frail security of the framework. I dare not attempt to crawl down by the side of the window, lest a single false step should precipitate me to the ground. And yet, how otherwise could I hope to get into it? Perhaps, by some blessed chance, the room was occupied. I stretched my head over the edge, and strove to discover whether there was a light in it. I had hardly done

so, when methought I heard voices. Nor was I deceived; and the momentary radiance of a candle illumined a small portion of the atmosphere beneath me. Thrusting my arm down as low as it could reach, I laid hold upon one side of the casement, and burst it open with a violent crash.

"Christ Jesus! a ghost!" cried a voice, and then a heavy tumble upon the ground.

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed a second and more powerful voice. "Why, Simon, have you gone crazed?"

"There," cried the prostrate Simon,—"there!" pointing, as I supposed, to the open casement.

"You fool!" said the other, "the fastening has given way, that's all."

I heard him approach the window. It was now my turn to join in the conversation.

"For God's sake," I began, "lend me some assistance."

"Hilloah!" cried the man, looking out, "who the devil are you? What do you want?"

"Your assistance," I exclaimed. "I am an unfortunate young gentleman, just escaped from murderers."

"Where from?"

"From a fellow named Rugby—the alehouse hard by."

"The devil!" said the man, "how did you contrive —— But a pretty fellow am I to be asking questions instead of lending a hand. Young man, turn yourself round, and let us see your feet over here instead of your chin: only, gently,—mind, gently."

I was not long about that. Unwinding the end of my cravat from my wrist, I did as he directed. Taking me with a firm gripe by the ankles, he guided my feet till they rested upon the ledge of the window; then, seizing me by the waistband with one hand, he clasped me tightly round the body with his arm, and drew me into the room.

Simon had ere this regained his legs, and for some moments after his father (for so my deliverer was) had seated me in a chair, stood staring at me in incredulous astonishment.

"Come, Simon," said his father, "stir about. Don't you see how pale the young gentleman looks? Go down stairs, and ask mother to lend you her bottle, and a glass. Stay; tell her to come up, and see a sight worth looking at."

The brawny youth heaved a deep sigh from the bottom of his chest.

"Well, father," said he, "if I didn't think it was a goblin, I hope I may never touch victuals again."

"You'll empty many a cupboard before you see a goblin," cried his father, as Simon left the room. "That boy," he added, turning to me, "has been made a fool of by his mother. But, come: cheer up—the worst is over."

I began to make excuses for the trouble and interruption I had caused.

"Not a word of that," said he; "I'd rather see two honest men come in at the window than one rogue at the door, any day,—wouldn't you? And so, no more words about that."

"Where is the precious young lamb?" cried a little woman, hurrying into the room, with a candle like a comet streaming in the wind. "Why, lad," and, with one hand upon her hip, she gazed upon me with tender interest, "how did you get in here? Simon tells me you 've walked over the tops of all the houses. You good dear!" to her husband, whose cheek she patted, "to take him in. It's just like him, sir. Simon, where are you? Pour out a good bumping glass, and give it to the young gentleman. Deary me! deary me! tch! tch! tch! do see how the sweet fellow drinks it up! Johnny Martin, do look at him. Who could have the heart to lay a finger on his head? Simon!" Simon was at her elbow. "Help your father, my dear boy, and give me a drop; and take a little yourself. You thought he was a ghost — ha! ha! He's as like my brother's son that went to sea as ever two peas. I'll drink to your safe deliverance, sir," shaking her head. "Oh! you 're a fine youth."

"Come," said Martin, rising, and stretching himself to his full dimensions, which were of a muscular compactness and developement seldom witnessed, "there's something to be done, I see that. This young gentleman has been seized upon by two crimps, I suspect."

"Crimps! I'd crimp 'em, if I had 'em!" cried Mrs. Martin, "the wicked cannibals! to go to inspirit away a young, fine, beautiful ——"

"My dear, sit down," gently urged Martin, "and let us hear the young gentleman's account of it."

"Well, Johnny,—well," returned his wife; "I'll listen to it with the greatest of pleasure. But, I wish you had 'em to deal with, Johnny,—that's all. What dost say, Simon?"

"I say," cried Simon, making up a prodigious fist, "I should like to have the walloping of one of 'em, let him be as big as he will."

"Sweet fellow! just like his father," said Mrs. Martin, pressing my hand. "Feel better, dear?"

"Much, I thank you; I am quite revived; and will, if you please, relate how I came here."

Hereupon I told them how I had been thrust into the coach, my confinement at Rugby's, my escape thence,—the whole with circumstantial minuteness.

"But, have you any reason to suspect," inquired Martin, when his wife's exclamations had in some degree subsided, "that these men have been employed by some enemy? You have friends, sir, of course; have *they* any enemies—your parents, I mean; for you are too young to have made enemies yet."

"He enemies!" cried Mrs. Martin; "they must be the enemies of the whole human race that would go for to injure him. Why do you sigh, lad?"

I believe I did sigh. These were worthy creatures, I perceived, with whom I could have no reserve. Indeed, why should I? Accordingly, I related briefly the outline of my life, dwelling more particularly upon the treatment I had met with from my mother—especially exemplified in this her last and memorable performance.

The eyes of the good woman ran over during my story. When I had completed it, she pressed her son's hand, which she had been holding between her own.

"What a mother!" she said. "The world 's turned topsy-turvy, I think."

Simon returned the pressure. "Father," said he, breaking out suddenly, "you may laugh at me, if you like; but if I wouldn't rather see a ghost than that lady, I wish I may never ——"

Martin cut short his son's speech.

"Never mind," said he; "that 's nothing to the purpose. There 's something to be done, Simon. These fellows must not be let off easily. Mr. Savage," turning to me, "my name 's John Martin; I 'm a poor tailor, and honest as the world goes, and as folks say. My son here follows the same business. Will you trust yourself with us? Simon, I shall want you."

"Willingly," said I.

"None the worse for being a tailor," said Mrs. Martin,—"is he, dear?—Mr. Savage, I should say,—I humbly beg your pardon," (the poor woman had suddenly acquired a high notion of my greatness,) "he has been a soldier, sir; and a better soldier never served Queen Anne (God bless her memory!) Many a long day's march has he toiled—he has."

Martin smiled gravely. "Simon, help Mr. Savage on with your old topcoat, and second-best hat. All the better if they don't fit him; and, mother, one of my old check cravats."

He walked round me when this addition to my apparel was effected.

"No one would know him," he observed. "Now, my pistols."

"Don't run into any mischief, and do no murder, Johnny," cried his wife. "Simon, take care of him," in an under tone; and to her husband, "don't let Simon get a-fighting."

"Won't I, though?" said Simon, "if there 's occasion. Father 'll be by."

"He 's a very Hannibal, sir, and so is Martin," said the woman confidentially; "I can always trust 'em together; and good reason; they never go out on anything they need be ashamed of."

Martin having stowed away his pistols, put on his hat, and

buttoned his coat, stooped his tall figure that his wife might kiss his cheek. Simon did likewise. "Now, take care, take care, my man, will you?" saluting them affectionately.

I also put in for a salute. "God bless you, good Mrs. Martin!"

"And *will* you?" cried the woman, her eyes sparkling; "you 're a dear, condescending, affable young gentleman, that you are. And, God bless *you*, too. Won't you come and see us again?"

"Indeed, I will," said I, "and often."

"We are ready, sir," cried Martin with military precision; and following Martin and Simon, and followed by the woman's good wishes, I took my way down stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

In which an excellent opportunity is presented to Richard Savage, of turning the tables upon his arch-enemy.

When we were got into the street, Martin faced about.

"Simon," he said, "stand by this young gentleman, while I step to the roundhouse. I shall be back in a few minutes."

"He 's gone for the watch," said Simon. "They 're not of much use when fighting 's about; but when it 's all over, and one of 'em lugs out his tipstaff, people get frightened, and go with 'em like lambs."

Martin speedily returned with three of these auxiliaries. "Now then," he observed, taking me by the arm, "if the sailors should be there we shall be a match for them, I dare say. Keep by me, sir; and should the rogues fall to blows, leave them to us. You can be of no service, and might come to harm."

Thanking the considerate and friendly tailor, I promised obedience to his orders; and we walked up to the door of the "Ship Afloat," for that, Simon whispered to me, was the sign of the house.

"Slouch your hat, and draw your coat well about you, and follow me. Come, Simon. Comrades, stand here for one moment. I have a word to say to the landlord."

These several directions were given to us by Martin with great promptness.

"Rugby," he cried, as he, Simon, and myself entered the passage, "you have two persons in your back parlour. They are waiting for two sailors."

Rugby stared, and scratched his cheek, and stared again.

"Why, Master Martin, there are, as I may say, two ——"

"I know there are," interrupted Martin; "I want to see them."

"Lord bless me! they 're only two friends of mine; you don't know 'em," said Rugby.

"Perhaps not," returned Martin; "but I want to make their

acquaintance. In return, I 'll introduce you to three friends of mine. Now, Rugby," he continued, as the watch came forward, " you 're a ruined man if you don't keep a quiet tongue in your head. One word, and your two friends and you shall be tried together next sessions. You 've got a young gentleman above stairs ? "

Rugby's face turned as pale as the face of a bacchanalian can well do.

" My heart and hey-day ! " he stammered, — " a young gentleman ! no, I haven't."

" You say truth, and I 'm a liar," said Martin. " Not a word more. Send in a small bowl of punch ; and mix one for these three gentlemen," and he led the way towards the back parlour.

" Simon, my good fellow ! " cried Rugby, catching the youth by the sleeve, as he prepared to follow, " what does the governor mean ? "

" Eh ? mean ! " cried Simon, staring him in the face, " why hadn't you asked him yourself, Master Rugby ? I don't carry his answers in my mouth, I can tell ye," and he flung from him.

Martin had laid hold upon the handle of the door. " Come between us," he whispered to me, " and don't let them see your face, if you can help it." So saying, the door was thrown open, and in we marched ; Simon closing it after him.

Watson and his friend Bill were disporting themselves over a bowl of punch and pipes of tobacco, and on our entrance hastily re-arranged themselves in their chairs, with the aspect of men who have been suddenly interrupted in a confidential chat.

" A fine night, gentlemen," observed Martin, as we took our seats.

" Is it ? " cried Watson, with a tremendous oath. " It may be. Isn't it a d—— strange thing, Bill, that we can't have this room to ourselves ? Here ! Rugby ! " hammering with an empty tankard upon the table.

" He 's particularly engaged," said Martin.

" Then go out, will you ? " cried Watson.

" Be off—you 'd better," said Bill. " Why did you come in here ? "

" Because we chose," replied Simon, with a stare of audacious defiance.

" Perhaps," continued Bill, " we may choose to turn you neck and heels out ; the young 'un with a toothach into the bargain."

" Perhaps," retorted Simon, with an air of indifference, drumming his knuckles on the table, " unless you 've done a very light day's work, you mayn't be able."

At this moment a bowl of punch was brought in by a squalid wench.

" Tell Rugby we want him, and must have him," exclaimed Bill.

"Yes, sir."

"Somebody else wanted him, and has got him," said Simon, grinning.

"Silence!" cried Martin, frowning at his son. "We'll take a glass each, and to business. That's good," taking off a glass, and smacking his lips.

"Better than your company," said Watson.

"I dare say you think so," returned Martin. "Now, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Bill, I am come to fetch away the young gentleman you have got under lock and key in the top room."

The fellows gazed at each other in astonishment when they heard their names pronounced; and, by the time Martin had finished the sentence, were perfectly dumbfounded.

"I am sent," resumed Martin, "by a certain lady—you know whom I mean."

"You are?" cried Watson,—"why, to be sure, you must be. What does she want now? Anything amiss?"

"Nothing; only she has changed her mind about him. You don't know her so well as I do — she often changes her mind; and yet, I wonder she should have boggled at this, because she had done it so snugly. No one the wiser. Why, she tells me, even you don't know her name."

"Don't we, though?" cried Bill. "Mrs. ——" he stopped.

"B——," said Martin.

"R, e, double t, I can spell, master," cried the other.

Martin glanced at me, and then at his son.

"What do you think of that fellow?" he inquired of Simon, pointing to Bill.

"Nothing of him," cried Simon.

"Very well," rising. "Mr. Watson, we lose time. I must have this young gentleman at once. Rugby tells me you have the key of the door."

"I have," answered Watson; "but, no bubble, Mr. ——, what's your name? How do I know Mrs. Brett sent you? Perhaps Watkins, who employed us, has been bought over by the lad's friends? Where's your authority?"

"I have left it with Rugby. But, are you sure you have got him safe?"

Watson and Bill were amazingly tickled at this.

"Safe?" cried the former, laughing heartily, "are you sure St. Paul's hasn't run away with the Monument?"

"Why," returned Martin, "I know the room well. Isn't there a door behind the bedstead? and doesn't it lead into the little garret? and isn't there a window in the garret? and couldn't a young fellow get out of the window, and crawl over the tiles, and get into another window, and come and tell *me* all about it? and isn't this the young fellow?" knocking off my hat and disclosing my face, "and don't you think you'll be made to swing at Tyburn for all this?"

The men, staring at me in wild amazement, started up, overturning the table, and would have made off. Watson, however, was seized on the instant by the magnanimous tailor, and pinioned against the wall with his strong hands as effectually as though he had been fastened thereto by staples of iron.

In the meantime, Bill was encountered by the as valorous, but less practised Simon. "You can't come this way, good sir," he exclaimed, thrusting the other back with his shoulder.

"Take that, then," cried Bill, aiming a blow with the lightning rapidity of a finished bruiser at the face of his antagonist, — a blow which, had it taken effect, must inevitably have dislocated his jaws.

"What are you at, Simon?" cried Martin, —"have you got him?"

"Shall have him in a moment, father," replied Simon. "I owe you one, mister, for that:" and, rushing forwards, and closing with the other, he lifted him by main strength from the ground, and threw him over the upset table, and falling heavily upon him, held him to the earth.

"Now, Savage, call in the watch. It's all over with them."

I opened the door. The worthy functionaries were already ranged on the outside, and now walked in.

"You are our prisoners," said the foremost, with a voice of authority.

The fellows were at once handed over to the secular arm, and attempted no further resistance. Lest, however, they should please to do so on their way to the roundhouse, the rope found in Bill's pocket was brought into requisition, and with their hands bound, they were led off.

"Bother that Bill — didn't the other call him Bill?" said Simon; "if I hadn't closed with him at once, he'd have given me what I shouldn't have liked. He'd have threshed me in no time. Whenever, Mr. Savage, you've one of these fellows to deal with, run in upon him, and down with him."

"I will, Simon, if I can," said I.

He grinned.

"Aye—that's it—there are two at the game—*I* know. Never mind: I mean, do as well as you can."

We accompanied our captives to the roundhouse, and our charge being duly entered against them, they were locked up for the night.

"Now, Mr. Savage," said Martin, as we retraced our way, "You will stay with us to-night. You will be wanted early to-morrow morning to go before the justice, that these fellows may be committed."

I had not thought of this, which included another consideration of moment.

"I know, the friend with whom I lodge," said I,—"and he is a true friend, Mr. Martin,—will be extremely anxious to learn

what has become of me. I think I had better go home to-night. I will be sure to be with you to-morrow morning in time."

"As you please," returned Martin. "I know what it is to be kept in suspense. In that case, Simon and I'll see you on your way. Do you know where you are?"

I answered, that I was entirely ignorant of the place.

"You are in Wapping," said he. "Come, when we get to Tower Hill, I think I can easily direct you."

As we walked along, I was profuse in my acknowledgments of the protection he had rendered me. He deprecated thanks for so common a service, as he termed it, and we proceeded together in silence. Martin, apparently in deep cogitation; I busy, likewise, with my own thoughts; and Simon silent, I suppose, because we were so.

When we arrived upon Tower Hill, Martin halted, and gave me minute directions touching my route homewards.

"Now, Simon," said he, "bid Mr. Savage good night."

"One word," said I: "we must not part so. I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Martin, but I cannot leave you, even for a few hours, without pressing you to accept some recognition more substantial than mere words of the sentiment I entertain of gratitude for your timely aid, so promptly rendered; which, perhaps, has saved my life." I drew out my purse.

Martin laid his hand upon mine, and answered with great gravity:—

"Young gentleman, when a person requires my protection from an enemy, I no more think of the length of his purse than of his enemy's height. If your purse," he added, smiling, "were as short as Simon's memory is sometimes, when he's thinking of Kitty Johnson, and your enemy as long as that is," pointing to his shadow which lay before him on the ground almost a rood in length, "it would be all one to me. When I enter upon a business, I go through with it to the best of my ability."

I found it would be useless and offensive to urge him further. I turned, therefore, to his son.

"At all events, Simon," I began.

Simon tugged himself away from me abruptly.

"I won't take it, I tell ye—I won't take it. I don't let myself out to hire. I'll shake hands, if you like."

This was done with great cordiality on both sides.

"Well — good night, sir," said Martin, —"to-morrow morning?"

"Aye, there it is," said I. "Do you know, Martin, I fear, after all, this will prove an awkward business. I have been thinking of it as we came along. The lady—the person who has endeavoured to make away with me is my own mother."

"I have been thinking of that too," said Martin, "but I

didn't like to speak of it. You cannot prosecute — can you? What's to be done?"

"To say the truth," I replied, "it is not so much from any tenderness I am affected by towards her that I feel the awkwardness of my position, as from consideration for another. I tell you," I added vehemently, "to see her hanged by the neck would cause me little concern. I *could* see it, sir."

Martin stared; and Simon said, "No, no, you couldn't."

"Your spirits have been greatly agitated," said Martin, after a pause; "a night's rest will do you good. You will think differently, and better, to-morrow morning."

"In the meanwhile, let me tell you," said I, "that I am chiefly perplexed by the reflection that her husband,—who is, I believe, a worthy man, — may be brought into disgrace by his wife's infamy."

"There is, then, a Mr. Brett?" asked Martin.

"Colonel Brett is her husband," I replied.

"Colonel Brett!" exclaimed Martin. "I know him well; and a most excellent officer and gentleman he was, and, I dare be sworn, is. A soldier, young gentleman, cannot bear dishonour. You must — *we* must contrive some means of hushing this matter up."

"Will you go with me to-morrow morning to him?" said I.

"It must be very early. I am bound to appear against the men, and shall be compelled to attend."

In a word, I gave him my direction; and it was settled that he should call for me on the morrow.

"Her husband has saved her," I said, as I shook him by the hand.

"Or her son would," he replied. I was not so sure of that. I *am* not so sure of it.

When I left Martin, I hastened to a tavern, which I had descried while I was talking to him, and which was at the corner of Tower Street. Here I procured two glasses of right Nantz to quiet my spirits, and recruit my strength. These I despatched speedily; and in less than an hour found myself at the door of Ludlow's lodging.

It was late — about eleven o'clock. I knocked. After some delay, the door was opened by Mr. Greaves. He did not know me; nor do I wonder at it, for I had utterly forgotten to return the topcoat, and to receive my own, in exchange for Simon's slouched hat.

"What do you want, sir, at this time of night?" inquired Greaves.

I asked for Ludlow, discovering myself.

"My love! Mrs. Greaves! he's come — Mr. Savage is returned."

"Alive?" cried Mrs. Greaves, running to the door, "we made sure you were murdered. We've been talking of it over the

fire. Just such another young gentleman as you was found two years ago come next ——"

"Michaelmas," put in Mr. Greaves, "with his head at Millbank, his trunk at Battersea, and his ——"

"Poor arms and legs," pursued Mrs. Greaves, "tied in a bundle, and thrown into Chelsea Hospital. We had it from Mr. Merchant, who lodged with us at that time, and who told us the matter was hushed up, 'cause of the uncle, who had a grudge against him, and done it."

"Don't you remember what Mr. Merchant said?" asked Greaves, with a solemn look.

"Shocking! don't tell it—barbarous!"

"He said, sir, — this was the substance of his speech, — that nunky hit upon the right place for the arms and legs, as they wanted a few at Chelsea Hospital."

"But, where is Mr. Ludlow?" I inquired, "is he gone to bed?"

"He has been flying all over the town after you," said Greaves, "and has been in and out a dozen times, wringing his hands, and beating his breast."

"He'll come to harm, if he don't mind," observed Mrs. Greaves.

"Nothing more likely," coincided the other. "He was here a few minutes ago, and left word, saying, if you *should* come, and then I thought he'd have sighed his heart out, you would find him at Dixon's coffee-house. Mrs. Ludlow is a-bed."

I inquired where Dixon's coffee-house was. They informed me it was in the very street.

"As *you're* safe and sound, take care of *him*," cried Mrs. Greaves, when I left the door.

On requesting the waiter to show me to the room in which I should find Ludlow, he told me that the company were all gone except *two* gentlemen, who were, he believed, about to retire. He permitted me, however, to go up stairs to ascertain whether one of the gentlemen was my friend. Approaching the room, the door of which was open, I heard an old gentleman expostulating with somebody in a shrill treble. I thought I remembered the voice.

"Now, do go home — go home," said he, "and see what to-morrow will do for us. Why, no harm 's come to him, I'll warrant. He's a young wag—a wag, and 's gone to see all the fine sights in one day. Come: so, so, so. You'll find him at home —eh? what say? what say? make a good heart."

"I won't," cried Ludlow. "I'll never go home more. Lucas, you should have warned me earlier,—that hag has made away with him. Oh! my good God!—there *is* a God, and he is with him now," and down went his head upon the table.

"Bless your five wits!" cried Lucas sharply. "How could I warn you earlier? tied by the leg—by the leg. Haven't I told

you I heard my lady say to the Colonel as she came down stairs, 'We shall hear no more of that young — she called him something, I don't know what,—he's gone to sea,' she said, 'to sea; on a very long voyage,' she said, — 'on a *very* long voyage.' — 'What!' said the Colonel, 'gone to sea!' His own words. 'Yes,' says she, 'and he'll never return.'"

"You've told me that—do you want to make me mad?" exclaimed Ludlow. "Oh!" clenching his hands and teeth, his eyes raised to the ceiling, "that she were at sea, on a very long voyage—in a storm—in a coffin—in a shroud—alive, though. My poor Richard!"

"She'd frighten the sea-gulls and the fishes—he! he! he!" cried Lucas. "Come away. I shall get looks as black as my shoe if I stay longer. Alive in a coffin at sea—what a thought!" continued the old man, taking his hat. "How the sea-gulls, eh? would screech, eh? and the fishes turn up their round eyes, eh?"

"Leave me!" cried Ludlow.

"Sha'n't—sha'n't—sha'n't," said Lucas, hastily, knocking his cane upon the floor,—"come away, I say. I'll give you such a bruising with my stick, if I once begin."

Upon this, I entered softly, and touched Lucas on the shoulder. He started round; and, taking off my hat, I popped my face under his broad brim.

SONG.

In the Garden of Plants at Paris there is a sun-dial, bearing the inscription, "Horas non numero nisi serenas."

Come, let us count the sunny hours, while the laughing sky's serene,
Without a threatening cloud to mar the brightness of the scene;
Let our sorrows leave no record, but be banish'd from the mind,
As shadows o'er a placid stream that leave no trace behind.

To muse upon our sinking hopes, Time's tide too quickly flows,
Why linger, then, to count the thorns ere gathering the rose?
If the Present gives but little joy, from the Future we must borrow,
So if Pleasure should depart to-day, why Hope may come to-morrow.

Why weep for that which perishes? When fragrant flowers fall,
Can the kindest show'r of summer their departed hues recall?
Then, like dials in the sunshine, this philosophy be ours,—
To take no heed of darker days, but count the sunny hours!

E. L. J.

A TALE OF THE HIGH NORTH ROAD.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."—Byron.

It was a cheerful, bracing autumnal evening, towards the close of the August of 1833, when a solitary horseman rode up at full speed to the door of the William the Fourth, a recently-built, commodious hotel, which stood at the outskirts of a small town on the High North Road, about forty miles distant from the metropolis. He was a smart, dapper servant in livery, about thirty years of age, with a sort of upper-butler air about him, a shrewd, restless, lively expression of countenance, and the slightest possible touch of the Irish brogue. A wooden-legged ostler happening to be lounging at the inn-door when he arrived, the new-comer, with a consequential air, bade him take charge of his horse, and then strutted into the coffee-room, whither he was immediately followed by the waiter, who, judging from the smart cockade in his hat that he was the *avant-courier* of some wealthy tourist bound, perhaps, on an autumnal tour to the lakes or the Scottish moors, awaited his orders with a respect seldom or never vouchsafed to your mere coffee-room customer.

After hemming and hawing for a minute or two, during which his busy eyes travelled over every part of the coffee-room, which at that hour of the day was untenanted, the stranger said, apparently satisfied with the result of his scrutiny,

"Yes, I think it will do — style of the accommodations better to all appearance than one could have expected ; so I make no doubt his Lordship will—"

"His Lordship, did you say ?" inquired the waiter, in his most deferential manner.

"Did I say his Lordship ?" replied the valet, coolly. "Oh, true, —I believe I did say so. His Lordship—Lord Brougham, I mean —is a few miles behind, on his way down to Scotland," (it was the period of the Chancellor's memorable visit to that country,) "and has sent me on before, to ascertain if he can have accommodation here for the night."

"Excellent accommodation," exclaimed the delighted waiter ; "the very best of—but perhaps I 'd better call master. Here, Mr. Dobbs, —you 're wanted, sir.—Lord Brougham !—oh Lord !"

The landlord, Mr. James Dobbs, a round, red-nosed little man, shaped not unlike a beer-barrel, quickly made his appearance, and, having been informed of the cause of his being summoned, addressed the new-comer in such terms as,—"This way, sir, if you please. Follow me up stairs, and I 'll show you a suite of rooms that, I flatter myself, will give satisfaction to his Lordship. I heard he was about setting off for Scotland. Wonderful man, sir ! Speaks like a angel, and always to the p'int."

"Are you acquainted with his person ?" inquired the valet, carelessly.

"Never saw him in my life, except in the print-shops ; so it will be quite a treat. But here we are, sir," he added, throwing open the door of a spacious dining-room, which was separated from a suite of

bed-rooms by a long narrow landing-place, at the extremity of which, facing the stairs, stood a bronze statue of Minerva, holding a lamp in her right hand.

His Lordship's valet seemed well satisfied with the room, especially with its mahogany sideboard, which he suggested would show to advantage if set out with a handsome service of plate; and then accompanied the landlord into an adjoining bed-chamber, one of whose windows looked out on a small yard, divided from an open field by a low wall.

"A cheerful, airy apartment enough," observed the valet, attentively examining its look-out," and one that will be sure to suit his Lordship. I see it communicates with the next room."

"Yes, but the door 's always kept locked and bolted," replied the publican.

"Indeed. Then, pray, let it be unfastened, and I 'll take the room myself, so that, in case his Lordship, who is something of an invalid, should require my services in the night, I may be at hand to assist him. And, now that this matter 's settled, I must hasten back to him; for I left him a stage off at D——, awaiting my return, to determine whether or not he shall go on to the next post-town."

"Go on to the next post-town!" exclaimed the alarmed Mr. Dobbs. "Don't think of such a thing: it 's a long way off,—road hilly, and in wretched order, — and so bleak, that an invalid will be sure to catch his death of cold at so late an hour;" and the shrewd speaker conjured up all sorts of horrors.

"Well, well; I agree with you it would be better we should stay here for the night; so get everything ready against our coming, and let the dinner be served up in your very best style. Never mind expense; money is no object to his Lordship." And so saying, the valet hurried down stairs, remounted his horse, and was out of sight in an instant.

All was now commotion throughout the establishment. The landlord went into his cellar, whence he issued speedily with sundry bottles of his choicest wines. The landlady paid a visit of inspection to her larder; but being dissatisfied with her scrutiny, despatched the cook into the town to procure the best fish and poultry that were to be had. The waiter received orders to rub down the dining-room furniture, take all the most valuable silver plate out of the iron chest, and arrange it ostentatiously on the sideboard; the chambermaid was directed to put the best linen sheets on the beds, and polish up the or-molu clock on the mantelpiece; and Boots was privately instructed to hire a few shillings' worth of mob to cheer his Lordship as he came in, and also to give a hint to the sexton about the expediency of setting the parish-bells ringing.

Having seen these orders duly attended to, and the culinary operations put into a proper train, the landlord hastened to indulge in the luxury of a clean shave, and rig himself out in his Sunday vest; while his wife exhibited to equal advantage in a showy flowered silk gown, and well-oiled side-curls, which strayed out in most seductive fashion from beneath a lace mob-cap, which she had got up with her own fair hands.

Twilight meantime fell, and the gnats began to cluster about the elms that overarched the horse-trough in front of the hotel, and ever and anon to settle on the bare, bald, shiny head of the landlord, as

he stood with his wife beside him at the door, momentarily expecting the arrival of his distinguished guest, and listening with evident anxiety to the expresses that reached him every five minutes from the kitchen,—first, that the dinner was all but ready; secondly, that it was done to a turn; and thirdly, that it was spoiling!

At length, just as the church-clock was striking seven, two ragged little boys rushed half frantic up to the hotel, and bursting through the crowd that was gathered in front, roared out at the top of their voices, "They 're coming!—they 're coming!"

Instantly a loud shout was set up by the mob. "Hurray for Lord Broom and Wox!" cried one; "Reform for ever!" shouted another; "No taxes!" bawled a third; while the wooden-legged ostler rendered himself conspicuous above all, by waving the stump of a broom in circular flourishes above his head.

"Oh, Jemes!" exclaimed the excited landlady, clasping her husband's arm, as if to support herself, "I do feel so agitated—so faint—I shall go off—I 'm sure I shall!"

"It 's a awful moment, certainly," replied the landlord; "but hold up, my life, hold up."

"I will do my endeavours, Jemes," rejoined the lady, with a smile of touching sweetness.

Scarcely had she spoken, when the tramp of horses and the brisk crack of post-boys' whips were heard, and presently up dashed the valet on horseback, followed close by a travelling chariot and four, wherein sate the Keeper of the King's Conscience—the Speaker of the House of Lords—the Lord High Chancellor of England!

And now the great man alights, amid cheers that you might have heard a mile off, and is received by the landlord at the door with a reverence bordering on the idolatrous, while his equally awe-struck wife keeps bobbing and courtesying, as if she would disappear through the floor! It was, as the landlord justly observed, "a awful moment;" and all within and without the hotel felt that it was so, with the exception of the two ragged urchins above mentioned, who expressed a bitter sense of disappointment at his Lordship's looking just like any other man, when they had confidently reckoned on seeing him, to use their own emphatic phraseology, "figged out as fine as fippence!"

The instant his Lordship, the lower part of whose face was muffled in a thick woollen comforter, had set foot in the passage, lights were brought, and, preceded by the landlord holding two wax candles in his hand, he ascended, bowing graciously right and left, to the apartment prepared for his reception, on reaching which, he cast a smiling glance at the array of plate on the sideboard, flung off his loose great-coat, and ordered dinner to be served forthwith. He then dismissed his valet to settle matters with the post-boys; but as he was unable to do so, owing to the landlord's inability to change him a fifty-pound note, it was agreed that Mr. Dobbs himself should defray the charge, and place it to his Lordship's account.

During dinner, the head-waiter, who, together with his own servant, was in attendance on his Lordship, was greatly struck with the good-humoured and condescending manner in which he made known his several wants; and when he went into the kitchen, he assured his gaping audience that his Lordship was a nobleman "every inch on him;" adding, by way of climax, that he "never see

a man pitch into the wittles as he did!" which the whole household agreed in considering as a great compliment to the establishment.

Dinner over, and the wine and fruit, each of the most delicious kind, placed on the table, his Lordship dismissed his valet from further attendance, who thereupon proceeded to consult his own creature comforts; and, after feasting in the landlord's private snuggery behind the bar scarcely less luxuriously than his master, he insisted on his host's cracking a cool bottle of port with him.

"Take a seat," he said, motioning him to a chair. "Really this wine 's not amiss. Here 's your health, Dobbs."

"I hope, sir, his Lordship found everything to his satisfaction."

"Perfectly so. The wine stands with you, I think."

"He 's every inch a nobleman," continued the landlord, replenishing his glass. "Did you observe how he bowed to us all when he came in? Mrs. D. says she 'll never forget his bow to her; it quite flustered her, the honour did. And no wonder; for she 's werry susceptible."

"She looks delicate," observed the valet. "By the by, do you snuff?" he added, taking out a massive silver box from his waistcoat pocket. "If you do, I can recommend this Gillespie. Got it at Pontet's,—the only place to get a decent pinch."

The landlord applied a small portion of the titillating mixture to his nose; but, being unused to it, he was seized with such a fit of sneezing, as caused his cheeks to assume the deep purple hue of a Dutch cabbage.

"The bottle stands with you again," said the valet. "You seem afraid of it, as if it were physic. It always looks suspicious when a publican fights shy of his own wine. Come, I 'll give you—Lord Brougham's health. You won't refuse to drink that, I think."

"With the greatest pleasure in life," replied the publican.

"No heel-taps, remember."

"Oh, in course not;" and the speaker filled his glass to the brim, and, after duly acknowledging the toast, observed, "I had no idea his Lordship was so young a man. The prints make him look nearly ten years older."

"That 's because he 's generally painted in his Chancellor's wig and robes, which, of course, adds greatly to his appearance of age. Another pinch, Dobbs? What, you won't? Well, I must.—By the by, the bottle 's out."

"Bottle out!" exclaimed the landlord. "We 'll have another, then."

"Couldn't think of such a thing," replied the valet, with a delicate show of reluctance.

"Not a word—I won't hear a word."

"Well, since you 're so very pressing—but really I 'm quite ashamed to—"

Before he could complete the sentence, the landlord had quitted the room, and returned almost immediately with a fresh bottle of port, observing, as he decanted it, "Ay, ay, this is of the right sort —the very best in my cellar. Here 's my service to you." And with a familiar nod to his companion, he filled his own glass, and then pushed the bottle towards his guest.

"Capital, indeed!" said the valet, "quite a nosegay—bright as a

ruby, too." And he tossed off the sparkling wine with all the gusto of a connoisseur.

When the bottle was more than half emptied, the landlord's eyes began to twinkle, and his articulation to thicken; his face, too, assumed that shiny look peculiar to fuddled publicans, and a patch of fiery red glowed like a live coal at the tip of his nose.

"Do you know," he said, putting on a look of uncommon sagacity, such as men are apt to wear when about to be delivered of a bright conception, "do you know, I 've more than half a mind to call this house in future 'The Brougham's Head'? The idea struck me when I was in the cellar just now; and I can't help thinking his Lordship will be pleased with the compliment."

"Admirable idea! Never heard a better!" and the valet pushed the bottle towards his host, himself discreetly avoiding it, like a sensible and respectable servant, who expected every minute to be summoned into his master's presence.

Gratified by his guest's approval, the landlord discussed the matter with great eagerness, and was declaring his intention to get the "Brougham's Head" painted and hung up without delay, when suddenly the good man's nether-jaw dropped, and he exclaimed, in tones of alarm, "That 's my wife's woice, and now I shall catch it! Between you and me," he added in a subdued whisper, "she 's a excellent woman is Mrs. —— ; sticks close to business—but such a wixen! Then, too, she 's so given to the 'sterics, always a-going off in some fit or other. Ah, marriage is a honourable condition, but it 's sometimes wery trying——"

He was here interrupted by the abrupt entrance of the lady in question, with her eyes flashing, and her cap half off her head. "So, here you are, Dobbs," she exclaimed in her shrillest tones; "I 've been calling half over the house for you, and a precious condition I find you in! What *will* his Lordship say if he sees you with that great staring red nose?"

"I can't help my nose, Mrs. D.; it was the gift of Providence, and it 's a sin and a shame to find fault with it."

"Hold your tongue, Dobbs; you 're drunk."

"Me drunk!" exclaimed the astonished landlord; "how *can* you stand there, Mrs. D., and tell such a thumper?"

"My dear madam," interposed the ready-witted valet, thinking it best for all parties to practise the soothing system, "I 'm sure a lady of your good sense and delicate feeling will see at once that your husband, as the head of this establishment, could hardly have done otherwise than take a cheerful glass or two in honour of his Lordship's visit — more especially as his Lordship has expressed himself so highly delighted with his reception."

"Why, that certainly alters the case a little," replied the mollified dame. "Nevertheless, Dobbs, I can tell by your nose that you 've drunk quite enough—so, go and wash your face, and make yourself tidy, for here 's a deputation come up to wait on his Lordship with a complimentary address. Perhaps, sir," addressing the valet, "you had better go and inquire his lordship's pleasure on the subject."

"I fear, madam — indeed, I 'm quite certain — that his Lordship will decline receiving the deputation, for he 's travelling merely as a private gentleman, and not in his official capacity; however, I 'll go up and ascertain his pleasure."

In a few minutes the valet returned, and informed the deputation, who were anxiously waiting in the coffee-room, and consisted of several respectable burgesses, headed by a sly attorney in black shorts, that his Lordship deeply regretted his inability to receive them, which he should have considered "the proudest moment of his life;" but he was labouring under a partial indisposition, and must therefore postpone the honour till his return from Scotland.

Having with difficulty digested this disappointment, the deputation quitted the hotel; and then the landlady, who had by this time got over her first awe of his Lordship, bursting with the natural curiosity of her sex to see more of so celebrated an individual, took the opportunity of gently knocking at his door, under the pretext of inquiring at what hour he would wish to have breakfast in the morning. She soon returned into the kitchen, slightly flushed, and simpering with supreme satisfaction, and informed her husband,—who, at the valet's instigation, was busy getting up an extempore supper for all his household, the cost of which was to be defrayed by the illustrious visiter, that his Lordship was by far the cheerfullest and civillest-spoken gentleman she ever saw, without an atom of pride about him.

While the delighted dame was thus running on in praise of her celebrated guest, the chambermaid entered the kitchen, and drawing one of the waiters aside into an adjoining pantry, said,

"Oh, John! I'm so shocked, you can't think!"

"Indeed! What's the matter, Betty?" inquired the surprised waiter.

"Why, when I were coming out of his Lordship's bed-room just now, I heard him laughing and talking with missus in the dining-room, the door of which was ajar; and just as she was coming away what *do* you think he did?"

"Can't imagine."

"Why, he actually kissed her!" and Betty looked the very image of horror.

"What! the Lord Chancellor of England kiss missus? Impossible!"

"But I'll swear he did; for though I didn't see it, I heard the smack. Oh! John, John," added the moralizing Betty, "what will this world come to!"

"Kiss missus!" repeated the astounded waiter; "the first law-officer of the Crown kiss a tough old piece of goods like that! No; I'd just as soon believe the Archbishop of Canterbury did it!"

But Betty stuck stoutly to her text; she had heard the smack, and as there can be no effect without a cause, her deduction was legitimate enough, that the kiss was the cause of that smack. Finding her thus positive, the waiter did not contest the matter; he was a man of the world, and had seen many extraordinary things in his time; so, after musing for a few seconds, he exclaimed, with a philosophic shrug of the shoulders,

"Well, well, Betty; it's no affair of ours,—great geniuses is queer, werry queer, and there's no accounting for their tastes."

Further conversation was here put an end to by the summons to the supper-table, at which the whole household were assembled, the landlord presiding over the entertainment. The valet took his post at the right hand of the landlady—having previously ascertained

that his Lordship would not require his further attendance, — and, by his jests, and queer stories, and watchful civilities, speedily won the favourable suffrages of the company. Such jokes as he cracked—such droll anecdotes as he told! The landlady simpered; the landlord's nose blushed like a ruby; Boots grinned from ear to ear with ecstasy. Cans of ale, and bowls of punch, appeared and disappeared like lightning, and it was not till nearly twelve o'clock that the revellers broke up, the valet remaining among the last; and, as he rose to quit the table, he warned the landlord not to be surprised or alarmed if he should happen to hear his Lordship stirring about his room in the night, as he was a very indifferent sleeper, and seldom enjoyed rest till an advanced hour in the morning. He then squeezed his host's hand, and bade him a cordial good night; and soon after, all parties retired to their respective dormitories, where—thanks to their hearty supper—they dropped into instant slumber.

It was now deep midnight; neither moon nor star was visible; and not a sound was to be heard within the hotel but the shrill chirp of the cricket, the scratching of the rat behind the wainscot, or the melodious, thorough-bass symphonies of the landlord's nose, as he snored a duet with his wife. Bright visions of the future passed across the good man's brain. He dreamed of fortune rapidly acquired through the patronage of his illustrious guest; of large investments in the three per cents, and shares in the Great Northern Railway, then in process of formation in the neighbourhood; and, finally—such high flights does fancy take in slumber—of being returned M.P. for the borough, and commencing his first speech in Parliament with, "Unaccustomed, as I am, to public speaking!"

In the excess of joy occasioned by these flattering visions, the ambitious Dobbs suddenly woke, and as suddenly started up, for he imagined he heard a noise like the stealthy opening of a door in the chamber beneath him, which was the one occupied by his Lordship. He listens — hark! there is a slight creaking of the boards! Presently a footstep traverses the floor; and a minute or two afterwards the window is thrown up! Could the great man be suddenly taken ill?—was he restless and harassed by political anxieties?—or was he merely walking in his sleep? The landlord knew not what to think; but, being unwilling to interfere after the caution given him by the valet, he just rubbed his eyes—yawned—fell back on his pillow, — and was soon again wandering in the phantom-peopled land of Nod.

At an early hour next morning, when the household were just beginning to stir, and the drowsy waiter was taking down the shutters in the coffee-room, and letting the fresh air into that close, heated apartment, a horseman, whose steed seemed almost spent with exhaustion, dismounted at the door of the hotel, and began thundering at it with all his might.

"Who's there?" inquired the waiter, thrusting his head out of the coffee-room window; "what do you want?"

"I want to speak with your master, Mr. Dobbs," replied the stranger.

"He's not come down yet."

"No matter; I must see him, for I'm come on business of importance, which admits of no delay."

On hearing this, the waiter hastened to the door, and let in the

stranger, and then went to call his master, who hurried down directly in his slippers; and no sooner saw the new-comer than he recognised in him the landlord of the head inn at D——, the next post-town on the road to London.

"Heyday! what's the matter now, Tomkins?" exclaimed the startled Mr. Dobbs.

"Swindling 's the matter!—forgery 's the matter!—you 're done, Dobbs,—done brown, as the saying is. Lord Brougham ——"

"Well, well! what of him? No bad family news, I hope?"

"Family news!" repeated Tomkins, with a grim laugh, "yes, family news enough, and to spare! His Lordship, as he calls himself, is not only one of the family, but one of its most distinguished members! He 's a rank swindler, Dobbs, and so is his sham valet."

"Impossible!" replied the landlord, beginning, nevertheless, to turn exceedingly pale.

"Fact. They managed, it seems, to inform themselves accurately of the real Lord Brougham's movements, and, learning that he was expected down the road about this time, they left London yesterday in a carriage and four, and, by paying their way with forged notes, they contrived to escape detection till late last night, when an express came to me, as well as to the other hotel-keepers in D——, from the person from whom they had procured their turn-out, acquainting us that he had discovered they were swindlers, and requesting our aid in apprehending them should they be travelling in our direction, and also in exposing them as quickly as we could along the North Road. I had my suspicions of them when they changed horses yesterday at my house; but the fellow who played the part of Lord Brougham, really looked so like his Lordship, and was, besides, so artfully muffled up, that I was afraid to take any decisive steps. However, the moment I learned how things were, I determined to lose as little time as possible in putting people on their guard; so I started off this morning just before it was light, thinking that if they had passed the night here, as they talked of doing, we might nab them before they were up."

"And so I will nab them, by ——!" exclaimed the ferocious Dobbs,—"the infernal villains! If they 'd only gone to any other hotel in the town, I shouldn't so much have minded; but, to come and *do* me, who 've been only six months here in business ——"

"Have they *done* you to any extent, then?" inquired Tomkins, with a smile, which he could not suppress, for, as Rouchefoucault has shrewdly remarked, there is something in the misfortunes of our friends that always occasions us amusement.

"*Done* me?" thundered the exasperated Dobbs, "haven't they? I should think so, indeed! They 've cleared my pantry, and choused me out of some of the best wine in my cellar; and, what makes the case still more aggravating is, that that d——d valet, not content with drinking himself my oldest port, actually made *me* assist him in getting rid of it! The scoundrel got to the blind side of me by showing me a forged fifty-pound note, and telling me a cock-and-bull story about his Lordship's being indisposed, though I might have known it was all gammon, for the fellow ate more like a horse than a invalid. And, to think that I should have gone bowing and scraping, and carrying a couple of wax-candles before such a swindler!

—Here, John," shouting out for the waiter, "go instantly, and fetch a constable."

"Oh, sir!—Mr. Dobbs—here 's a pretty to-do!" screamed the chambermaid, rushing along the passage where the above dialogue was held, "they 're gone — both off! — the bedroom 's empty — the window 's wide open,—and a rope-ladder 's hanging out of it!"

"Gone!" gasped the bewildered Dobbs, exhibiting serious indications of a swoon; "gone! that accounts, then, for the noise I heard last night, and which I was told to take no notice of. Gone! oh Lord, what a ass I 've been!"

"Oh Jemes — Jemes Dobbs!" exclaimed the landlady, following close at Betty's heels, "not only are the willains gone, but all the plate on the sideboard 's gone too! Oh Jemes, it 's a awful blow — I shall go off—I 'm sure I shall."

"Go off!" roared her half-frenzied husband; "d—n you! d' ye think there hasn't been enough going off already this morning?"

Stung to the quick by this sarcasm, so unusual in her generally placid husband, and forgetting even the loss of her plate in the affront offered her before a stranger, the indignant landlady rushed in a paroxysm into the kitchen; and as a family quarrel generally runs through a household, she immediately let loose the flood-gates of her wrath on the unoffending cook; the cook, resolved not to be the only sufferer, lost no time in abusing Boots; Boots visited his indignation on the scullion; and the scullion, finding no one else whom she could safely fall upon, consoled herself by flinging a mop-stick at the cat; so that in a short time the whole establishment was in as pretty a state of uproar as could be desired!

The landlord, meanwhile, continued stamping and swearing in a way dreadful to think of; the whole of that day he kept men scouring the neighbourhood in all directions, while his friend Tomkins posted placards on every wall for miles round: but all was vain; the rogues were never caught; and to this day—though so many years have elapsed—Mr. Dobbs never hears Lord Brougham's name mentioned, without shivering, as if he had got an ague-fit!

LOVE'S BANQUET.

O! think of the minutes—O! think of the nights
  I 've spent on my pillow awake—
What fevers endur'd, what dreams, and what frights—
  All these have I borne for your sake!

O! remember your vows, your oath on your knee,
  The kiss when you said we must part,
But promised, whatever your distance from me,
  I still should be close to your heart.

How oft have you said "I but live in your eyes,
  A banquet for Jove is your look—
Your charms are a feast—other food I despise!"—
  And now you have married your cook!

LOVE AND CARE.

Love sat in his bower one summer day—
And Care, with his train, came to drive him away:
"I will not depart," said Love!
And, seizing his lute,—with silvery words,
He ran his bright fingers along the chords,
And play'd so sweet, so entrancing an air,
That a grim smile lit up the face of Care.
"*Away—away!*"—said Love!

"Nay, nay! I have friends!" grim Care replied;
"Behold, here is one—and his name is *Pride!*"
"I care not for Pride," said Love!
Then touching the strings of his light guitar,
Pride soon forgot his lofty air;
And seizing the hand of a rustic queen,
Laugh'd, gamboll'd, and tripp'd it o'er the green—
"*Aha, aha!*" said Love!

"Away with your jeers!" cried Love, "if you please;
"Here 's another—lank, haggard, and pale *Disease!*"
"I care not for him," said Love!
Then touch'd a strain so plaintive and weak,
That a flush pass'd over his pallid cheek;
And Disease leap'd up from his couch of pain,
And smil'd, and re-echoed the healing strain—
"*Well done for Disease!*" said Love!

"Pshaw! pshaw!" cried Care—"this squalid one, see!
How lik'st thou the gaunt look of *Poverty?*"
"I care not for him," said Love!
Then struck such a sound from his viol's string,
That Poverty shouted aloud, "*I am King!*—
The jewell'd wreaths round my temples shall twine,—
For the sparkling gems of Golconda are mine!"
"*Ay, ay—very true!*" said Love!

"*Nay, boast not,*" said Care—"there is fretful *Old Age;*
Beware of his crutches, and tempt not his rage!"
"I care not for Age!" said Love!
Then swept the strings of his magic lyre,
Till the glaz'd eye sparkled with youthful fire;
And Age dropp'd his crutches, and, light as a fay,
Laugh'd, caper'd, and danc'd, like a child at play!
"*Bravo, Sir Eld!*" said Love!

"A truce," cried wrinkled Care, "with thy glee!
Now, look on this last one—'tis *Jealousy!*"
"Ah me! ah me!" said Love!
"Her green eye burns with a quenchless fire—
I die! I die!" Then, dropping his lyre,
Love flew far away from his cherish'd bower,
And never return'd from that fatal hour!
Alas for thee, blighted Love! C.

We derive the above beautiful poem from the Southern Literary Messenger.—Ed.

THE MOATED GRANGE.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS.*

BY H. CURLING, H.P. 52ND REGT.

By his superior knowledge of the winding deer-paths of the plantation, the faithful steward quickly outstripped his pursuers, and once more, setting the infant on the ground, paused for a few minutes to collect his scattered senses, and consider the safest course to be taken. The uncertainty of the time was such that man could scarcely trust his brother, and nearest and dearest kindred fought in opposition, hand to hand. He resolved to place the boy in concealment where he had before remained with the mother; but which, being full ten miles off, in his present feeble condition, he knew not how to reach. At length, however, he resolved to attempt a plan which just at that moment flashed across his brain. With all the speed his aged limbs permitted he hurried towards its execution. He made a detour, and after some little time came into the wood beyond where the cavalry were standing picketed. The old man, who had been born on the estate, and knew each glade and copse for twenty miles around (having been a huntsman in his youth), made the infant a leafy bed, and placed it in the hollow of an aged oak, which grew beside a winding path not far from the main road; he then gained the border of the wood, and once more cautiously reconnoitred the cavalry from the opposite point to that where he had first been made aware of their presence. There they stood, within about a couple of hundred yards from his position. The men who watched them he discerned were quietly pacing up and down in their front, whilst ever and anon the moonbeams glanced upon the shining hauberk of the sentinel (who stalked along their rear rank,) as he turned, and heedfully looked across the open glade to see that nothing approached unchallenged to interrupt them from that quarter. The old butler, watching his time, threw himself flat upon his face in the long grass, and began to crawl towards them, every now and then stopping, and cautiously raising his grey head to reconnoitre the trooper who made his invariable round in rear, staying his progress whilst he passed, and then again worming his way like some creeping adder through the long grass and fern. He was wet with the heavy dew, and chilled as if up to his neck in a river; but his old heart was warm within, and he heeded not at that time what would have perhaps struck to him like death on any other occasion. 'It is the cause, my soul — it is the cause,' he would doubtless have said, had he but been versed in the page of the immortal bard. He was now within a few paces of the line of horses. He raised his head, and watched for the accustomed round of the heedful sentinel. One more turn, he calculated, he must wait for, and then he could safely reach these steeds. With yet more caution he drew himself slowly forwards; but his calculation was made incorrectly, and the trooper appeared on his round, and was advancing from the other end directly upon him as he crawled. It was impossible to go for-

* See page 398.

ward, and to retreat was as hopeless ; he sank down directly in the Cromwellian's path. The game was up he felt, and all was lost. His heart almost died within him as he heard the heavy boot and jingling spur within a few paces of his prostrate body ; and, as if his discovery was not sufficiently apparent, a bright red flame, and a dreadful report, as if a powder-mill had blown up within a quarter of a mile of them, displayed the whole country for miles and miles around. The horses of Cromwell, used as they were to the sight, sound, and smell, of the "villanous saltpetre" in all its varieties, started back, and strained at the bridles by which they were attached together. The trooper stopped short in his walk, and calling aloud to the affrighted horses to soothe their alarm, struck in amongst them, and made his way to their front, in order to see, if possible, the meaning of this terrific sound, just as he was about to stumble over the prostrate form of the trembling steward. The old man, thanking God for his escape, took care to profit by the chance. He knew, "none so well as he," the meaning of that awful sound. The troop had discovered the ammunition which had been secreted in the vaults of the castle by himself, and had blown it up. With an inward curse upon their prying souls, he started up, and cautiously opening himself a way through the troop-horses, stood the next moment secreted amongst them.

The guard were standing grouped together, and endeavouring to peer through the plantation before them, when suddenly their outlying sentinel challenged some person advancing upon him from the direction of the Grange. It was one of the band. He brought word that his comrades were close at hand, and that having fired the Grange, they would march on the instant towards Ferrybridge. Whilst this conversation was going on, the old butler had with his trusty friend the pruning-knife, busied himself by cutting through several of the horses' reins ; he then drew a petronel from one of the holsters near him, and quietly ascending into the saddle, clapped the muzzle of the weapon (as he leaned forwards in his seat) to the shoulder of the steed by his side, and fired it into his body. The horse sprang forward into the air, and plunging headlong into the wood, fell struggling amongst the trees, whilst at the same moment the whole line was broken from their fastenings, and galloping in different directions over the open glade. The steward's horse, alarmed like his fellows, also reared up, and attempted to bolt, but the old man restrained his fury, and wheeling him short round, galloped like lightning towards the spot where he had left the child. The Cromwellian sentinels, in utter astonishment at seeing their steeds flying half mad in all directions, (whilst one, desperately wounded, and struggling in the agonies of death, lay bleeding close before them, and a man, apparently risen from the earth, was mounted and galloping off in rear upon another,) uttered a cry of rage, fired their carabines at random after the spectre horseman, and hurried off in order to try and recover their chargers.

Meanwhile, the dismounted troopers we have before mentioned at the Grange, having drunk their fill, and refreshed themselves with whatever they could find at hand, in their search after the old steward, (who they felt persuaded was lurking somewhere in the vaults below,) stumbled upon the powder which had been secreted there by order of the old Cavalier in the commencement of these

troublous times. They returned to the upper part of the building, and the sergeant, calling off those men who were engaged in destroying the pictures, and hacking to pieces whatever else they could find of value in the different apartments, after laying a train of communication, which he left a file of men with orders to fire as soon as he had gained the open park in front, marched off in order to remount and proceed forwards on their route. Just as they reached the belt of woodland we have mentioned, and were about to enter, the files in advance fell back upon them, with the alarm that they heard the report of fire-arms, and the rapid approach of a body of horse, and supposed they were about to be charged by an ambuscade of cavalry. The sergeant wheeled his troopers into line at the double; he heard the crashing sound of horses tearing through the thick underwood, and conceiving a sudden dash of Cavaliers were upon his dismounted force, he gave the word to his people to handle their matchlocks, and be ready. The next moment a dozen steeds dashing into the open space were received by the volcano of flame which, the instant they broke cover, and he had thundered out the word to fire, was poured upon them by his party. When the thin blue smoke of their discharge had dispersed into the clear night air, those worthy soldiers discovered, to their no slight wonder and dismay, that they had fired upon their own chargers, five of which lay dead upon the grass before them. This was, indeed, rather a disastrous expedition for the round-headed detachment, as it turned out, and the old crafty steward proved an evil genius to them during the time they thus honoured his neighbourhood with a visit.

Whilst this mistake was occurring to the Cromwellian soldiery, and they were being by degrees initiated into the mishaps that had befallen their steeds by the old steward's mischievous interference with them, and the sergeant, on discovering the matter, was giving his directions, and seeking to repair the mischief by despatching men in different directions to catch the affrighted steeds now scouring the open chase, he was urging the troop horse he bestrode with might and main, and doubling and winding his way back to the leafy bed in the aged tree, where he had deposited his orphan charge. Having found it there unmolested and in safety, he hastily snatched it up, and placing it, wrapped up in his cloak, before him on the pommel of his demipique or war-saddle, he once more set feathers to his horse's heels, and almost flew along the road before him. After having traversed it for some distance, he struck into a dark and overshadowed byway, with whose windings he was familiar, and continued his journey down it. The lane along which he thus picked his way led towards the town of Knaresborough, near which, in a small secluded farm-house, dwelt a short time before (in safety and happiness) his only daughter and her spouse. Now, however, both were dead, and the cottage was untenanted; the husband having been slain in the field of Naseby, and his wife, whilst her house was being sacked and burned over her head, having fallen a victim to the brutality of a body of the saints who had happened to discover its privacy. It was here, in this sequestered spot, the wife of Sir Walter Coleville had latterly lain concealed with this infant, whilst her husband and family were engaged in the bloody game, in playing which they had thus lost their all.

"As the old steward (blessing his stars that he had thus far out-

witted his enemies, and almost reached the refuge he sought) urged his way though the intricate windings of the deeply-rutted and sandy lane, and was getting deeper and deeper into what at that period was the extensive and thickly-wooded forest of Knaresborough (the poor remains of which may yet be seen to this day), and as he wended onwards in the darksome labyrinth, where at times, although the moon shone out brightly, he could hardly pick his road, he suddenly, upon turning where the lane led into a somewhat wider part, before he was aware, came into the midst of a strong body of horsemen. At first he felt the blood rush back to his heart with surprise and alarm ; but a glance (as the moon shone full upon them in this open space) discovered to him by the silken scarfs, and the once gay plumage which crested their headpieces, that he had at length fallen into the society of friends, and that he was in the midst of a troop of Cavaliers. The travel-stained and war-worn coats in which they thus presented themselves to the gazing steward, together with their livid and haggard countenances, showed the fatigues and privations they had undergone since the day which had made them thus fugitives in their native land. They were indeed a party of Charles's gallant followers, who, having managed to get so far clear of the hot pursuit, had banded themselves together, and were, by skulking in woods and dens during day, and forced marches by night, seeking to reach some place of safety, where they might stand for their lives, and finally escape beyond sea. Many parties at this time thus successfully traversed from one end of the kingdom to the other, frequently passing almost through the hostile troops which everywhere surrounded them, cutting to pieces the patroles they occasionally fell in with, and after performing prodigies of valour, and enduring incredible fatigue, eventually escaped slaughter, and got in safety to the Continent. Many such parties, on the other hand, were killed in the attempt, or taken and afterwards executed.

"Our steward, or butler, was captured before he could speak, for they had heard his approach in the windings of the lane, and were drawn up in waiting. He was taken to the leader of this little band, and desired to give an account of himself on the instant. The Cavalier to whom he related the events which had just transpired, was a gentleman of that part of the county they were then in, by name Sir Thomas Thornhil. His estate being near the Grange, he was well acquainted with its late inmates, and the two families had been connected in former days by marriage. As he sat on his wearied horse, once his proud war-steed, but now with head lobed down, 'dropping the hide and hips,'

And in his pale dull mouth the gimmal bit
Lying foul with grass,

he even thus, in adversity, looked the worthy representative of that ancestor who in the field of Agincourt had won the notice of Harry the Fifth. Sir Thomas, on being told of the death of his friend, and of the murder of his wife, heard the story at first with grief, and then with feelings of anger and disgust. He hastily asked whereabout the old steward thought the Cromwellian party might be now fallen in with. It was in the very route they were intending to take. He spoke a few words to those around him, and forgetting their own ticklish situation, (obliged to avoid all towns and

villages, and trust to chance for subsistence as they thus pushed onward,) they resolved to have a brush with their old foes, the Roundheads, once more, and to revenge the death of their ally.

"Sir Thomas, accordingly, commending the steward to his place of refuge, put his party instantly in motion, and being well acquainted with every turn of the lane, led them onwards by the way in which the old man had just escaped. Striking then into the main road, they made for the scene of the exploits we have just narrated. Deep did they drive the spur-rowel into the panting sides of the poor jades they bestrode, till they arrived near the entrance of the chase or park in which the Grange is situate. They then proceeded with something more of deliberation and caution; and, having entered its precincts, they drew up their little force, and sent out scouts to ascertain the situation of their foes.

"As Sir Thomas Thornhil's party was small, and the Cromwellians were never to be despised as foes, it was necessary to go warily to work with them, even although they were at the present time something out of their usual state of effective order. The scouts found them with their mishaps in some measure repaired; as, although it had taken them some time to effect, they had succeeded in capturing almost all their stray steeds. Those men who had been dismounted by their own mistake, in consequence of the firing upon the horses as they broke cover, they intended to mount behind some of their comrades, — a practice much used in the wars of the time, even by the great Gustavus Adolphus of the North.

"Sir Thomas himself reconnoitred them from the cover at the end of the vista, where he had brought his party up. Rapidly, and with as little noise as possible, he drew out his troop into the open glade before him. They were shadowed in the moonlit space by the trees under which they formed. Putting himself at their head, with one wave of his good weapon he set spurs to his horse, and led them upon their hated foes.

"The Cromwellian sergeant (who, doubtless, was thinking of the promotion he conceived awaited him in the regiment, by the death-vacancy which had that night been made at the Grange, instead of the promotion he was about to get, and which was most likely equal to a brevet of immortality in the infernal regions,) was just at this moment striding down the front rank of the troop, in order to mount his own steed, and give the order to his men. As he reached their right, he heard a sudden exclamation of alarm, and the thundering sound of the rapid approach of a body of horse. He turned round, and beholding his party charged in flank by a troop of cavalry, roared to his men to mount, and flung himself upon his steed. Before his followers had time to obey the order, the Cavaliers were upon them, and over went man and horse with the impetuosity of the shock. Sir Thomas gave them small time to repair their confusion, but having them thus at advantage, his party cut them down like cattle in the shambles. Scarcely a trooper of Cromwell escaped to tell the tale of that night-skirmish; almost to a man they were cut to pieces within a few yards of the place in which they had thus unexpectedly been assailed.

"To return to the old steward: he continued his true duty and devoted care towards the child of his murdered master and mistress, by carefully tending it whilst in this place of refuge, and where he

thought it safest for some time to remain; performing towards it the office of nurse, and bringing it up by hand with as much tenderness and attention, perhaps, as if it had been thus reared under its own parent's eye. After awhile he removed himself and the infant to his beloved old Grange, and there remained in safety, and unmolested for some time. Yet so fearful was the old man of being discovered and interrupted in his retreat, that he seemed to dread intercourse with all mankind; and, in order to scare the curious from attempting to pry into his secret, and the half destroyed mansion, he not unfrequently equipped himself in some of the old armour he found in the apartments of the Grange, and was once or twice seen by the few affrighted peasantry who happened to pass that way at night, stealing about the grounds, and stalking around the banks of the moat, as though the dead corpse of his murdered master, thus 'in complete steel,' 'revisited at times the glimpses of the moon,' and loved to contemplate the surface of those waters, beneath whose waves his carcass lay rotting amid mud and weeds, to fatten the eels and lazy carp with which its depths abounded.

"And thus did the place obtain so dreadful a reputation that at last not a peasant would consent to approach it alone within half a mile, either by night or day; and the old man enjoyed, together with its rightful heir, sole and undisturbed possession of the building.

"Meantime the child grew apace under the care of its somewhat eccentric old nurse, who indeed appeared to have taken a fresh lease of his life, for the sole purpose of being its guardian and preserver.

"It was some few years, then, after the transactions we have narrated, and during the Protectorate of Cromwell, that a wild and haggard-looking individual, with hair and beard white as the snowflake, and descending below his waist, his whole appearance more like some spotted and livid corpse just disinterred from the earth, and his emaciated limbs only half covered by the tattered remains of an old embroidered suit, which, apparently, from its remains of rich lacing, had belonged to a person of condition, appeared one evening at the portal of Falcon Hall, on the borders of Derbyshire. He demanded to be admitted on important matters into the presence of Sir Thomas Thornhil, the proprietor of the domain. In his hand he led a well-grown boy, of about ten years of age. The child, like himself, was ill clad, in rude and uncouth-fashioned clothes, coarsely sewn together, and in look was as wild as his companion, staring with surprise at all around him, as if he had been but newly caught in the woods, and clinging to the tattered cloak of his aged protector as though he feared to find an enemy in every face he looked on.

"The old man was admitted into the presence of Sir Thomas, who, together with his family, were seated in one of those oak-panelled apartments we now very rarely meet with (unprofaned by over-civilized taste, and barbarian hands,) in the buildings of that period. The wildness of his appearance and the singularity of his address somewhat startled and surprised the inmates. Almost blind with age, he walked up to the table beside which the baronet was seated, discussing the merits of a flagon of Rhenish, or some such liquor, and after staring him hard and anxiously in the face for some little time, thus addressed him,

"'Art thou — tell me truly — art thou Sir Thomas Thornhil, of Falcon Hall.'

"'I have reason to believe myself such person, old man,' replied Sir Thomas, and smiling at the look of surprised alarm with which the children who had collected around stared upon this apparition. 'What am I to consider has procured me a visit from so peremptory and unceremonious a querist?'

"'Alas! then, it is not the man I sought,' muttered the insane looking old man, falling back, and clasping the little boy to his breast. 'Woe is me! this is not the man I hoped to find here. It must be his son, though,' he exclaimed aloud. 'Sir Thomas Thornhil, how long ago is it since your father died?'

"'Seven years ago he died in the field of ——, in Flanders,' answered Sir Thomas, willing to humour the eccentricity of the stranger, whose manner interested him.

"'Did you ever hear him speak of meeting with Stephen Gurney, the steward of the Moated Grange, one night in Knaresborough Forest, as he was escaping from Cromwell's power; and on which night he and his party encountered and cut to pieces a detachment of the Parliamentarian horse in Berrywell Chase?'

"'Often have I heard him tell of that meeting and skirmish, old man; and also how the faithful Gurney had saved the only child of Sir Walter Coleville on that night of horrors, and was making for Newbold Cottage, in order to conceal himself and charge. Since my return to this part of the world, at his urgent request, many times repeated to me, that if ever I reached my native country I would seek for that old man and child, I have accordingly visited those parts; but I found the cottage in ruins; and, after spending some time in searching the neighbourhood around, I could hear no tidings of any such persons ever having been seen there. Indeed I had almost forgotten the whole matter till you thus have brought it again to my remembrance.'

"'That was a fault,' said the old man abruptly: 'you should have searched far and near, sea and land, to find out the fate of one so left and uncared for in those wild times; and whose father had fought side by side with your own sire against the fiends in human form who desolated their mother country, and murdered their lawful King.'

"'I tell you, old man,' said Sir Thomas, 'that I did make inquiry for some time. I sought the child in the neighbourhood of the Grange, and was told that no such infant had ever been heard of since the night on which Sir Walter Coleville was murdered, and that the old butler was dead. The Grange itself, and the whole domain around was then, and is now, in the hands of the Lords Commissioners, and I therefore felt satisfied no such infant remained within it. I conclude the child perished on that night, or soon afterwards, for it was unlikely, although I understood the steward had been seen hovering about, that an infant could have survived in the charge of so unskilful a nurse, and in times so unsettled.'

"'The domain,' continued the steward, 'was, and is, sure enough, in the hands of those miscreants, whom God will doubtless at his own season utterly confound and destroy; but the ruinous Grange,' and the throat of the old man rattled with a kind of chuckle as he said it, 'I held for its rightful lord and owner, as it was considered by the conscience-stricken cowards into whose hands the lands have fallen not safe to risk their precious carcasses in a residence which

was wont ever and anon to fly piecemeal into the air, and was also assuredly, they hesitated not to affirm, tenanted by a legion of devils. The only time they ever attempted to take possession, I fired a barrel of gunpowder in the apartment beneath the one in which the men they sent had appropriated as their sleeping-room, and, much as I respect every stone in the walls of the Grange, I that night spoiled the wrought ceilings, and brought down more than one stack of chimneys in the wing of the building, which had been till then undemolished, about their accursed ears. Those who escaped this reception so intimidated their employers with the horrors they pretended to have seen, that they have not since found others willing to undergo a second night's occupation. My stewardship is now over,' he continued, looking upward; 'laud be to God that he hath allowed me to retain my office thus long! Here, Sir Thomas Thornhil, is the rightful heir of the Moated Grange; I consign him to your charge. I thought, in bringing my aged limbs thus far to your gates, to have delivered him into the hands of your father; but I am content as it is. For many years beyond my date of life I have held death resolutely at bay for this child's sake, but I find him near me at last, and for some days I have turned over in my mind where safely to bestow him. Putting resolution into my limbs, I have succeeded in bringing him here. Sir Thomas Thornhil, I am about to die. Pledge me your word that you will receive him and protect him till the time comes (and it will be here now soon,) when God shall restore this land to happiness, and this boy to his own.'

"The aged man was correct in his prognosis; the spirit that had possessed him (now he saw his darling charge received by the family to whom he thus intrusted him,) rapidly failed, and his life seemed in a flickering state, like a burnt-out candle. He placed in the hands of Sir Thomas a parchment, on which he had written the account of the transactions from which this story has been taken; and he then asked to be conveyed to bed. The child, who could not understand half of what had taken place, would not be persuaded that he was about to change his dearly-beloved old attendant for the uncertain kindness of strangers, and refused to be removed. Sir Thomas himself never left them during that night; and before day broke, with the child clasped to his skeleton breast, the faithful steward had breathed his last.

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world!

"It was long before they could persuade the poor child to leave the body of the only companion almost he ever remembered, and who he refused to believe would never awake again. When at length (during an interval of his violence and grief,) the child slept by the skeleton corpse, and they carefully removed him, and buried it, his distraction was so great at being unable to discover whither it had been conveyed, as to endanger his life for some weeks. Ultimately he consented to associate with the daughter of his new protector, Sir Thomas Thornhil, (a beautiful little girl, about his own age,) and transferred his regards to her. We find him afterwards a great favourite, and fighting bravely with Montrose during his splendid campaigns in the North. He afterwards married Miss Thornhil, and recovering his property, lived to a good old age, and died at the Grange, leaving several children behind him.

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

CANTO II.

THERE is not a nation in Europe but labours
To toady itself, and to humbug its neighbours—
"Earth has no such folks—no folks such a city,
So great, or so grand, or so fine, or so pretty,"
Said Louis Quatorze,
"As this Paris of ours!"—
Mr. Daniel O'Connell exclaims, "By the Pow'rs,
Ould Ireland 's on all hands admitted to be
The first flow'r of the earth, and first *Gim* of the sea!"—
Mr. Bull will inform you that Neptune,—a lad he,
With more of affection than rev'rence, styles "Daddy,"—
Did not scruple to "say
To Freedom, one day,"
That if ever he changed his aquatics for dry land,
His home should be Mr. B's "Tight little Island."—
He adds, too, that he,
The said Mr. B.,
Of all possible Frenchmen can fight any three;
That with no greater odds, he knows well how to treat them,
To meet them, defeat them, and beat them, and eat them.—
In Italy, too, 'tis the same to the letter,
There each Lazzarone
Will cry to his crony,
"See Naples, then die! * and the sooner the better!"—
The Portuguese say, as a well understood thing,
"Who has not seen Lisbon † has not seen a good thing!"—
While an old Spanish proverb runs glibly as under,
"QUIEN NO HA VISTO SEVILLA
NO HA VISTO MARAVILLA!"
"He who ne'er has view'd Seville has ne'er view'd a Wonder!"
And from all I can learn this is no such great blunder.
In fact, from the river,
The fam'd Guadalquiver,
Where many a knight 's had cold steel through his liver,‡

* "Vedi Napoli e poi mori!"

† "Quem naõ tem visto Lisboa
Naõ tem visto cousa boa."

‡ "Rio verde, Rio verde, &c."
"Glassy water, glassy water,
Down whose current clear and strong,
Chiefs, confused in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian, roll along."—*Old Spanish Romance.*

The prospect *is* grand. The *Iglesia Mayor*
Has a splendid effect on the opposite shore,
With its lofty *Giralda*, while two or three score
Magnificent structures around, perhaps more,
As our Irish friends have it, are there "to the fore;"
Then the old Alcazar,
More ancient by far,
As some say, while some call it one of the palaces
Built in twelve hundred and odd by Abdalasis,
With its horse-shoe shaped arches of Arabesque tracery,
Which the architect seems to have studied to place awry,
Saracenic and rich;
And more buildings, "the which,"
As old Lilly, in whom I've been looking a bit o' late,
Says, "You'd be bored should I now recapitulate;" *
In brief, then, the view
Is so fine and so new,
It would make you exclaim, 't would so forcibly strike ye,
If a Frenchman, "*Superbe!*"—if an Englishman, "Crikey!!"

Yes! thou *art* "WONDERFUL!"—but oh,
'Tis sad to think, in scenes so bright
As thine, fair Seville, sounds of woe,
And shrieks of pain and wild affright,
And soul-wrung groans of deep despair,
And blood and death should mingle there!

Yes! thou art "WONDERFUL!"—the flames
That on thy towers reflected shine,
While earth's proud Lords and high-born Dames,
Descendants of a mighty line,
With cold unalter'd looks are by
To gaze with an unpitying eye
On wretches in their agony,

All speak thee "WONDERFUL"—the phrase
Befits thee well—the fearful blaze
Of yon piled faggots' lurid light,
Where writhing victims mock the sight,—
The scorch'd limb shrivelling in its chains,—
The hot blood parch'd in living veins,—
The crackling nerve—the fearful knell
Rung out by that remorseless bell,—
Those shouts from human fiends that swell,—
That withering scream,—that frantic yell,—
All, Seville,—all too truly tell
Thou *art* a "MARVEL"—and a Hell!

* Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.
Propria quæ maribus.

God! that the worm whom thou hast made
Should thus his brother worm invade!
Count deeds like these good service done,
And deem thine eye looks smiling on!!

Yet there, at his ease, with his whole Court around him,
King Ferdinand sits "in his GLORY"—confound him!—
Leaning back in his chair,
With a satisfied air,
And enjoying the bother, the smoke, and the smother,
With one knee cocked carelessly over the other;
His pouncet-box goes
To and fro at his nose,
As somewhat misliking the smell of old clothes,
And seeming to hint, by this action emphatic,
That Jews, e'en when roasted, are not aromatic;

There, too, fair Ladies
From Xeres and Cadiz,
Catalinas, and Julias, and fair Iñesillas,
In splendid lace-veils and becoming mantillas;
Elviras, Antonias, and Claras, and Floras,
And dark-eyed Jacinthas, and soft Isidoras,
Are crowding the "boxes," and looking on coolly as
Though 'twas but one of their common *tertulias*,
Partaking, as usual, of wafers and ices,
Snow-water, and melons cut out into slices,
And chocolate,—furnished at coffee-house prices;
While many a suitor,
And gay coadjutor
In the eating-and-drinking line, scorns to be neuter;
One, being perhaps just return'd with his tutor
From travel in England, is tempting his "*future*"
With a luxury neat as imported, "The Pewter,"
And charming the dear Violantes and Iñeses
With a three-corner'd Sandwich, and *soupçon* of "Guinness's;"
While another, from Paris but newly come back,
Hints "the least taste in life" of the best cogniac.
Such ogling and eyeing,
In short, and such sighing,
And such complimenting, (one must not say l—g,)
Of smart Cavaliers with each other still vying,
Mix'd up with the crying,
And groans, of the dying
All hissing, and spitting, and broiling and frying,
Form a scene, which, although there can be no denying
To a *bon Catholique* it may prove edifying,
I doubt if a Protestant smart Beau, or merry Belle,
Might not shrink from it as somewhat too terrible.

It's a question with me if you ever survey'd a
More stern-looking mortal than old Torquemada,
Renown'd Father Dominic, famous for twisting dom-
-estic and foreign necks all over Christendom;

Morescoes or Jews,
Not a penny to choose,
If a dog of a heretic dared to refuse
A glass of old port, or a slice from a griskin,
The good Padre soon would so set him a frisking,
That I would not, for—more than I 'll say—be in his skin.

'Twas just the same thing with his own race and nation,
And Christian Dissenters of every persuasion,
Muggletonian, or Quaker,
Or Jumper, or Shaker,
No matter with whom in opinion partaker
George Whitfield, John Bunyan, or Thomas Gat-acre,
They 'd no better chance than a Bonze or a Fakir;
If a woman it skill'd not—if she did not deem as he
Bade her to deem touching Papal supremacy,
By the Pope, but he 'd make her!
From error awake her,
Or else—pop her into an oven and bake her!
No one, in short, ever came half so near as he
Did to the full extirpation of heresy;
And, if in the times of which now I am treating,
There had been such a thing as a "Manchester Meeting,"
"Pretty pork" he 'd have made "Moderator" and "Minister,"
Had he but caught them on his side Cape Finisterre;—
Pye Smith, and the rest of them, once in his bonfire, hence-
-forth you 'd have heard little more of the "CONFERENCE."

And—there on the opposite side of the ring,
He, too, sits "in his GLORY," confronting the King,
With his cast-iron countenance frowning austerely,
That matched with his *en bon point* body but queerly,
For, though grim his visage, his person was pursy,
Belying the rumour
Of fat folks' good-humour;
Above waves his banner of "Justice and Mercy,"
Below and around stand a terrible band ad-
-ding much to the scene,—*viz.* The "Holy *Hermandad*,"
Or "Brotherhood," each looking grave as a Grand-dad.
Within the arena
Before them is seen a
Strange, odd-looking group, each one dress'd in a garment
Not "dandified" clearly, as certainly "varment,"
Being all over vipers and snakes, and stuck thick
With multiplied *silhouette* profiles of NICK;
And a cap of the same,
All devils and flame,
Extinguisher shaped, much like Salisbury Spire,
Except that the latter 's of course somewhat higher;
A long yellow pin-a-fore
Hangs down, each chin afore,
On which, ere the wearer had donn'd it, a man drew
The Scotch badge, a *saltire*, or Cross of St. Andrew;

Though I fairly confess I am quite at a loss
To guess why they should choose that particular cross,
Or to make clear to you
What the Scotch had to do
At all with the business in hand,—though it 's true
That the vestment aforesaid, perhaps, from its hue,
Viz. yellow, in juxta-position with *blue*,
(A tinge of which latter tint could but accrue
On the faces of wretches, of course, in a stew
As to what their tormentors were going to do,)
Might make people fancy who no better knew
They were somehow connected with Jeffrey's Review;
Especially too
As it 's certain that few
Things would make Father Dominic blither or happier
Than to catch hold of *it*, and its *Chef* Macvey Napier.
No matter for that—my description to crown,
All the flames and the devils were turn'd upside down
On this habit, facetiously term'd *San Benito*,
Much like the dress suit
Of some nondescript brute
From the show-van of Wombwell, (not George,) or Polito.

And thrice happy they,*
Dress'd out in this way
To appear with *eclât* at the *Auto-da-Fé*,
Thrice happy indeed whom the good luck might fall to
Of devils tail upward, and "*Fuego revolto*,"
For, only see there,
In the midst of the Square,
Where, perch'd up on poles six feet high in the air,
Sit, chained to the stake, some two, three, or four pair
Of wretches, whose eyes, nose, complexion, and hair,
Their Jewish descent but too plainly declare,
Each clothed in a garment more frightful by far, a
Smock-frock sort of gaberdine, call'd a *Samarra*,
With three times the number of devils upon it,—
A proportion observed on the sugar-loaf'd bonnet,
With this farther distinction—of mischief a proof—
That every fiend Jack stands upright on his hoof!
While the pictured flames, spread
Over body and head,
Are three times as crooked, and three times as red!
All too pointing upwards, as much as to say,
"Here 's the real *bonne bouche* of the Auto-da-Fé!"

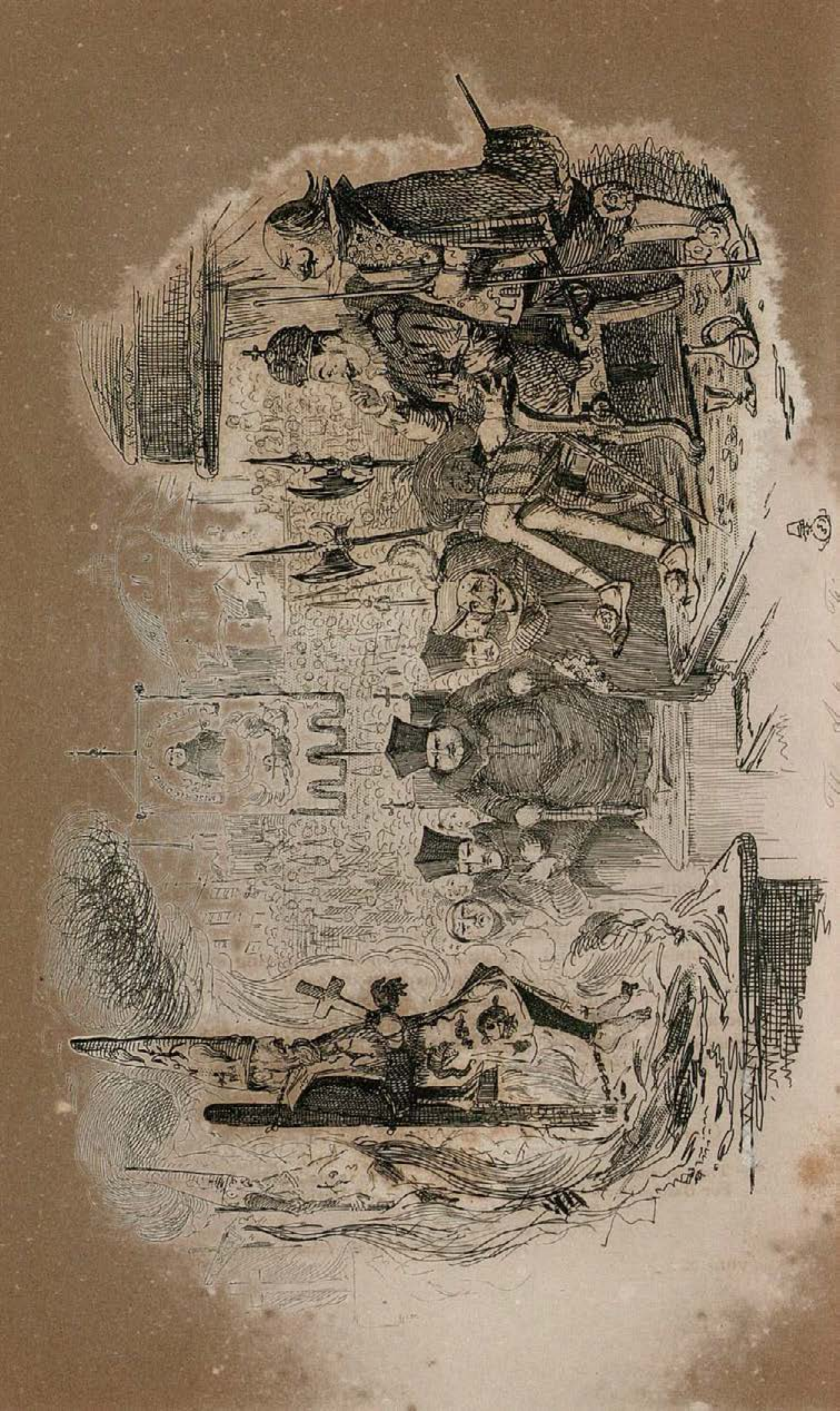
Torquemada, meanwhile,
With his cold, cruel smile,
Sits looking on calmly, and watching the pile,
As his hooded "Familiars" (their names, as some tell, come
From their being so much more "familiar" than "welcome,")

* O fortunati nimium sua si bona nôrint!

Have, by this time, begun
To be "poking their fun,"
And their firebrands, as if they were so many posies
Of lilies and roses,
Up to the noses
Of Lazarus Levi, and Money Ben Moses;
While similar treatment is forcing out hollow moans
From Aby Ben Lasco, and Ikey Ben Solomons,
Whose beards—this a black, that inclining to grizzle—
Are smoking, and curling, and all in a fizzle;
The King, at the same time, his Dons, and his visiters,
All sporting smiles, like the Holy Inquisitors,——

Enough!—no more!—
Thank Heaven, 'tis o'er!
The tragedy 's done! and we now draw a veil
O'er a scene which makes outraged humanity quail;
The last fire's exhausted, and spent like a rocket,
The last wretched Hebrew burnt down in his socket!
The Barriers are open, and all, saints and sinners,
King, Court, Lords, and Commons, gone home to their dinners,
With a pleasing emotion
Produced by the notion
Of having exhibited so much devotion,
All chuckling to think how the Saints are delighted
At having seen so many "*Smouches*" ignited:—
All save Privy-purse Humez,
Who sconced in his room is,
And, Cocker in hand, in his leather-backed chair,
Is puzzling to find out how much the "affair"
(By deep calculations, the which I can't follow,) cost,—
The *tottle*, in short, *of the whole* of the Holocaust.

Perhaps you may think it a rather odd thing,
That, while talking so much of the Court and the King,
In describing the scene
Through which we 've just been
I've not said one syllable as to the Queen;
Especially, too, as her Majesty's "Whereabouts,"
All things considered, might well be thought thereabouts;
The fact was, however, although little known,
Sa Magestad had hit on a plan of her own,
And suspecting, perhaps, that an *Auto* alone
Might fail in securing this "Heir to the throne,"
Had made up her mind,
Although well inclined
Towards *galas* and shows of no matter what kind,
For once to retire,
And bribe the Saints higher
Than merely by sitting and seeing a fire,—
A sight, after all, she did not much admire;



So she locked herself up,
Without platter or cup,
In her Oriel, resolved not to take bite or sup,
Not so much as her matin-draught (our " early purl"),
Nor put on her jewels, nor e'en let the girl,
Who help'd her to dress, take her hair out of curl,
But to pass the whole morning in telling her beads,
And in reading the lives of the Saints, and their deeds,
And in vowing to visit, without shoes or sandals,
Their shrines, with unlimited orders for candles,
Holy water, and Masses of Mozart's, and Handel's.*

And many a *pater*, and *ave*, and *credo*
Did She, and her Father Confessor, Quevedo,
(The clever Archbishop, you know, of Toledo,)
Who came, as before, at a very short warning,
Get through, without doubt, in the course of that morning;
Shut up as they were
With nobody there
To at all interfere with so pious a pair;
And the Saints must have been stony-hearted indeed,
If they had not allow'd all these pains to succeed.
Nay, it 's not clear to me but their very ability
Might, Spain throughout,
Have been brought into doubt,
Had the Royal bed still remain'd curs'd with sterility;
St. Jago, however, who always is jealous
In Spanish affairs, as their best authors tell us,
And who, if he saw
Anything like a flaw
In Spain's welfare, would soon sing " Old Rose, burn the bellows!"
Set matters to rights like a King of good fellows;
By his interference,
Three-fourths of a year hence,
There was nothing but capering, dancing, and singing,
Cachucas, Boleros, and bells set a ringing,
In both the Castilles,
Triple-bob-major peals,
Rope-dancing, and tumbling, and somerset-flinging,
Seguidillas, Fandangos,
While ev'ry gun bang goes;
And all the way through, from Gibraltar to Biscay,
Figueras and Sherry make all the Dons frisky,
(Save Moore's " Blakes and O'Donnells," who stick to the whisky;)
All the day long
The dance and the song
Continue the general joy to prolong;

* " That is, She *would* have order'd them—but none are known, I fear, as his,
For Handel never wrote a Mass—and so She 'd David Perez's—
Bow! wow! wow!
Fol, lol, &c. &c."
(Posthumous Note by the Ghost of James Smith, Esq.)

And even long after the close of the day
You can hear little else but "Hip! hip! hip! hurray!"
The Escurial, however, is not quite so gay,
For, whether the Saint had not perfectly heard
The petition the Queen and Archbishop preferr'd,—
Or whether his head, from his not being used
To an *Auto-da-fé*, was a little confused,—
Or whether the King, in the smoke and the smother,
Got bother'd, and so made some blunder or other,
I am sure I can't say;
All I know is, that day
There must have been *some* mistake!—that, I 'm afraid, is
Only too clear,
Inasmuch as the dear
Royal Twins,—though fine babies,—proved both little LADIES!!

MORAL.

Reader!—Not knowing what your "persuasion" may be,
Mahometan, Jewish, or even Parsee,
Take a little advice, which may serve for all three!

First—"When you 're at *Rome*, do as Rome does!" and note all her
Ways—drink what She drinks! and don't turn Tea-totaler!
In Spain, *raison de plus*,
You must do as they do,
Inasmuch as they 're all there "at sixes and sevens,"
Just as, you know,
They were, some years ago,
In the days of Don Carlos and Brigadier Evans;
Don't be nice then—but take what they 've got in their shops,
Whether griskins, or sausages, ham, or pork-chops!

Next—Avoid Fancy-trousers!—their colours and shapes
Sometimes, as you see, may lead folks into scrapes!
For myself, I confess
I 've but small taste in dress,
My opinion is, therefore, worth nothing—or less—
But some friends I 've consulted,—much given to watch one 's
Apparel—do say
It 's by far the best way,
And the safest, to do as Lord Brougham does—buy Scotch ones!

I might now volunteer some advice to a King,—
Let Whigs say what they will, I shall do no such thing,
But copy my betters, and never begin
Until, like Sir Robert, "I 'm duly CALLED IN!"

T. I.

Tappington Everard,
Oct. 1841.

Merrie England in the olden Time;

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LOOK at the gay caps and bonnets in yonder balcony; and hark to the fifes and fiddles, accelerating the sharp trot to a full gallop! And now the volunteer vocalist, having frowned into nothingness a St. Cecilian on the salt-box, demands silence for this seasonable chant.

Don't you remember the third of September?
  Fun's Saturnalia, Bartlemy fair!
Punch's holiday, O what a jolly day!
  When we fiddled and danced at the Bear.

Romping, reeling it, toe and heeling it,
  Ham and vealing it, toddy and purl—
Have you forgot that *I* paid the shot?
  I have not! my adorable girl.

With ranters and roysters we push'd thro' the cloisters,
  Had plenty of oysters, of porter a pot;
I treated my Hebe with brandy, not (B. B!)
  And sausages smoking, and gingerbread hot.

She whisper'd, "How nice is fried bacon in slices,
  And eggs"—What a crisis!—Love egg'd me on—
"My dearest," said I, "I wish I may die
  If we don't have a fry to-night at the Swan."

How we giggled when Pantaloon wriggled,
  And led a jig with Columbine down;
How we roar'd when Harlequin's sword
  Conjur'd Mother Goose into the Clown!

To Saunders's booth I toddled my Ruth,
  Saw *Master* and *Miss* romp and reel on the rope—
And it was our faults if we didn't both waltz,
  My eye! with Old Guy, Old Nick, and the Pope.

Rigging's rife again, fun's come to life again,
  Punch and his wife again, frolicksome pair,
Footing it, crikey! like Cupid and Psyche,
  Summon each rum 'un to Bartlemy fair.

Trumpets blowing, roundabouts going,
  Toby the Theban, intelligent Pig!
His compliments sends, inviting his friends
  To meet the Bonassus to-night at a jig.

"Now my little lads and lasses! Shut one eye, and don't breathe on the glasses! Here's Nero a-fiddling while Rome was a-burning—and Cincinnatus a-digging potatoes. Here's Sampson and the Phillis-*tines*—Cain and Abel, and the Tower of Babel." This was

sounded by a gaunt fellow (a stronger man than *Sampson*, for he lugged him in by the head and shoulders!) with a gin-and-fog voice and a bristly beard. His neighbour, a portly ogress with a Cyclopical physiognomy (her drum "most tragically run through!"), advertised a grunting giant, (a Pygmalion to his relations!) and backed his stupendous flitches against Smithfield and the world.

"Ladies and gentlemen," squeaked a little mountebank through an asthmatic trumpet, "walk in, and see a tragical, comical, operatical, pantomimical Olla Podrida of Smiles, Tears, Broad Grins, and Horselaughs, called The Hobgoblin, or My Lady go-Nimble's Ghost; the Humours of Becky Burton and Doctor Diddleum; a Prologue by Lucifer and his imps; capering on his pericranium by *Signor Franchinello;* and dancing in a dark lantern by *Mynheer Von Trompingtonverbruggenhausentiraliravontamen!*"

"Here's your dainty spiced gingerbread! that will melt in your mouth like a red-hot brickbat, and rumble in your inside like Punch and his wheelbarrow!" — "And here's your Conjuration Compound, that if you bathe a beefsteak in it the over night, it will come out a veal cutlet in the morning!"

The fair was lighted up, and the fun grew "fast and furious;" beginning with a loud chorus of acclamation, and so running on through the whole *Sol fa* of St. Bartlemy delight. There was a blended incarnation of kettle-drums, fifes, fiddles, French horns, rattles, trumpets, and gongs! A giantess of alarming dimensions, beaming with maternal ecstasy! reddened with deeper intensity from her painted show-cloth; and a miniature Lady-monster, a codicil to the giantess! peeped out imploringly from a wine-cooler in which some facetious crowned sconce had ensconced her at an after-dinner merriment to his Queen and Courtiers. The Mermaid had a long tail to exhibit and tell. Messrs. Rumfiz and Glumfiz, disciples of Zoroaster! began their magical incantations, swallowed knives and forks, and devoured blue flame with increased voracity; the Fantoccini footed it with laudable vigour; the Conjurer would have coined his copper nose, only, winked the wag, "I knows and *you* knows *Je n'ose pas!*" the lions and tigers roared "Now or never!" and amidst this oratorio of discord and din, Harlequin, Othello, Columbine, Sir John Falstaff, Desdemona, Jim Crow, Cardinal Wolsey, and Scaramouch quadrilled on the outside platform of Richardson's Grand Booth, the gong (his prompter's tintinabulum!) sounding superabundant glorification.

We hastened to this renowned modern temple of the Smithfield drama, which was splendidly illuminated, and guarded by tremendous pasteboard Genii, sphinxes, and unicorns, and saw our old acquaintance, *Bonassus* (who looked like one of His Mandingo Majesty's Spanish liquorice guards!) enact *Othello* and *Jim Crow*. After much interpolated periphrasis and palaver, Mr. Bigstick darkly intimated that when he ceased to love the "gentle Desdemona," (Miss Teresa Tumbletuzzy!)

"*Shay-oss* is come *agin.*"

At this moment the scenes stuck fast in the grooves — the halves of a house with an interstice of a yard or so between — when a lecturing mechanic bawled out from his sixpenny elysium,

"Ve don't expect no good grammar *here*, Muster Thingumbob; but, hang it! you *might* close the scenes!"

Mr. Bigstick being politely requested ("Strike up, *Snow-drop!* Go it, *Day and Martin!*") to "Jump Jim Crow" in triplicate, came forward, curvetting and salaaming with profound respect, and treated his audience with this *variorum version* of their old favourite.

Here 's jumping Jim, his coat and skim-
-mer very well you know;
If you 've a crow to pluck with him,
He 's pluck'd you *first!* I trow—

Where'er he goes he gaily crows,
A Blackey and a Beau!
Reels about, and wheels about,
And jumps Jim Crow.

O how the town ran up and down
To see the dancing Nigger!
If Jim 's a flat, 'tis tit for tat!
For Jim thinks John a bigger

To (for a Yankee lean and lanky,)
Shell his coppers so.—
What a noodle!—Yankee-doodle!
Rare Jim Crow!

Bull has fill'd his noddle full
Of learning, in profusion;
And Jim, with his long limping limb,
Has jump'd to this conclusion,

"A ninny and"—you understand!
When sitting all a-row,
Britons roar "Encore! Encore!
Jump Jim Crow!"

Jim 's play'd his pranks—with many thanks,
He gives you now the hop;
Because, like his *Commercial Banks,*
He thinks it time to *stop!*

What Nigger Lad has ever had
Such lucky cards to throw?
Ever trump'd, or ever jump'd
Like Jump Jim Crow?

The pantomime of Hot Rolls, or Harlequin Dumpling, and the Dragon of Wantley, concluded the performances; in which Mr. Bigstick's promising young pupil, *Master Magnumdagnumhuggle-duggle,* by a *jeu de théâtre* bolted the baker (bones, apron, night-cap and all!) set Old Father Thames on fire, exhibited the fishes frying in agony, and in his suit of spiked armour, like an "Egyptian Porcupig,"

"To make him strong and mighty,
Drank by the tale, six pots of ale
And a quart of Aqua Vitæ!"

and marched forth fiercely to a ferocious fight with a green leather dragon stuffed with fiery serpents, that hissed and exploded to the tune of two-pence a time!

The Bartlemy fairities were in raptures. *Master Magnumdagnum-huggleduggle, Mr. Bigstick,* the *Tumbletuzzy* and the *Dragon,* were successively garlanded with brocoli-sprouts and turnip-tops! It was "all round my hat" with *Bonassus,* who divided the Lion's share with the Dragon, and looked like a May-day Jack-in-the-green! The enthusiasm of the audience did not end *here.* They called for

the *Call-boy* and the *Candle-snuffer,* whose bliss would have felt no "aching void" had a "bit of *bacon*" accompanied, by way of a relish, this kitchen-garden of cabbage.

The bells of St. Bartholomew chimed the hour when churchyards and "Charlies" yawn; upon which the illuminations and mob went out, and away, and Momus looked as down in the mouth as a convolvulus. The elephant booked his trunk and departed; the menagerie man returned to his dish of bird's claws and beaks, with a second course of shark's teeth and fish-bones; Punch and Judy were amicably domiciled with the dog, the devil, and the doctor; the Jacks-in-the-box, Noah's arks, Dutch dolls, and wooden Scaramouches, were stowed away pell-mell; the gingerbread kings, queens, and nuts, were huddled higgledy-piggledy into their tin-canisters; a muddled chorister warbled "Fly not yet" to an intrusive "Blue-Bottle" that popped in the *Queen's Crown* and his *own* among a midnight dancing party of shopmen and Abigails, and a solitary fiddle, scraped by a cruel cobbler, squeaked the *Lay of the Last Minstrel!*

Morn appearing, Nature cheering,
  Milkmaids crying "Milk!" for tea,
Singing, joking; chimneys smoking,
  Bring, alas! no joys to *me.*

Phœbus beaming, kettles steaming—
  Basso—hark! the dustman's bell,
Obligato!—"Sweep!" stoccato!
  Old St. Bartle! sound thy knell.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"*Put out the light!*" exclaimed Mr. Bonassus Bigstick, with a lugubrio-comic expression of countenance that might convulse a Trappist, to a pigeon-toed property-man, and a duck-legged drummer, who were snuffing two farthing rushlights in the Proscenium. "*Put out the light!*" and straightway he pocketed the extinguished perquisite. We were retiring from the scene of Mr. Bigstick's glory, in company with two lingering chimney-sweeps, who had left their brushes and brooms at the box-door, when our progress was arrested by a tap on the shoulder from Uncle Timothy.

"If you would explore the 'secrets of the prison-house,' I can gratify your curiosity, having an engagement with the *great Tragedian* to crush a mug of mum with him behind the scenes."

We were too happy to enjoy so novel a treat not to embrace the offer with alacrity. Mr. Bigstick welcomed us with a tragic hauteur, and carrying an inch of candle stuck at the extremity of Prospero's magic wand, lighted his party to the Green Room. As we passed along, the great Tragedian, who had the knack of looking everything into nothing, scowled an armoury of daggers at Harlequin, and Harlequin, if possible, looked more black than the Moor. On entering the sanctum sanctorum, Mr. Bigstick, striking an attitude, and exclaiming "*Cara Sposa! Idol mio!*" introduced us to Teresa, the High-Dumptiness of St. Bartlemy, whom he dangled after like a note of admiration; *he* all mast, *she* all hulk; and when they parted, (with a Dolly Bull curtsy exquisitely fussy and fumy, the Tumbletuzzy made her exit,) it was odd to see the steeple separated from the chancel.

Just as Bonassus announced the presence of Pegasus Bubangrub, Esq. the author of their Caravan *libretto*, mine host of the *Ram* entered with a curiously compounded mug of mum, in which the great Tragedian (who was not particular from *Clos Vougeot* to *Old Tom*) drank the *Stage* that goes *with* and *without* wheels. Mr. Bosky, who had got scent of our "Whereabouts," arrived in time to propose the memory of Shakspere, and Mr. Bubangrub's longevity; Uncle Timothy gave Bonassus Bigstick and Bartlemy Fair; and Pegasus toasted the Tragic Muse and Teresa Tumbletuzzy. The Tragedian unbent by degrees; his adust countenance warmed into flesh and blood, and he grew facetious and festive.

"Bubangrub, my Brother of the Sun and Moon! my Nutmeg of delight! give us a song!"

The call was a command.

To pitch the tune Pegasus twanged from his Jew's-harp a chord, and apologizing for being "a little ropy," began, in a voice between a whistle and a wheeze,

Ye snuff-takers of England
  Who sniff your pinch at ease,
How very seldom you enjoy
  The pleasures of a sneeze!

Give ear unto us smoking gents,
  And we will plainly shew
All the joys, my brave boys!
  When we a cloud do blow.

The snuffer, buffer! raps his mull,
  His nose it cries out "Snuff!"
The Smoker, Joker, puffs his full
  In this queer world of puff!

The lawyer's gout is soon smok'd out;—
  If in the parson's toe
It ends in smoke, say simple folk,
  Just ends his sermon so!

The tippler loves his swanky, swipe;
  The prince, the peer, the beau,
A pipe of wine—give *me* my pipe
  Of *Bucky* for to blow!

No pinch or draught drive care abaft
  From folks a cup too low,
Like the joys, my brave boys!
  When we a cloud do blow.

A penny-postman-like rap at the caravan-door was answered by the great Tragedian with

"Open locks whoever knocks!" And, as the unexpected visitor became visible, he added, "Tom Titlepage! as thou art Tom, welcome; but as thou art Tom and a boon companion, *ten* times welcome!"

The Tragedian began to rummage an ancient hair-trunk that looked as raggedly bald as his own scalp; dislodging sceptres, daggers, clowns, spangled robes and stage-wigs. In *Dicky Gossip's* bob[1] he discovered what he sought for; a dirty, torn, dog's-eared

[1] *Suett* boasted a *recherché* and extensive collection of stage *wigs*, comprising every variety, from the full-bottom to the Tyburn bob; which unique assortment was unfortunately burned in a fire that happened at the Birmingham Theatre, on Friday, August 13, 1792.

disjecti membra. Opening the bundle, and selecting at random, he bespoke the company's attention to a fragment of—

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BONASSUS, OR THE BIGSTICK MEMOIRS."

All the world's a *caravan!* and all the gentlemen and ladies Lions and Tigresses! For if a man be neither dwarf nor giant, but an unhappy medium between the two — if he be not upon boxing terms with a whole menagerie, and will not fitsy-cuff-it and *roar* for an engagement, dam'me! he may *whistle* for one!"

Mr. Bigstick paused, glared ghastly terrible and ghostly grim.

"Yes, I'm too tall for a wonderful monkey, and too good-natured for an intelligent bull-dog. I *can't* drink sangaree out of my father's skull, nor beat the big drum with the bones of my grandmother!"

He then, after taking a deep draught at the mum, resumed his narrative.

"I was articled to the law, and Pump Court was the pabulum where I began to qualify myself for Lord Chancellor. But fearful is the dramatic furor of attorneys' clerks. My passion was not for bills of costs, but for bills of the play; I longed to draw, not leases, but audiences; as for pleas, my ambition was to please the town; and I cared nothing for *Coke,* while Shakspere's *muse of fire* warmed my imagination! Counsellor Cumming soon found his clerk going. I quitted the Court, leaving my solitary competitor the *Pump* to spout alone.

"A personable fellow, (for whom any lady might be proud to jump into the Serpentine, the jury finding a verdict of manslaughter against my good looks, with a deodand of five shillings on my whiskers!) 'I left my father's house, and took with me'—as much wardrobe as I could conveniently carry *on,* and *behind* my back. My first professional bow was in the *Poor Gentleman,* and *Raising the Wind,* in a barn at Leighton Buzzard, where the Gods clambered up to the gallery by a ladder, through which many of the tippling deities could hardly see a hole! The stalls (the cart-horses having been temporarily ejected) sparkled with the *élite* — sixpenny-worth of coppers being paid for sitting apart in aristocratical exclusiveness. My declamation might have electrified Gog and Magog, and made the Men in Armour start from their spears! The barn rang with applause, my success was triumphant, and my fate decided.

"I next joined Mr. Dunderhead, the Dunstable manager, on whose boards I had the supreme felicity of beholding, for the first time, the Tumbletuzzy. She danced with the castanets (*le Pantomime de l'amour*); my heart beat to her fairy footsteps; the long sixes capered before my eyes, my pulse thumped a hundred and twenty per minute—I wooed, and had well nigh won her—when our Harlequin, a ci-devant, ubiquitous, iniquitous barber, all but dashed the nectared cup from my lip. I did not horsewhip him, 'for that were poor revenge,'—no! I shewed him up on my benefit night in a patter song."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Bosky. "Let us, Mr. Bigstick, have the *song* by all means."

The great Tragedian, screwing, *à la Mathews,* his mouth a-jar, condescendingly complied.

Stolen or stray'd my beautiful maid!
  Unlucky my ducky has met a decoy—
As brown as a berry, as plump as a cherry,
  And rosy-cheek'd, very! and Jenny-so-coy!

Baggage and bagging the Dunstable waggin
  Were popp'd by a wag in, hight *Harlequin Lun*—
They, honey-moon hot, shot the moon like a shot;
  But *I'll* shoot the rascal as sure as a gun!

She sings like a linnet, she plays on the spinnet,
  A day 's like a minute when she is in doors;
My aunt in the attic, my uncle extatic!
  Encore the chromatique my Philomel pours!

I lov'd her so dearly and truly, for really
  She cuts a mug queerly, as Arthur's Queen Doll;
She beats the tol lol O of Molly Brown hollow,
  And sings like Apollo in Gay's pretty Poll.

I told her a rebus, I gave her a wee buss;
  She call'd me her Phœbus, her hero of pith;
Her caraway comfit, her prime sugar plum, fit
  For lady's lip, rum fit! her *Lollypop Smith!*

No more thought Teresa small tipple of me, sir,
  Than pretty Miss P., sir, our *premiere danseuse*,
Lightsome, lenitive! philoprogenitive!
  Sukey with bouquet and white satin shoes!

To be, or not to be? is it a shot to be?
  Is it a knot to be, tied to a beam?
Death 's but a caper, life 's but a taper,
  A vision, a vapour, a shadow, a dream.

Hang melancholy! grieving's a folly!
  Laugh and be jolly! there 's nothing like fun!
I'll make Miss Terese cry, "Yes, if you please!"
  And down on his knees shall *Harlequin Lun*.

"But the 'beautified Ophelia!' fickle, not false, and far less fickle than freakish! in all the tender distraction of Cranbourn Alley white muslin and myrtle, implored my forgiveness. Were her three-quarters' music and dancing to be thrown away upon a base barber?

'O ye, whose adamantine sorrows know
The iron agonies of copper woe!'"

Here the great Tragedian became overpowered, and cried a flood of stage tears very naturally.

"*Encore! encore!*" shouted Uncle Timothy.

Othello was at a loss whether or not to take this as a *compliment*, and weep a second brewing. He rubbed his eyes — but the Noes had it—

"Bigstick 's himself again!"

"On the disbanding of our troop, we hied to Stoke-Pogeis with a letter of introduction to the manager. *Mr. Truncheon* (his wig 'in most admired disorder') started, and exclaimed, 'What the deuce could Dunderhead have been about to send you here? The other night Dowager Mucklethrift bespoke '*Too late for Dinner*.' I speculated on *one* upon the strength of it, and treated the company (who were as *thin* as our houses) to a gallon of 'intermediate,' when, lo! and behold! in she tottered with her retinue (a rush of two!) to the boxes, and her deaf butler Diggory, esquiring some half-dozen lady

patronesses, hobbled up to the threepenny gallery to grin down upon us!'

"A man may as well bob for whale in the river Thames; for live turtle in the City Basin; for white-bait in the Red Sea; expect to escape choking after having bolted a grape-shot, or to elicit a divine spark from the genius of a mud volcano, as hope not to be ruined and rolled up among such sublime intelligences! There's a hole in the kettle, sir, and we are half starved!"

"Surrounded by *Short's* Gardens, and dwelling in *Queer* Street, Teresa and myself began to diet on our superfluities. My Romeo last-rose-of-summer pantaloons were diluted into a quart of hot pea-soup, and Bobadil's superannuated cocked hat and Justice Midas's wig were stewed down in the shape of a mutton scrag, Juliet's Flanders lace flounce furnishing the trimmings! At this extremity, when Mrs. Heidelburg's embroidered satin petticoat of my aunt's had gone to 'my uncle's' for a breakfast, my friend Dennis O'Doddipool, whose success at Cork had enabled him to draw one, and enjoy his bottle, invited us to Ballinamuck. We showered down as many benedictions upon Dennis as would stand between Temple Bar and Westminster, bundled up our 'shreds and patches,' levied tribute on the farmers' poultry, and when a goose fell in our way, made him so wise as never to be taken for a goose again! and arrived by short stages, in a long caravan, at Holyhead. Hey for Ireland! straight we bent our way to the land of praties and Paddies! O'Doddipool welcomed us with all the huggings and screechings of a German salutation, and cried, like the French butcher,[1] for joy! I played first comedy before the lamps, and second fiddle behind 'em,—walking gentlemen and running footmen,—bravos and bishops,[2]—swept

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[1] A *Slaughter-man*, in the interval of killing, strolled from a neighbouring *abattoir* to *Père la Chaise*. Shedding tears like rain, and clasping his blood-stained hands, he stood before the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa; while ever and anon he blubbered out, "*Oh! l'amour, l'amour!*" He then wiped his eyes with his professional apron, and returned to business. This is truly *French*.

[2] Garrick was in the habit of employing a whimsical fellow whose name was *Stone*, to procure him theatrical supernumeraries. The following correspondence passed between them.

"Sir,—Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday, and behaved very ill to me. I only *ax'd* for my two guineas for the last *Bishop*, and he swore I shouldn't have a farthing. I can't live upon air. I have a few *Cupids* you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker, who I drink with now and then.

"*Thursday Noon.* Your humble *servant*, Wm. Stone."

"Stone, Friday Morn.

"You are the best fellow in the world. Bring the *Cupids* to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea a piece for them. If you can get me two good *murderers*, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill; the *cut in his face* is quite the thing. Pick me up an *Alderman* or two, for Richard, if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely *Mayor*. The barber will not do for *Brutus*, although I think he will succeed in *Mat*. "D. G."

The person here designated the *Bishop* was procured by *Stone*, and had often rehearsed the *Bishop of Winchester* in the play of Henry VIIIth, with such singular éclat, that Garrick addressed him at the rehearsal as "*Cousin of Winchester*." The fellow, however, never played the part, although advertised more than once to come out in it. The reason will soon be guessed from the two following letters that passed between Garrick and Stone on the very evening the *Prelate* was to make his début.

"Sir,—The *Bishop of Winchester* is getting drunk at the *Bear*, and swears he won't play to-night. I am yours, Wm. Stone."

"Stone,—The *Bishop* may go to the devil. I do not know a greater rascal, except yourself. "D. G."

the boards with Tragedy's sweeping pall, and a birch-broom,—hissed in the centre region of a fiery dragon in some diabolical *demon*-stration of dramatic diablerie,—brandished a wooden sword,—gallanted Columbine,—blushed blue flame and brickdust in Frankenstein,—plastered my head over with chalk for want of a Lord Ogleby white wig,—and bellowed myself hoarse with tawdry configurations and clap-trap vulgarities! And ('*Punch* has *no* feelings!') what my reward? A magnificent banquet of dry bread and ditch-water from O'Doddipool, ('Think on *that*, Master Brook!') peels, not of applause, but oranges! from the pit; and showers of peas (not boiled!) from the Olympus of disorderly gods. So finding, though in Ireland, my capital wasn't doubling, I gave the bog-trotters the '*Glass of Fashion*' (they never gave me a glass of *anything!*) to a sausage-maker's *Polonius;* took my leave and two-and-sixpence; bolted to Ballinamuck; (my Farce of *Ducks and Green Peas* never had such a run!) starred it from Ballinamuck to Bartlemy, and engaged with the man that lets devils out to hire, and deals in giants of the first enormity. My crack parts are *Othello* and *Jim Crow;* so that between the two, the lamp-black never gets washed off my face, and I fear I shall die a Negro——

"Thus far," added the great Tragedian, rolling up the papers into a bundle, and tossing them over to Mr. Titlepage, "the *Autobiography of Bonassus!* From Smithfield we march to the Metropolitans. 'The Garden' is sadly in want of a fine high comedy figure at a low one; and Drury, of a Tragedy Queen who can do Dollallolla. I smother a new debutante, Miss Barbara Buggins; beat Liston hollow in Moll Flaggon; and put out of joint the noses of all preceding Macbeths. The Tumbletuzzy opens in Queen Katherine (which she plays *quite* in a different style to *Siddons*)."

To this the satirical-nosed gentleman nodded assent.

"With fifteen *new readings* to electrify the diurnal critics of *Petticoat Alley* and *Blow-bladder Lane!*"

Mr. Bubangrub guaranteed for the brethren. *One* new reading *he* would take the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Bigstick. John Kemble had entirely mistaken Shakspere's meaning. "*Birnam Wood*" comes not to "*Dunsinane*," a *town;* but to "*Dunce inane*," *Macbeth!* who was blockhead enough to put his trust in the witches. The great Tragedian danced with ecstasy at this "palpable hit," and promised pipes and purl for the critical party after the performance.

"Egg-hot," said he, "is not my ordinary tipple; but on *this* occasion (pardon egotism) I *will* be an egg-hot-ist! And now, to the Queen's Arms for a supper, and then to Somnus's for a snooze!"

With a patronising air he conducted us down the ladder. To Uncle Timothy he said a few words in private, and our ears deceived us, if "*gratitude*" was not among the number.

We fancied that the jovial spirit of the good Prior, on a three-days' furlough from Elysium, hovered over the holiday scene; and that a shadowy black robe and cowl, half concealing his portly figure and ruddy features, flitted in the moonlight, and disappeared under the antique low-arched door that leads to his mausoleum!

"Dreams are the children of an idle brain." Yet *ours* was a busy one through the live-long night. The grotesque scene acted itself over again, with those fantastical additions that belong to "Death's counterfeit." Legions of Anthropophagi; giants o'ertopping Pelion

and Ossa; hideous abortions; grinning nondescripts; the miniature, mischievous court of Queen Mab; and the fiddling, dancing troop of Tam O'Shanter, passed before us in every variety of unearthly combination. Clouds of incense arose, and the vision, growing dim, gradually melted away,—a low, solemn chant leaving its dying notes upon the ear.

Let gratitude's chorus arise,
If gratitude dwell upon earth,
To hymn thy *return* to the skies,
Benevolent spirit of mirth!

Long flourish thy frolicsome *fair*,
Where many odd bargains are driven;
And may peccadilloes done there,
For *thy merry sake* be forgiven!

LEAVE-TAKING LINES ON VAUXHALL GARDENS.*

Scene of departed joys, Vauxhall!
I mourn o'er thy decline and fall;
And scarce to thee my pen can scrawl Allusion.

Thy memory makes me still a child,
As when, of soberer sense beguil'd,
I strayed amid thy paths in wild Illusion.

There Fancy held her fair all night;
There Levity rejoiced in light,
For lamps by thousands poured a bright Confusion.

There Momus peeped from every tree,
And leered upon the revelry;
While music streamed around in free Profusion.

There, with the sweets in nectar'd throng
That did unto the place belong,
The steams of arrack mixed their strong Infusion.

There, if the "blood" forgot all laws,
Bland Simpson would exclaim, "Pray, pause,
Nor on the cheek of virtue cause Suffusion!"

But Mentors *may* be out of call,
And thus, in some impromptu brawl,
A body's head would catch a small Contusion.

Oh! happy hours of trusting youth,
When *shows* could wear the charm of truth,
And welcome was each "silly sooth" Effusion!

The heart ne'er *asked* if that were joy,
But hailed it such without alloy,
And scorned to deem the glittering toy Delusion!

But, Memory, thy glass unfix!
Civilization cries out "bricks!"
And mortar still, like knowledge, seeks Diffusion.

So Pleasure's current off hath shot
To animate some other spot,
Upon the principle of—what? Transfusion!

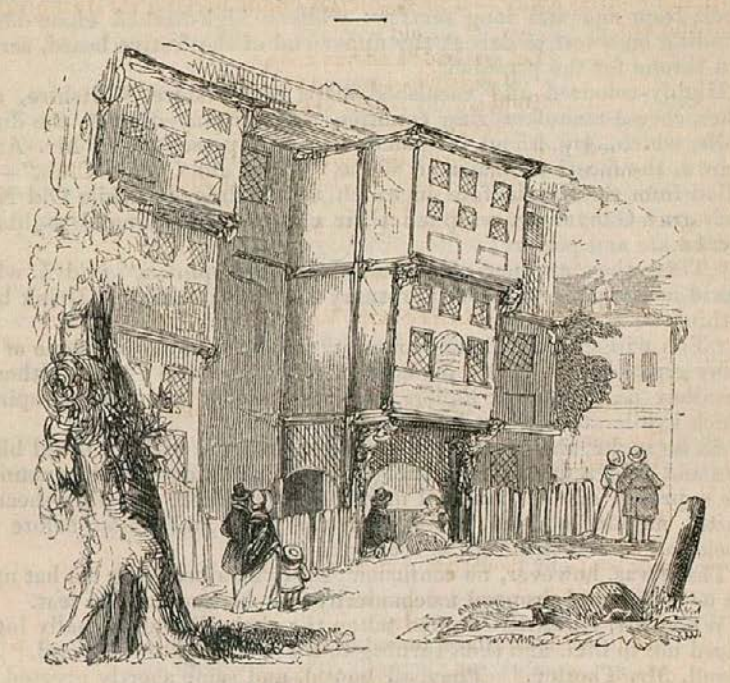
G. D.

* Sold by auction, Thursday, Sept. 1841, for £20,200.

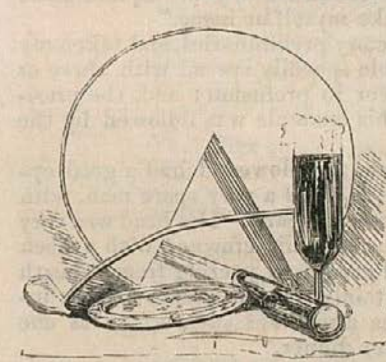
The Old Ledger.

No. VII.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



THE BREAD AND CHEESE CLUB.



T six o'clock precisely, my old crony, David Owen, called at the office in consequence of a promise which I had made a fortnight before to accompany him to his club. He had frequently spoken of the pleasure he enjoyed, and expressed so urgent a desire that I should participate in the amusement the society afforded, that I, at last, consented to be introduced as his friend. A special favour, as I afterwards understood; for, although there were in all twenty members, but one invitation was permitted by the rules, and this privilege only allowed in rotation, so that it amounted almost to exclusiveness.

The members were chiefly clerks in the East India House, or Bank of England, and most of them dwelling in "merry Islington," or its immediate neighbourhood.

Islington in those days was not a continuation of London. It was

surrounded on every quarter by pleasant fields, and wore the appearance of a rural village.

The club was held at the Queen's Head in the Lower Road,—an antique structure of the times of good Queen Bess. A room on the first floor was appropriated to its meetings. An old oak table stood in the centre of the sanded floor, garnished with leathern-bottomed chairs, black from age and long service; while a high-backed elbow-chair, standing on a sort of dais at the upper end of the festive board, served as a throne for the president.

Highly-coloured and varnished maps of Cheshire, Wiltshire, and other cheese-manufacturing counties, were displayed upon the dingy walls, which, my friend informed me, were presented by Mr. Amos Brown, the facetious chairman of the "Bread and Cheese Club,"—so called from the simple fare in which they indulged; while Old Ned, their gray Ganymede, supplied their cups with foaming draughts of bottled ale and porter.

"Then they are not of Doctor Johnson's opinion," said I, when David had explained these sumptuary laws of the club, "'Drink beer—think beer.'"

"You will soon have an opportunity of being convinced of one of the many errors of the great lexicographer," replied he; "for, although we allow no spirituous liquors, we can boast of some choice spirits, which exhilarate without intoxication."

As he spoke, the great clock at the stair-head, with its broad black face and golden figures, struck eight, and a shuffling of feet announced the approach of the punctual members. Old Ned, the white-headed waiter, napkin in hand, threw open the door, and almost before the clock had ceased striking the room was filled.

There was, however, no confusion; every member hung his hat upon his own peg, and dropped mechanically into his accustomed seat.

When Mr. Amos Brown had taken the chair, David formally introduced me to him, and then turning to the members, merely said, "My friend, Mr. Thorley." They all bowed, and some shortly greeted me with, "Happy to see you, sir;"—"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir;" and others "trusted I would make myself at home."

Having gone through these introductory preliminaries, and taken my seat, the door was opened, and the table speedily spread with three or four kinds of cheese, and ale and beer in profusion; and, the president filling his pipe and lighting it, his example was followed by the rest.

During the few tranquil minutes which followed, I had a good opportunity of observing the president. He was a very spare man, with a sharp angular physiognomy, brown as mahogany. His head was very much flattened on both sides, and the summit crowned with a sleek close crop of dark hair, a pair of dull grey eyes peering from beneath his projecting forehead. He was, certainly, in appearance neither intellectual nor prepossessing; and was altogether such a man as one would "cut out of a cheese-paring after dinner."

"Come, Owen,—and you, Binks, you don't drink," said he, looking across the table at his friends. "You remind me of the moon, in Norval's speech,—'you've not yet filled your horns!'" *

"Very good," said Binks, approvingly.

* This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns.—HOME'S *Douglas*.

"A hit!" said David Owen.

"A HOME-thrust," said Amos quietly, alluding to the author of the tragedy,

This sally stirred up the members, and the conversation became general.

"If I may be allowed to perpetrate a pun," said Binks diffidently, knocking out the ashes of his pipe, — "that is, if the club will accept it as such, I should say that our friend opposite, though always *Owen*, is never in *debt*."

A roar of laughter followed this laborious effort.

"For goodness' sake, my dear Binks," said Amos gravely, "whenever the wantonness of your sportive imagination leads you into an extravagance of this kind, let fly like a sharp-shooter; for the best conceit ever begotten in the brain of mortal man would be still-born in such a protracted delivery. If a bad pun, the sooner the fool's bolt is shot the better, — if a good one, it will tell with ten times the effect. Remember, there is neither infancy nor youth in a pun, — no progression in its ephemeral life, — it is born full grown, and dies of old age in a second."

Then turning his grey eyes, which were lit up with all the brightness of intelligence, towards a jolly companion, whose extensive white waistcoat and ruddy visage proclaimed him a worthy member of the jovial crew, he called abruptly upon him for a song.

With pipe in one hand, and a foaming tankard in the other, Bob Wilkinson (so he called him) sang the following, with a great deal of gusto:—

When harass'd and worn by the toils of the day,
At evening's close I wend homeward my way,
A solace—a comfort I never knew fail,
I find in my pipe and my tankard of ale.

In a snug little arbour, my friend by my side,
Whose truth and fidelity time hath well tried,
The cares of this life I forget to bewail,
Enjoying my pipe and my tankard of ale.

In balls and gay parties let others delight,
Destroying their health in the joys of the night;
With me their example shall never prevail,
I prefer my cool pipe and a tankard of ale.

Yes! Fashion so fickle, with all her stiff rules,
Makes very few happy, and many folks fools;
Her newest inventions grow speedily stale,
While still fresh are my pipe and my tankard of ale.

How harmless and quiet the joys that I feel,
For they ne'er interfere with another man's weal.
I smile—yes, in pity—when other folks rail,
Who like not a pipe and a tankard of ale.

Although all the world shall our comfort despise,
We still will be social, and merry, and wise,
With song and with joke, or mirth-moving tale,
We'll relish our pipe and our tankard of ale.

"Bravo! bravo!" resounded from his auditors.

"I pitched it in rather too high a key," said Wilkinson, modestly

shrinking from the "unbounded applause," under cover of this gratuitous concession.

"Talking of keys," observed a small member on the right hand of the president, "can any one tell me which is the most difficult key to turn?"

"A don-*key*," replied Wilkinson.

"Except a pig!" remarked the unfortunate Binks, confounding in his own mind the comparative obstinacy of animals, and most unaccountably losing sight of the point of the conundrum.

"Excellent, my dear Binks!" cried Amos Brown, laughing heartily. "You are certainly a fresh importation from the Emerald Isle. That is the neatest blunder you ever perpetrated. As for the conundrum, our facetious friend is indebted for it to his tobacco-paper, and, if not an old Joe, is a near relation of that worthy; and it is, at all events, a very old acquaintance of mine. After all, a conundrum is merely punning aforethought; in which the maker has the advantage of concocting both question and answer. The retort and the receiver are both in his own hands; and he must be a bungler indeed who cannot distil something pungent. Why, I could coin conundrums as quickly as you would cast bullets."

"Supposing you were *led*—by inclination," observed Binks.

"That's very fair — for Binks," said Owen, sarcastically qualifying his approval.

"Nay, he has redeemed himself with interest," replied Amos Brown; "so, with your good leave, we'll pledge him.

"No one shrinks,
But gladly drinks
The health of Binks."

"Binks!" "Binks!" "Binks!" was echoed on every side, and the brimming horns tossed off to his health.

A silence of a few seconds followed. Binks filled a bumper, — pushed it from him, — then drew it back again, — hummed, and cast down his eyes, and, in fine, performed all the customary pantomime of those in his delicate situation.



"Gentlemen," said he, rising, "although the honour you have so unanimously conferred upon me has placed me on my legs, I assure you I feel more depressed than elevated. Like some poor devil with a solitary tester in his fob, I'm fumbling for words to pay off the score your kindness has run up, and my gratitude acknowledges as due

(hear! hear!). I am so deeply indebted, and yet so poor withal in speech, that I am really compelled to offer a composition to my creditors. You are all, fortunately, so friendly disposed, that I am convinced you will accept a simple dividend of the sincerest thanks in lieu of the eloquence you demand, and in which I am indeed a bankrupt (hear! hear!). Gentlemen, accept my thanks for the honour you have done me, and my best wishes for your health and prosperity."

"Bravo!" cried the club with one voice, as Binks resumed his seat.

"A neat and appropriate speech," said Amos Brown, with a patronizing air, "and well worthy a prominent place in the Binksi Orationes! Really, with the exception of a worthy individual, whom modesty forbids me to name, Binks is the best orator in the club. Owen," continued he, addressing my conductor, "let us evaporate the dampness which speech-making generally throws over the company by a duetto."

To which appeal Master David immediately responded by striking up and singing a first to the following

DUET.

"Ye lusty knaves who wish to shine,
Lave your lips with rosy wine—
Rosy wine—
Rosy wine.
Song and eloquence divine
Sparkling spring from rosy wine.
Carking Care, with wrinkled brow,
From the goblet shrinks, I vow.
Charge with grape-shot—charge and prime,
If ye wish to kill old Time;
For Time and Care must die,
Or fly,
Like the night-clouds from the sky
When the ruddy sun doth shine.
Then lave your lips with rosy wine—
Rosy wine—
Rosy wine—
Ye lusty knaves who wish to shine!"

Although both the words and the sentiment of this antique piece were of very slender merit, the singers made so much of it in the execution that it was loudly encored, and repeated.

"What exceeding relish wine gives to song, and song no less to wine," said Amos Brown. "Depend on't, Bacchus and Apollo are mutually obliged to each other, and form an excellent partnership. Melodious as the pipe of Apollo may be, the *pipe* of Bacchus (whether port or claret) is an excellent accompaniment. Nay, I doubt if Apollo were ever content with a pure draught from Helicon; 'cold without,' rely upon it, was too insipid for his palate. He knew, and proved too, there was truth in wine, and occasionally hob and nobbed with the leopard-rider. Besides, is not Apollo the poetical type of the sun,—and is not the jolly sun a thirsty soul?"

"Ay, to be sure," assented Owen, laughing, "and drinks 'mountain dew' * like a Highlander."

"Or a native of the Isle of Sky!" said Brown.

"Amos," continued Owen, "thou hast given us a most apt illustration. Thou hast surely donned the casque of Minerva."

* Mountain-dew—whisky; so called from its illicit distillation in the mountains.

"A fig for the owl-crested casque of Minerva!" cried Amos; "give me a cask of Madeira. On young fellows like us, Owen, wit sits more seemly than wisdom. Our youthful spirits now elevate us to the sparkling regions of the light and gay, as assuredly as time and old age will—bring us to the grave! But Brother Binks has 'caught the eye of the speaker.' He is struggling 'like a spent swimmer' against the strong current of his thoughts. Silence, and let him vent his meaning."

Hereupon little Binks filled a bumper, and rose.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am naturally diffident; but I fearlessly assert that what I am about to say will prove infinitely agreeable (hear! hear! and laughter). I don't mean the manner in which I shall express myself, but the subject: at the same time I can only regret that it is not in the hands of one more capable of doing justice to it, for I see many around me who could have done it better (no! no!); but, still, I will not allow that they could have expressed themselves with more sincerity. I am confident you will agree with me that the individual I have the honour to name is in every respect worthy of your regard; for, while his urbanity has made us feel perfectly at home, his wit has enlivened us. Gentlemen, I beg leave to propose the health of our excellent president."

Of course the whole club arose to do honour to Binks's toast.

All eyes were instantly directed towards Amos Brown, who replied in the following terms:—

"It would be an ill compliment to you, gentlemen, to say that I am flattered—I know your sincerity too well; but, in acknowledging that virtue in you, I tacitly admit all the worth and excellence your partiality has attributed to me. This is a very awkward, although a pleasant dilemma; and I feel like the shipwrecked tar when he was unanimously elected chief of a tribe of savages, and presented with six wives. And, what do you think he did? Why, like a brave man, as he was, he submitted to his fate; and, thanking them heartily, told them they were too bountiful by half; and that, in their excessive goodness, they had measured his corn by their own bushel. In expressing my hearty thanks, I do not think my ingenuity can suggest a more appropriate reply than that of the bewived mariner, — and to which I shall only add my wishes for your health and prosperity."

"Excellent, 'pon my word!" exclaimed Bob Wilkinson.

"I must confess I am rather disappointed," said little Binks; "for a man of his inches I did expect he would have been longer on his legs."

"Perhaps you will go so far as to assert, Binks, that I have not risen—in your estimation?" inquired Amos.

"Not exactly so," replied Binks. "But I do think, gentlemen, the *chair* is very *chary* of his words to-night!"

"Oh!"—"Oh!"—"Oh!" cried the club, in various keys, at this attempt at facetiousness on the part of Binks, many of the countenances assuming that comical expression betwixt crying and laughter which the "pins and needles" of a "leg asleep" usually produce.

"A most impertinent speech," observed Owen.

"Call it a *deteri*-ORATION," said Amos Brown,—"a poisoned arrow shot by Envy from a cross-*beau*, by which he has assuredly ——" (at this juncture Binks was about to resume his seat, when a practical joker having withdrawn his chair, he went plump upon the floor,)—"let himself down!" concluded Amos, with a prompt and happy allusion to the fallen Binks.

The peals of laughter which followed were enough to—shake out the curls of the "old Queen's Head."

The good-humoured Binks, however, rose with agility, and joined in the merriment. "I 'm only sorry," said he, "that I have lowered myself in your eyes. Laugh on! for when a man's jaws are distended by laughter there 's no fear of his biting. And you will find me as difficult to 'put out,'—as you would Greek fire."

"Bravo, Binks!" cried Amos, "truly you are like a piece of phosphorus, a 'rub' only makes you burn brighter. You ought really to be fond of a 'rubber,' for you always win. But come, Binks, regale our ears with a little melody."

Upon this challenge Binks struck up what he termed

A MORAL DITTY.

A sarving-man upon a nag came trotting down the road,
The sarving-man was fat and sleek, and eke was quite a load,
Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay!

The trotting-nag was lank and lean, his tail was like a stump;
The sarving-man he whipp'd and spurr'd, and made him kick and jump—
Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay!

The trotting-nag came to a pond, and there he stood stock-still;
Quoth the sarving-man unto the nag, "Hey, Dobbin! what 's your will?"
Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay!

The trotting-nag ne'er answer'd *he*, but waggled quick his tail,
And stuck his head atween his legs, which made the man to rail—
Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay!

The sarving-man he tugg'd and pull'd, and pull'd and tugg'd the rein,
But tugging, pulling, coaxing, all i' faith were tried in vain—
Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay!

At length the nag uplifted both his hinder-legs, and duck'd,
And the sarving-man right over he into the pond was chuck'd—
Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay!

MORAL.

A restive nag into a pond ne'er lead, good sirs, to drink,
For, if ye cannot swim, egad! ye 're very like to sink,
Lang ditton, ditton, ditton, ri tudinay!

Joke and repartee now flew from side to side with the rapidity of snow-balls, and there was many a good "hit" made in the general *mêlée*.

The great clock, however, struck eleven, and the meeting broke up in the highest glee; and I was altogether so gratified with my evening's entertainment, that I promised to be Owen's "friend" when he next enjoyed the privilege of giving a man



THE BEST INTRODUCTION IN THE WORLD.

LA DILIGENCIA:

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than is offered to the traveller who, after a railway flight across England in one day, and a steam passage over the Bay of Biscay in three, lands on the north coast of Spain, and there continues his peregrinations by Spanish conveyances, and on Spanish roads. It is a natural expectation to find differences between one country and another, even in the most familiar customs and arts of life, but not to the extent in which Spain differs from all other European kingdoms; nor is it possible to be prepared for the wild and half-civilized, but romantic and picturesque, state of things in that strange country, which appears to have been standing still, while other nations have been making rapid strides in the pleasant paths of science and civilization.

The roads in Spain, at least those called *caminos reales*, or royal roads, are admirably good, and hard as granite, of which they are generally composed, somewhat in the style of Macadam. During the late war, however, much injury was done to them, especially by the Carlists, who, to delay the passage of their opponents' artillery, would cut broad deep trenches in the roads, throw up huge parapets, and break down bridges. These damages could not be thoroughly repaired amidst the confusion of a civil war. A few trunks of trees, with planks nailed across, frequently replaced a handsome stone bridge; trenches were filled up hastily with bushes and brushwood; while the earth and rubbish of the overthrown parapets were left cumbering the road, which in such places a shower of rain converted into a quagmire. Neither are these highways numerous in Spain, and the country and cross-roads are in the last degree abominable; either narrow filthy lanes, where even in the height of summer a horse sinks up to his knees in fœtid mud, serving as a breeding ground for innumerable mosquitos; or uneven sandy paths, bestrewed with large stones, and often composed for several yards of masses of smooth rock, on which iron-shod hoofs can obtain but an uncertain and slippery footing.

All these obstacles to travelling, however, disappear before the untiring energy and activity of Spanish muleteers, and the strength and surefootedness of their cattle. It is an animating sight to see one of the cumbrous old-fashioned diligences rattling and jingling along, drawn by six or eight splendid mules, decked out with ribands and bells. If there be a bend in the road within half a mile, the vehicle announces its approach long before it comes in sight. The wheezing and groaning of the clumsily constructed machine, the clatter of the hoofs, and occasional loud neighing of the mules, but above all the vociferations of the *mayoral*, or conductor, and *zagal*, or driver, proclaim from afar the coming of the *diligencia*. The mules, in spite of their reputed stubbornness, exhibit great docility, and increase or slacken their pace at the mere voice of the driver, who addresses them in turn, each by their name. "*Anda, Coronela, anda, querida!*" cries the zagal to some lady mule, as he runs by her side, whilst ascending one of the hills so constantly occurring in Spain. And the obedient Coronela pricks up her ears, and with a shake of the head, which causes the

numerous small bells fastened about her bridle to jingle again, and sets her high panache of divers-coloured horse-hair waving to and fro, she presses her shoulder with redoubled energy to the clumsy straw-stuffed collar. Capitana, Pepita, Catalina,—in short, each of the team in their turn receive the more or less affectionate exhortations of the zagal, intermingled, in the course of a day's journey, with as many of those delicate oaths abounding in the Spanish language as would stock a regiment of dragoons for a month's swearing. Once on the top of the hill, the active fellow catches his near-wheeler by the tail, swings himself on his little perch in front of the vehicle, and, gathering up the ropes which do duty as reins, the mules start off, trailing a couple of tons weight after them, at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour.

It was on an autumn morning of the year 1837 that such a vehicle as we have described was standing under the gateway of an old-fashioned posada, or inn, situated in the heart of the ever heroic city* of Saragossa. The mules were put to, and stood shaking their head-gear, and occasionally kicking at one another, in their impatience to depart. The mayoral, an active, light-limbed fellow, was busy, way-bill in hand, calling over the names of those who were to travel with him. At length all the passengers were seated, the doors shut, the mayoral's cigaretto lighted, and the diligence emerged from the gateway, and rumbled over the uneven pavement on its way to Madrid.

At the period we refer to, the hundred and eighty miles that separate the capital of Arragon from that of Spain were not gone over in the thirty hours that ought to be, and probably now are, sufficient for the journey. The road, in many parts much cut up, was moreover infested by parties of the Carlist soldiery, and by still more numerous bands of robbers, who, under the mask of Carlism, plundered and pillaged to their hearts' content. To lessen the danger of encountering either guerillas or highwaymen, the diligences only travelled in broad daylight, passing the night in fortified, or at least garrisoned places. This precaution had for result, first, that the journey took three days and two nights to accomplish; and secondly, that one diligence out of three arrived at its destination without having been plundered on the road.

The travellers by the diligence, whose departure has been mentioned above, were of that motley character usually found in such vehicles. In the *berlina*, or *coupé*, were two passengers,—a lady, whose handsome and closely-fitting travelling dress set off the contours of a beautifully-formed person, although her head was so muffled in a rich lace mantilla as to render it difficult to distinguish her features. She was accompanied by a youth of eighteen, apparently her brother, and easy to recognise, by his almost Moorish complexion and peculiar accent, as a native of the orange-scented valleys of Andalusia. The interior, which may be considered as a sort of *juste milieu* between the aristocratic berlina and plebeian rotunda, had four occupants; but it appeared that no one had been tempted to engage the two central places, deemed so undesirable by all experienced travellers. In one corner, muffled in a heavy cloak of coarse black cloth, sat a Spanish priest,

* It is the custom in Spain to attach certain distinguishing epithets to such places as have rendered themselves remarkable by gallantly-sustained sieges, or other actions of *éclat*. Thus they have the *Siempre heroica Saragossa*,—an allusion to the resistance opposed to the French by that fortress; *La invicta Bilbao*,—the unconquered Bilbao, that town having stood two sieges from the Carlists, &c. &c.

with whom penance and fleshly mortification appeared of no every day occurrence, judging from the fair round belly and broad unctuous face of the reverend padre. Opposite to this worthy support of the church was a tall, well-built young man, whose red and white skin, blue eyes, and the colour of his hair, which escaped in golden curls from under a green travelling-cap, denoted him to be a foreigner. The manly intelligent expression of his countenance qualified the somewhat feminine aspect, which his excessive fairness might otherwise have given him, and altogether, he was such a man as the dark-browed and tender-hearted dames of southern Spain love to look upon, and know well how to appreciate.

The third inmate of the interior was a heavy, common-looking Spaniard, offering nothing striking either in appearance or manner. His *vis-à-vis*, however, was more worthy of notice. He was an under-sized, but very stoutly-made man, of about fifty years of age, with a face tanned by exposure to the weather, and here and there blotched with red, perhaps from intemperance. His features had an expression of indomitable resolution, and even obstinacy. He had lost his left hand; but its place was in part supplied by a strong steel hook, bright as silver from constant use, and which the *manco** showed astonishing dexterity in applying to purposes for which so clumsy an instrument might have been supposed quite unadapted. Finally, in the rotunda were four Spaniards of various ages, who might be petty merchants, shopkeepers, or *escribanos* of some sort or description, and a broad-shouldered, hard-handed man, whose broken Spanish betrayed him for an Englishman, while his round blue jacket and tarpaulin physiognomy left little doubt as to his profession.

The diligence pursued its road for some hours without interruption of any kind. No incident had occurred of a nature to alarm the travellers, some of whom were not unlikely to feel a little nervous and doubtful as to the fortunate accomplishment of their journey, at a period when roads were so unsafe, and banditti so abundant. After the usual mid-day halt for repose and refreshment, the spirits of the little caravan seemed to rise, especially when they found themselves approaching Ariza, a small town where they were to pass the night. At a few leagues from that place the diligence began to ascend a hill, and several of the passengers alighted, in order to walk up.

"How think you, mayoral," inquired, in tolerable Spanish, the fair-haired youth, who has been described as occupying a seat in the interior, "are the gloomy predictions of some of your travellers to be fulfilled? or shall we get to Madrid with whole skins, and purses unemptied otherwise than by the extortions of the *posaderos* on the road?"

"*Ojala! Señor Frances*," replied the mayoral, shrugging his shoulders; "*el sitio este es muy malo*," added he, casting his eyes around him; "but if we pass this weary hill without harm, I think we have a good chance of reaching Ariza in safety. *Por lo que es de mañana*—"† And he filled up the blank in his speech by one of those expressive looks and gestures so often used by the southern nations, and which in this case was meant to express perfect ignorance of what adventures might be in reserve for the morrow.

"But," continued he of the green forage-cap, "have you no arms?

* *Manco*, a one-armed man.

† God grant it! Sir Frenchman. This is a bad part of the road. As regards to-morrow . . . .

We are here a round dozen of us, and might surely resist the attack of any small body of bandits."

"*Santa madre de Cristo!*" exclaimed the mayoral, with a look of alarm, "you surely do not dream of such a thing, caballero. No, no! better a whole skin than a heavy purse. In case of an attack, submission may, and probably will, save your life; but resistance could never save your property. For the lady's sake, however," added he, lowering his voice, and glancing towards the berlina, "I would gladly see the banks of the Manzanares; for she is no brawny peasant wench to bear the usage she would too probably meet with, should we encounter the *facciosos*."

The young Frenchman cast a look of interest at the lady thus alluded to, and who had as yet scarcely been seen by her fellow travellers, she not having joined them at their noon repast. He then turned his attention to the surrounding country, which was not without a character of wild beauty, but eminently well adapted for a surprise, and bearing out the epithet of *muy malo* which the mayoral had bestowed upon it. Without being exactly mountainous, the district they were traversing was sufficiently hilly to render their horizon a limited one. The road lay over a sort of waste, or heath, intersected with ravines, and sprinkled here and there with clumps of cork-trees, and thickets of saplings and brushwood. In some places it ran even with the moor, or was raised a little above it; but for the greater part of the long ascent up which the diligence was now toiling, the road had been hollowed out to a depth of ten or fifteen feet below the level of the heath.

At a short distance from the summit of the hill was a kind of step, or landing-place, of about a hundred yards long, which one might almost have supposed placed there to give the tired mules a moment's repose before completing the ascent. Far, however, from allowing them any respite, the mayoral called to the driver to urge them on, and that in so hurried and impatient a tone, that more than one of the travellers anxiously inquired the cause of such haste.

"*Mal sitio, mal sitio, Señores,*" muttered the mayoral.

As he uttered the words, the heavy leaden sound produced by horses galloping over turf became audible, and a horseman suddenly appeared on the bank which overhung the road, reining up his steed at the very brink. For the space of a second he gazed at the diligence, and then pronouncing in a loud sharp tone the single word "*Hallo!*" he turned his horse, and disappeared. Before the startled travellers had time to ask one another the meaning of this strange incident, they found themselves surrounded by a score of irregular cavalry.

The appearance of the new-comers was by no means prepossessing. Their weather-beaten countenances were, for the most part, remarkable for a ferocious and savage expression, enhanced by their thick ragged mustaches traversing their faces, and joining the whisker, giving a peculiarly tiger-like look to their physiognomies. Their persons, lean and wiry from constant exercise and frequent hard living, were clothed in black sheep-skin jackets, the only part of their dress in which they were uniform. Some had boots, others shoes of untanned leather, and others again hempen sandals, and their spurs strapped to their naked heels. About half of them had carbines, and all were armed with heavy sabres, and with lances, from below the iron heads of which fluttered small pennons of the Spanish colours, the flaunting yellow and red.

Several of the banditti dismounted, and began to cut the cords by which the luggage was secured on the diligence. The chief of the party, who had little to distinguish him from his men, except a dingy gold tassel on the top of his white *boina*, or cap, approached the group of travellers, and smiled sardonically on beholding their pale and terrified faces. Four only of the number showed no symptom of fear; these were the sailor-looking Englishman, the *manco*, the Andalusian, and the French youth who has been already alluded to. The lady and her brother had been compelled to alight and join their fellow travellers, and the young man was occupied in soothing the fears and supporting the half-fainting form of his sister; but although his lips were compressed, and his brow flushed and anxious, no abject signs of terror appeared upon his handsome countenance.

"*Vamos! los pasaportes!*" cried the leader, when he saw that a portion of his men were busily engaged with the plunder. "It is the duty of every caballero to attend to the interests of his king, although at the same time he is not called upon to neglect his own."

And he took a passport from amongst a dozen of those documents, which one of the Carlists had collected from the travellers, and now offered to his chief.

"Hum! — French— Strasburg—Paris—Verneuil—Propriétaire—" And, in conformity with the almost unvarying practice of the Carlists during the late war, to conciliate the French, whether individually or as a nation, either in hopes of assistance, or, as many say, in gratitude for aid secretly received from that power, the guerilla returned the passport to its owner, with some attempt at courtesy, and a sort of half apology for delaying his journey.

Very different was the effect produced by the next passport which he snatched from his orderly. It was that of the sailor-looking Englishman, who stepped forward on hearing his name called out by the guerilla.

"Ha! ha!" cried the latter with a grin of savage exultation; "*un Ingles*. You are one of those accursed foreigners whose artillery drove us from before Bilbaö, at the very moment we were about to triumph, —who snatched from us the reward of the fever and thirst, the cold and hunger we endured when lying on the bleak and dreary hills, with snow for our beds, fain to shelter ourselves from the biting frost under the bodies of our dead comrades. You are one of those who filled the once happy valleys of Guipuzcoa with wailings and lamentations for the loss of their best and bravest sons. To you, and such as you, shall no mercy be shown."

Before the unlucky Englishman could proffer a word in his defence, he was seized by two of the Carlists, and dragged to the foot of a tree growing at the road-side. Over a high gnarled bough a rope had been thrown, with a slip-noose adjusted. The drops of perspiration stood like beads on the brow of the wretched man when he saw the imminence of his peril, and he again attempted to obtain a hearing, and to explain the peaceable nature of his profession as master of a merchantman.

"One minute for a prayer!" shrieked he at length, seeing his fate inevitable, and by a violent effort nearly shaking off the two men who were fixing the rope round his neck.

"Heretics have no need of prayers," was the reply; and the next moment the doomed wretch hung writhing and dangling full ten feet from the ground.

Meantime the chief of the party proceeded with his examination of the passports. Two or three of the passengers had theirs returned to them without observation; nor was the priest molested otherwise than by a fumbling of his person, which brought to light a leathern belt well lined with bright gold ounces. These the banditti divided amongst themselves amidst roars of laughter at the crest-fallen looks of the shaveling.

"Where is Pablo Fermin, *correo?*" inquired the leader.

The one-handed man answered to his name.

"What courier are you?"

"A courier for carrying despatches."

"Most couriers are. For whom do you carry them?"

"For the Spanish government."

"For the government of his Majesty Charles the Fifth?"

"For that of her Majesty the Queen Regent."

"*Maldita sea la puta.* And was it in fighting for her you lost your arm?"

"No; it was in fighting under Mina against the *realistas* in '23."

"Thou art a bold cock to crow so loudly when in the clutches of the fox. Hand over your despatches."

"If I had any, I should not be travelling by diligence, but post, or on horseback."

"True. I like your bluntness, and it shall get you off cheap. Give a cheer for Carlos Quinto, and then take back your passport and pursue your journey."

The *manco* made no reply.

"Now then—Viva Carlos Quinto! What are you waiting for?"

"*No quiero.*"*

"A cheer for Carlos Quinto," persisted the guerilla, in a voice of thunder, his brow knitting and darkening at the obstinacy of the courier.

"*No quiero.*"

"*Demonio!*" growled the Carlist; and he aimed a blow at the *manco* with his fist.

The blow was rudely parried by the iron fin of the courier, and the blood streamed from the guerilla's knuckles. An instant afterwards the unfortunate Fermin was struck to the ground, and subjected to every kind of ill treatment.

"Cry 'Viva Carlos Quinto!" shouted one ruffian, accompanying his order by a violent poke in the ribs from the butt end of his lance.

"A viva for the king!" yelled another, thrusting the point of his glittering knife an inch deep into his victim's calves.

The ex-soldier of Mina persisted in his obstinacy. His repeated "*No quiero*" at last so exasperated the Carlists, that they abandoned the lance-pole and flat of the sword for the sharp point and keen edge, and in a few minutes the unlucky Fermin lay under their horses' feet covered with wounds, and senseless from loss of blood.

Such common occurrences as the hanging of one man, and the torturing, and perhaps mortally wounding of another, produced no sensation amongst the *partida*, accustomed as they were to the daily repetition of similar atrocities. But when the turn of the lady and her brother came, the rummaging in trunks and portmanteaus, which had been occupying the greater part of the Carlists, was abandoned, and

* I do not choose. The most emphatic of Spanish negatives.

they crowded round their chief, who read aloud the contents of a passport, setting forth that Doña Beatrix D——, wife of a colonel in the Queen's service, and her brother, José Maria Valdez, were proceeding from Saragossa to Madrid on their private affairs.

"*Aver la cara,*"* said a gigantic Carlist, with features frightfully scarred by a sabre-cut. And, stepping forward, he was about to pull aside the mantilla which shrouded the lady's head, when he was prevented by the young Andalusian, who placed himself before his sister with a look and gesture showing his determination to protect her even with his life. Before the bandit could recover from his astonishment at being opposed by an unarmed and beardless stripling, the obstacle was removed from his path. One of his comrades brought his lance to the guard, and with a vigorous parry hurled the youth, stunned and senseless, to the ground. At the same instant the black lace veil was snatched brutally from before the lady's face.

For a few seconds there was a deep silence, and even the scum and refuse of humanity there assembled together seemed absorbed in admiration of the beautiful creature now before them. Every physical perfection had indeed been bestowed with a lavish hand on Doña Beatrix D * * *. The beautifully rounded and symmetrical form, which had already attracted the attention of her fellow-travellers, was accompanied by a countenance of enchanting expression, and perfect regularity of feature. Large masses of hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, clustered over her high white forehead; her eyes were cast down, and from under the long fringes of their lids big tears chased one another over cheeks where the warm olive tint was now replaced by a deadly paleness. The scene was one of strange and intense interest. In the foreground, the wild figures of the Carlists, some on horseback, and some on foot, surrounding this beautiful and hapless woman, who appeared about to swoon away, overcome by the horror and suspense of her position. A little more to the rear the travellers were grouped together, for the most part lamenting in subdued tones their individual losses. The young Frenchman stood a little in advance, and it had required the forcible representations of the mayoral, who was standing by him, and the evidently worse than uselessness of his interference, to prevent him from rushing forward to interpose in the bloody episodes he had witnessed. In the back ground, the traces of the diligence had been cut, and the mules were endeavouring to crop some meagre furze-bushes which straggled over the road-side. Trunks and packages were broken and torn open, their contents lying scattered and tossed in the mud; and in the direction whence the diligence had come, a vedette was placed to guard against a surprise. Nearly over the head of the chief of the Carlists the now dead body of the Englishman was dangling in the wind. No care had been taken to cover his face, which was surcharged with blood, and of a deep purple colour, with the tongue thrust out of his mouth, as though in derision of his murderers; while on either side of the road were lying the courier and the Andalusian, both senseless, and the former weltering in a pool of his own blood.

The momentary pause perhaps a little emboldened the lady, and she ventured half to raise her eyes, and to give a trembling deprecatory glance around. But there was no mistaking the frightful expression depicted on the faces of the desperadoes who surrounded her. A half-

* Let us see the face.

suppressed scream escaped her, and, covering her face with her hands, she sank upon her knees, when suddenly the same scarred and hideous ruffian who had torn away her veil bounded on his horse, then stooping low, caught the lady round the waist with one arm, and throwing her before him on the saddle, drove spurs into his charger's flanks, and in an instant disappeared over the summit of the hill.

For an instant or two the guerillas appeared paralysed by the suddenness of the action. Then, however, seven or eight, who were mounted, spurred in pursuit, yelling and shouting as they went, and others were running to their horses, when their leader compelled them to remain.

"Enough have gone," said he, with a ferocious smile. "We have already lost too much time. In ten minutes every man in the saddle."

All was now haste and bustle. The Carlist valises were crammed to bursting with the spoil, and, in addition, nearly every horse had a blanket or cloak filled with plunder, thrown like a sack across his crupper. One fellow might be seen exchanging his worn-out sandals for a pair of new boots; another divesting himself of his torn and filthy fur jacket, and replacing it by a coat of the finest broad cloth. The prescribed ten minutes thrice elapsed before the banditti formed up, and at the word of command set off at a brisk trot in the direction of Ariza.

Scarcely had the Carlists taken their departure, when the mayoral, who was somewhat accustomed to these scenes, called upon the travellers to assist him in replacing the luggage upon the diligence, and repairing as far as possible the damage that had been done. The two wounded men received immediate attention. Fermin's wounds had now stopped bleeding, and having been bandaged as well as circumstances would permit, he was placed in the diligence. Much time and trouble were expended before consciousness could be restored to the Andalusian, who had received a violent blow on the head. On recovering his senses, his first inquiry was for his sister. No one cared to answer his question. He repeated it, and still receiving no reply, sprang to his feet, grasped the mayoral by the throat, and swore that he would strangle him if he did not inform him of his sister's fate. The honest fellow gently disengaged himself from the hands of the infuriated stripling, and in a voice husky with emotion related what had occurred. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when Valdez was off with the speed of a deer on the trail of his sister's ravishers.

At length the remains of the baggage, and the body of the dead Englishman were placed on the diligence, the rope traces knotted, and the journey resumed. After a short half league, the road lay through a wood traversed by verdant glades striking off at right angles from the highway, and now bestrewed with the falling and many-coloured leaves of autumn. Opposite one of these glades the zagal suddenly pulled up his mules. At a dozen paces from the road, stretched upon the grass, which in this place was trampled and blood-stained, her head supported by her brother, lay the hapless Doña Beatrix; but, alas! how different now from two hours back! Her dress was torn into fragments; her small silk shoes had fallen from her feet, which were stained with mud, and bleeding, as though she had been dragged barefoot over flinty paths. The tightly-fitting boddice, which enclosed her beautiful bust, was rent asunder; her dark hair hung tangled and dishevelled on her

exquisitely formed shoulders; blood was on her bosom, and the cadaverous paleness of death upon her lovely countenance.

Several of the travellers alighted, but Valdez motioned them to keep back.

"*Padre*," said he, "your holy aid would be acceptable."

The priest approached, and knelt beside the dying lady. Scarcely, however, had he commenced the first words of spiritual consolation, when a slight rattle was heard in her throat, her eyes rolled, and Valdez felt an increased weight on his arm. Her spirit had passed away.

Placing his sister's head upon the soft turf with as much care as though it had been that of a new-born infant, the young Andalusian threw himself on his face by her side, and remained in that position while the priest recited prayers for the departed soul. When the churchman had finished his ministry, Valdez arose, and kneeling beside the body, placed one hand on its forehead, yet clammy with the dews of death, and raising the other towards heaven, for the space of a minute his lips moved, although no sound escaped from them. Then dipping a finger of his right hand in his sister's blood, he tore open his shirt, and marked *a crimson cross on his breast over his heart*. This strange ceremony performed, he wrapped the corpse in an ample cloak, bore it with a dry eye and firm step to the coach, and took his seat beside it in the berlina. Two hours afterwards the diligence was at Ariza.

Some months had elapsed since the incidents related above. On the opposite sides of a large and fertile valley of Western Navarre, situate within a few leagues of Estella, a Carlist and a Christino *corps d'armée* were bivouacking. The weather was what it usually is in the month of August in the delightful plains of Navarre; the night was mild and balmy, and the sleep obtained by the weary soldier with a grass or stubble field for his bed, and a turf bank for his pillow, appeared far more refreshing than if it had been taken in the close and heated atmosphere of a barrack-room.

The stars began to disappear one by one from the firmament, and the fires that had been lighted more for precaution than warmth's sake, were smouldering and dying away. Suddenly through the stillness of the air burst a clang of martial music; a numerous and skilful brass band was playing the *diana** in the Carlist camp. A minute or two later it was responded to in a similar manner from the opposite side of the valley.

Immediately everything was bustle and movement where a moment before sleep and stillness had reigned. Cavalry unlinking their horses, which had been picketed in line, infantry putting on their knapsacks,

* It is well known that numbers of young priests and monks threw aside their gowns to join the troops of Don Carlos. Amongst them were many who had been accustomed to play the different wind instruments used in Roman Catholic churches and processions, and not a few of these entered the brass-bands of the Carlist battalions, and greatly improved them by their knowledge of music, and the example of their fine execution. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find anywhere better brass bands than some which existed in Don Carlos's army, and the effect of the *diana* or *réveillée* was peculiarly striking, followed, as it usually was, by some of the beautiful and characteristic Spanish airs, and heard amidst the picturesque scenery of some of the wildest parts of Spain.

or rather the linen *morral* or havresack, which on active service contains the spare shirt and a few other articles necessary for the toilet of a Spanish soldier; cavaliers and foot-soldiers wiping the night-dews from the bright steel of their lance-heads, sabre scabbards, and musket barrels. Some fumbled in the depths of their havresacks for the dry fragments of bread reserved from their supper, whilst others, whose evening appetite had left no provision for the morning's hunger, consoled themselves with the paper cigar, which, where tobacco was scarce, two comrades might occasionally be seen dividing between them by the equitable system of alternate puffs. Here and there a *cantiniera* with a wicker-basket on her arm, from which protruded the necks of two or three bottles, circulated amongst the men, administering to such as had will to drink, and means to pay, the morning comfort of two *quartos* worth of *aguadiente*, and receiving on all sides a fire of jests often more quaint than delicate, but to which the ready-witted camp-follower was never at a loss for a reply.

At length the sun, which had for some time been reddening the tops of the higher mountains, threw its first rays over their summits; a broad bank of light white vapour, which filled the lower and central part of the valley was gradually lifted like a curtain of silver tissue, and the positions of Carlists and Christinos became visible to each other. The former occupied a range of low hills running parallel to part of the mountain chain which bounded the valley to the north. The Christinos, on the other hand, had quite abandoned the high ground, which their superiority in cavalry enabled them to do with safety, and had taken up their position in the plain; their right protected by a small river; their centre leaning on an oval-shaped hillock, of so regular a form as to bear some resemblance to a Roman tumulus; while their left, including a large proportion of the cavalry, was posted in some stubble-fields, the country between which and the Carlists being tolerably open, the latter could not descend to any distance from their positions, without putting themselves within the swoop of the hostile dragoons.

Towards the left flank of a squadron of *ligeros*, or light cavalry, forming part of the Christinos' left wing, were two officers, who have been already introduced to the reader, but under very different circumstances. One of them, who was stationed in front of the squadron, was a large powerful man, of about forty years of age, and of a peculiarly sullen and ferocious physiognomy, overgrown by masses of beard and mustache. This was the notorious Matias, surnamed *El Mariscal*, from his having followed the trade of a farrier in his youth. Since the commencement of the war he had been an active partisan of Don Carlos, and had made himself remarked by his cold-blooded cruelty and successful predatory excursions, the scene of which had latterly lain in Arragon. Under the influence of caprice or discontent he had left the Carlists, previously, however, negotiating with their opponents for oblivion of his past offences, and admission into a cavalry regiment, which he had obtained, although only with the rank of lieutenant. On joining the squadron he had not recognized in the cornet placed under his orders, the young Frenchman whom his band had stopped and plundered some months before in the Saragossa diligence. Verneuil, however, had a better memory. He had come to Spain on a visit of curiosity, but when once there, the blast of the war-trumpet, and the crack of the guerilla's rifle had inflamed his imagination, and made him

desirous of serving a campaign or two; and being well recommended at Madrid, he soon got a commission in a regiment of light dragoons. It was with inexpressible disgust that a short time after he joined he saw thrust into the same troop as himself, and even placed in authority over him, the very highwayman — for such he considered the ex-Carlist, who had stopped him on his journey to Madrid. Resisting his first impulse, which was to leave a service where he was compelled to herd with such a ruffian, he consoled himself with the reflection of *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, and contented himself with eschewing as much as possible the society of his new and unwelcome comrade. He was now sitting on his horse in rear of the squadron.

Near the left of the front rank of the same troop was a soldier who had deserted from the Carlists a few days previously, and volunteered into the *ligeros*. He was a slight and delicate-looking man, retiring in manner, and totally deficient in the usually buoyant spirits of Spanish soldiers. Although evidently very young, his hair was mingled with grey, his brow wrinkled, and furrows marked his sunken and meagre cheeks. His presence had as yet been almost unnoticed in the squadron, except by Verneuil, who had observed his melancholy disposition, and had, moreover, a recollection of having somewhere seen him before. After racking his memory in vain to think where it could have been, he decided that he must be mistaken, and that it was some resemblance which thus misled him.

The sun was now well above the mountains, and the power of its early rays gave promise of a noontide heat which would render it pleasanter to repose than to fight. Yet neither party showed any disposition to turn to advantage the cooler hours of the morning. The Carlists feared to descend into the plain on account of the numerous cavalry opposed to them, and the Christino general had no inducement to waste the blood of his men by attacking the enemy in their mountain position, useless even when conquered from them. Meantime the partisans of Don Carlos amused themselves with hurling abuse and maledictions at their antagonists, according to their laudable custom when not more actively employed, and numerous and unflattering were the allusions made to the fair fame of the Queen Mother, and the legitimacy of her daughter, intermingled with those shrill yells and long wild laughs by which the Basques and Navarrese make themselves heard at incredible distances in their rugged mountain-passes. At length, on the extreme right an irregular firing was heard, and soon along the whole of the line skirmishers were out, and a smart desultory fire kept up. Still the Carlists seemed unwilling to advance their masses, and the whole day seemed likely to be wasted in a skirmish, when the Christino general ordered some light guns, and a squadron of cavalry, to move towards the Carlist positions, at the same time despatching an aide-de-camp to the left wing, with directions for the officer commanding there. The bait took. When the Carlists saw the artillery and its feeble escort advance towards their lines, driving in their skirmishers, and then coolly unlimbering and loading their pieces, they sent out a couple of squadrons, closely followed up by a battalion of infantry, to bring in the guns and handful of men who thus ran, as it were, into the lion's jaws. As they arrived within a few yards of the muzzles of the field-pieces, a simultaneous discharge was made, and the dragoons boldly attacked the superior force brought against them. At the same instant a flourish of trumpets was heard, and a strong body of cavalry

debouched from behind a small wood, extending from the left centre of the Queen's forces to the middle of the valley, and fell upon the Carlist flank, throwing horse and foot into confusion.

The English reader would find but scanty interest in a minute account of one of the innumerable engagements, sanguinary in detail, though unimportant in result, which were of constant occurrence during the recent civil war in the Peninsula. The squadron to which Verneuil and Matias belonged was one of those which had been brought down to co-operate in the manœuvre by which it had been hoped to draw on a general action. As they charged the Carlists, and not twenty yards before they got up to them, Matias, struck by a ball, fell from his horse, and the squadron passed over him. In the din and excitement of the moment such an incident drew little attention. The quick eye of Verneuil alone, who was riding in the interval between his own squadron and the next one, had seen smoke issue from the front rank of his troop, and had detected the young Carlist deserter's sabre dangling from his wrist by the sword-knot, whilst its owner replaced a pistol in his holster. It was nearly evening before he had leisure to give a second thought to this circumstance, and then he was reminded of it by his squadron passing within a few yards of the place where the first charge had occurred. Cantering to the spot, and dismounting, he disinterred the body of Matias from under a pile of slain. *The bullet which had killed him had entered at the back, and cut the spine in two.*

His suspicions fully confirmed, Verneuil rode musingly after his squadron, which was preparing to pass the night on the field of battle. He inquired for the Carlist deserter, but the latter was not to be found, and by a splendid moonlight Verneuil strolled a short distance from the bivouac. As he passed along the side of a thick and tangled hedge, he heard the sound of a human voice lifted up in prayer, and, looking through a gap in the wild vines, he beheld the very man he was in quest of kneeling bareheaded before one of those wooden crosses which peasants in Roman Catholic countries frequently erect as a protection to their fields. The thanksgiving—for a thanksgiving it was—appeared extemporaneous, and was uttered in terms of fervent and gushing eloquence. The eyes of the young man were lighted up with an unnatural lustre, and his pale haggard face flushed with a hectic glow as he thanked the Deity for having permitted the accomplishment of his revenge. As he rose from his knees with a more tranquil aspect, the evening breeze blew aside the bosom of his shirt, which, as well as his uniform jacket, was loose and unbuttoned, and by the bright light of the moon, Verneuil saw on his left breast the figure of a cross, which appeared to have been burnt or seared in the flesh. In an instant all flashed across him :—the horrible fate of Doña Beatrix, the despair of her brother, the vow he had apparently made beside her yet palpitating corpse, and the cross he had traced over his heart in her blood. He cast a glance after the receding figure of the deserter, now nearly lost to view amongst the trees, and returning to the bivouac, wrapt his cloak around him, and threw himself on the turf. But the startling incident to which he had just obtained the key, occupied his thoughts too much to allow him to sleep. He lay revolving in his mind the chain of circumstances of which accident had made him a witness; and although as a brave and honourable man he could not but abhor the assassin-like mode of revenge adopted by Valdez, yet he made due allow-

ance for the habits of his country, and for the peculiar circumstances in which the youth had been placed. Writhing under the most horrible of injuries, lacking the physical strength and habit of arms necessary to give him a chance of success in open combat with his formidable enemy,—far more willing to risk his own life than to lose his revenge, which would have been perilled by over-precipitation or rashness,—he had bided his time, with the patient and untiring vindictiveness of a true Andalusian, and, after dogging his foe from province to province, and from camp to camp, the rewarding hour of retribution had at length struck for the brother of the murdered Doña Beatrix. .

Engrossed in these and similar reflections, in spite of his fatigues, it was not till an hour or two before daylight that the drowsy morning air procured Verneuil a slumber, of which he stood much in need. He awoke as the *diana* was sounding, and the roll of his squadron about to be called. When the name by which the Carlist deserter was known was shouted out by the sergeant, there was no reply. A second summons was equally ineffectual. The horse and arms were there, but the man had disappeared; nor was he ever afterwards heard of in the ranks either of Carlists or Christinos.

MY POCKET.

GREATER by far than head or heart,
My chiefest, best, and noblest part,
My real dignity thou art, My Pocket.

What matters it how learned or wise?
Such mean distinctions all despise,
In thee alone true merit lies, My Pocket.

For though the truth may harshly sound,
Here man and beast alike are found,
Each only valued at per pound; My Pocket.

When I was poor and Tomkins fine,
Why was I never asked to dine?
Alas! alas! the fault was thine, My Pocket.

Or, if I made a morning call,
Why did I shiver in the hall?
This was my crime, the worst of all,— My Pocket.

But when my rich relation B——
Left me his only legatee,
How glad was Tomkins then to see My Pocket!

Then invitations by the score
Loosened the knocker on my door:
Strange it was always stiff before, My Pocket.

Then hosts of albums, lily-white,
Came rolling in with notes polite,
And—Would I but one stanza write?— My Pocket.

Jane, who to all my vows was mute,
Or called me fool and ugly brute,
Now wheedling sighed—Would no one suit My Pocket?

Then first my little nephews knew
Their uncle's house was No. 2;
Was it respect for me or you, My Pocket?

My surest stay, my best ally,
When duns were loud and friends were shy,
On thee my future hopes rely, My Pocket.

Befriend me still, thy suitor prays,
Great chairman of the means and ways,
In losses, panics, quarter-days, My Pocket.

Thus helped, I will not care a pin
What bubbles burst, what parties win,
Or who are out, or who are in, My Pocket.

S. W. P.



[illegible] Gunnell's Attack on the Witch's Cat.

London Richard Bentley, 1841

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST MEETING OF FAWKES AND VIVIANA.

Up to this time, Viviana had not been allowed another interview with Guy Fawkes. She was twice interrogated by the Privy-Council, but having confessed all she knew of the conspiracy, excepting what might implicate Garnet and Oldcorne, neither of whom, she was aware, had been apprehended, she was not again subjected to the torture. Her health, however, rapidly sank under her confinement, and she was soon reduced to such an extreme state of debility that she could not leave her bed. The chirurgeon, having been called in by Dame Ipgreve to attend her, reported her condition to Sir William Waad, who directed that every means should be adopted for her restoration, and that Ruth Ipgreve should remain in constant attendance upon her.

Ascertaining all particulars relative to Guy Fawkes from the jailer's daughter, it was a sad satisfaction to Viviana to learn that he spent his whole time in devotion, and appeared completely resigned to his fate. It had been the Earl of Salisbury's purpose to bring Viviana to trial at the same time as the rest of the conspirators, but the chirurgeon reporting that her removal at this juncture would be attended with fatal consequences, he was compelled to defer it.

When the result of the trial was made known to Viviana by Ruth, though she had anticipated the condemnation of Guy Fawkes, she swooned away, and on her recovery, observed to Ruth, who was greatly alarmed at her looks, "I feel I am going fast. I should wish to see my husband once more before I die."

"I fear it is impossible, madam," replied Ruth; "but I will try to accomplish it."

"Do so," rejoined Viviana; "and my blessing shall rest ever on your head."

"Have you any valuable?" inquired Ruth. "My heart bleeds to make the demand at such a moment. But it is the only way to produce an effect on the avaricious nature of my father."

"I have nothing but this golden crucifix," said Viviana; "and I meant to give it to you."

"It will be better employed in this way," rejoined Ruth, taking it from her.

Quitting the cell, she hurried to the Well Tower, and found her father, who had just returned from locking up the conspirators in their different dungeons, sitting down to his evening meal.

"What is the matter with the wench?" he cried, staring at her. "You look quite distracted. Is Viviana Radcliffe dead?"

"No; but she is dying," replied Ruth.

"If that is the case I must go to her directly," observed Dame Ipgreve. "She may have some valuable about her, which I must secure."

"You will be disappointed, mother," rejoined Ruth, with a look of irrepressible disgust. "She has nothing valuable left but this golden crucifix, which she has sent to my father, on condition of his allowing Guy Fawkes to see her before she dies."

"Give it me, wench," cried Jasper Ipgreve; "and let her die in peace."

"She will *not* die in peace unless she sees him," replied Ruth. "Nor shall you have it, if you do not comply with her request."

"How!" exclaimed her father, "do you dare ——"

"Think not to terrify me, father," interrupted Ruth, "I am resolute in this. Hear me," she cried, seizing his arm, and fixing a look upon him that seemed to pierce his soul, "hear me," she said, in a tone so low as to be inaudible to her mother; "she *shall* see him, or I will denounce you as the murderer of Tresham. Now will you comply?"

"Give me the cross," said Ipgreve.

"Not till you have earned it," replied his daughter.

"Well, well," he rejoined; "if it must be, it must. But I may get into trouble in the matter. I must consult Master Forsett, the genleman jailer, who has the charge of Guy Fawkes, before I dare take him to her cell."

"Consult whom you please," rejoined Ruth, impatiently; "but lose no time, or you will be too late."

Muttering imprecations on his daughter, Ipgreve left the Well Tower, and Ruth hurried back to Viviana, whom she found anxiously expecting her, and related to her what she had done.

"Oh, that I may hold out till he comes!" cried Viviana; "but my strength is failing fast."

Ruth endeavoured to comfort her; but she was unequal to the effort, and bursting into tears, knelt down, and wept upon the pillow beside her. Half an hour had now elapsed. It seemed an age to the poor sufferers, and still the jailer came not, and even Ruth had given up all hope, when a heavy tread was heard in the passage; the door was opened; and Guy Fawkes appeared, attended by Ipgreve and Forsett.

"We will not interrupt your parting," said Forsett, who seemed to have a touch of humanity in his composition. And, beckoning to Ruth to follow him, he quitted the cell with Ipgreve.

Guy Fawkes, meanwhile, had approached the couch, and gazed with an expression of intense anguish at Viviana. She returned his glance with a look of the utmost affection, and clasped his hand between her thin fingers.

"I am now standing on the brink of eternity," she said in a solemn tone, "and I entreat you earnestly, as you hope to insure our meeting hereafter, to employ the few days left you in sincere and hearty repentance. You have sinned—sinned deeply, but not beyond the power of redemption. Let me feel that I have saved you, and my last moments will be happy. Oh! by the love I have borne you — by the pangs I have endured for you — by the death I am now dying for you —let me implore you not to lose one moment, but to supplicate a merciful Providence to pardon your offence."

"I will—I will," rejoined Fawkes, in broken accents. "You have opened my eyes to my error, and I sincerely repent it."

"Saved! saved!" cried Viviana, raising herself in the bed. Opening her arms, she strained him to her bosom; and for a few moments they mingled their tears together.

"And now," she said, sinking backwards, "kneel by me — pray for forgiveness — pray audibly, and I will join in your prayer."

Guy Fawkes knelt by the bedside, and addressed the most earnest supplications to Heaven for forgiveness. For awhile he heard Viviana's gentle accents accompany him. They grew fainter and fainter, until at last they totally ceased. Filled with a dreadful apprehension, he sprang to his feet. An angelic smile illumined her countenance,— her gaze was fixed on him for one moment, — it then grew dim and dimmer, until it was extinguished.

Guy Fawkes uttered a cry of the wildest despair, and fell to the ground. Alarmed by the sound, Forsett and Ipgreve, who were standing outside, rushed into the cell, and instantly raised him. But he was now in a state of distraction, and for the moment seemed endowed with all his former strength. Striving to break from them, he cried in a tone of the most piercing anguish, "You shall not tear me from her! I will die with her! Let me go, I say, or I will dash out my brains against these flinty walls, and balk you of your prey."

But his struggles were in vain. They held him fast, and calling for further assistance, conveyed him to his cell, where, fearing he might do some violence to himself, they placed him in irons.

Ruth entered the cell as soon as Fawkes and the others had quitted it, and performed the last sad offices for the departed. Alternately praying and weeping, she watched by the body during the whole of the night. On the following day, the remains of the unfortunate Viviana were interred in the chapel of Saint Peter on the Green, and the sole mourner was the jailer's daughter.

"Peace be with her!" cried Ruth, as she turned away from the grave. "Her sorrows at last are over."

CHAPTER XV.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

Guy Fawkes was for some time wholly inconsolable. His stoical nature seemed completely subdued, and he wept like an infant. By degrees, however, the violence of his grief abated, and calling to mind the last injunctions of her whose loss he mourned, he addressed himself to prayer, and acknowledging his guilt, besought her intercession with Heaven for his forgiveness.

It will not seem strange, when his superstitious character is taken into consideration, that he should fancy he received an immediate proof that his prayers were heard. To his excited imagination it appeared that a soft unearthly strain of music floated in the air over his head; that an odour like that of Paradise filled his cell; while an invisible finger touched his brow. While in this entranced state he was utterly insensible to his present miserable situation, and he seemed to have a foretaste of celestial happiness. He did not, however, desist from prayer, but continued his supplications throughout the day.

On that night he was visited by the lieutenant, who announced to him that the execution of four of the conspirators was fixed for Thursday (it was then Tuesday), while his own, and that of the three others, would not take place till the following day.

"As you are the greatest traitor of all, your execution will be re-

served to the last," pursued Waad. "No part of the sentence will be omitted. You will be dragged to Old Palace Yard, over against the scene of your intended bloody and damnable action, at a horse's tail, and will be there turned off the gallows, and hanged,—*but not till you are dead.* You will then be emboweled; your vile heart, which conceived this atrocious design, will be torn beating from your breast; and your quarters will be placed on the palace gates, as an abhorrent spectacle in the eyes of men, and a terrible proof of the King's just vengeance."

Guy Fawkes heard the recapitulation of his dreadful sentence unmoved.

"The sole mercy I would have craved of his Majesty would have been permission to die first," he said; "but Heaven's will be done! I deserve my doom."

"What! is your stubborn nature at length subdued?" cried the lieutenant in surprise. "Do you repent of your offence?"

"Deeply and heartily," returned Fawkes.

"Make the sole amends in your power for it, then, and disclose the names of all who have been connected with the atrocious design?" rejoined Waad.

"I confess myself guilty," replied Fawkes, humbly. "But I accuse no others."

"Then you die impenitent," rejoined the lieutenant, "and cannot hope for mercy hereafter"

Guy Fawkes made no answer, but bowed his head upon his breast, and the lieutenant, darting a malignant look at him, quitted the cell.

On the following day, the whole of the conspirators were taken to Saint John's chapel, in the White Tower, where a discourse was pronounced to them by Doctor Overall, Dean of Saint Paul's, who enlarged upon the enormity of their offence, and exhorted them to repentance. The discourse over, they were about to be removed, when two ladies clad in mourning habits, entered the chapel. These were Lady Digby and Mrs. Rookwood, and they immediately flew to their husbands. The rest of the conspirators walked away, and averted their gaze from the painful scene. After an ineffectual attempt to speak, Lady Digby swooned away, and was committed by her husband, while in a state of insensibility, to the care of an attendant. Mrs. Rookwood, however, who was a woman of high spirit, and great personal attractions, though the latter were now wasted by affliction, maintained her composure, and encouraging her husband to bear up manfully against his situation, tenderly embraced him, and withdrew. The conspirators were then taken back to their cells.

At an early hour on the following morning the four miserable persons intended for death, namely, Sir Everard Digby, the elder Winter, John Grant, and Bates, were conducted to the Beauchamp Tower. Bates would have stood aloof from his superiors; but Sir Everard Digby took him kindly by the hand, and drew him towards them.

"No distinctions must be observed now," he said. "We ought to beg pardon of thee, my poor fellow, for bringing thee into this strait."

"Think not of me, worshipful sir," replied Bates. "I loved Mr. Catesby so well, that I would have laid down my life for him at any time; and I now die cheerfully in his cause."

"Mr. Lieutenant," said Robert Winter to Sir William Waad, who stood near them with Forsett and Ipgreve, "I pray you commend me

to my brother. Tell him I die in entire love of him, and, if it is possible for the departed to watch over the living, I will be with him at his last hour."

At this moment, a trampling of horses was heard on the green, and the lieutenant proceeding to the grated window, saw four mounted troopers, each having a sledge and hurdle attached by ropes to his steed, drawn up before the door. While he was gazing at them an officer entered the room, and informed him that all was in readiness. Sir William Waad then motioned the prisoners to follow him, and they descended the spiral staircase.

The green was thronged with horse and foot-soldiers, and as the conspirators issued from the arched door of the fortification, the bell of Saint Peter's chapel began to toll. Sir Everard Digby was first bound to a hurdle, with his face towards the horse, and the others were quickly secured in the same manner. The melancholy cavalcade was then put in motion. A troop of horse-soldiers in their full accoutrements, and with calivers upon their shoulders, rode first; then came a band of halberdiers on foot; then the masked executioner mounted on a led horse; then the four prisoners on the hurdles, one after the other; then the lieutenant on horseback; while another band of horse-soldiers, equipped like the first, brought up the rear. They were met by the Recorder of London, Sir Henry Montague, and the sheriffs, at the gate of the Middle Tower, to the latter of whom the lieutenant, according to custom, delivered up the bodies of the prisoners. After a short delay, the train again set forward, and emerging from the Bulwark Gate, proceeded through an enormous concourse of spectators towards Tower Street.

Aware that a vast crowd would be assembled in the city, and apprehensive of some popular tumult, the Lord Mayor had issued precepts to the aldermen of every ward, commanding them "to cause one able and sufficient person, with a halbert in his hand, to stand at the door of every dwelling-house in the open street in the way that the traitors were to be drawn towards the place of execution, there to remain from seven in the morning until the return of the sheriffs." But these were not the whole of the arrangements made to preserve order. The cavalcade, it was fixed, was to proceed along Tower Street, Gracechurch Street, Lombard Street, Cheapside, and so on to the west end of Saint Paul's Cathedral, where the scaffold was erected. Along the whole road, on either side, a line of halberdiers was drawn up, while barriers were erected against the cross streets. Nor were these precautions needless. Such a vast concourse was collected, that nothing but the presence of a strong armed force could have prevented confusion and disorder. The roofs of all the houses, the towers of the churches, the steps of the crosses were covered with spectators, who groaned and hooted as the conspirators passed by.

The scaffold, as has just been stated, was erected in front of the great western entrance of the cathedral. The mighty valves of the sacred structure were thrown open, and disclosed its columned aisles crowded with spectators, as was its roof and central tower. The great bell, which had begun to toll when the melancholy procession came in sight, continued to pour forth its lugubrious sounds during the whole of the ceremonial. The rolling of muffled drums was likewise heard above the tumultuous murmurs of the impatient multitude. The whole area from the cathedral to Ludgate Hill was filled with specta-

tors, but an open space was kept clear in front of the scaffold, in which the prisoners were one by one unbound from the hurdles.

During this awful pause, they had sufficient time to note the whole of the dreadful preparations. At a little distance from them was a large fire, on which boiled a caldron of pitch, destined to receive their dismembered limbs. A tall gallows, approached by a double ladder, sprung from the scaffold, on which the hangman was already mounted, with the rope in his hand. At the foot of the ladder was the quartering-block, near which stood the masked executioner, with a chopper in his hand, and two large sharp knives in his girdle. His arms were bared to the shoulder; and a leathern apron, soiled by gory stains, and tied round his waist, completed his butcherly appearance. Straw was scattered upon the scaffold near the block.

Sir Everard Digby was the first to receive the fatal summons. He mounted with a firm footstep, and his youth, his noble aspect, and undaunted demeanour, awakened, as before, the sympathy of the beholders. Looking round, he thus addressed the assemblage:—

"Good people, I am here about to die, ye well know for what cause. Throughout the matter I have acted according to the dictates of my conscience. They have led me to undertake this enterprise, which, in respect of my religion, I hold to be no offence, but in respect of the law a heinous offence, and I therefore ask forgiveness of God, of the King, and of the whole realm."

Crossing himself devoutly, he then knelt down, and recited his prayers in Latin; after which he arose, and again looking round, said in an earnest voice,

"I desire the prayers of all good Catholics, and of none other."

"Then none will pray for you," replied several voices from the crowd.

Heedless of the retort, Sir Everard surrendered himself to the executioner's assistant, who divested him of his cloak and doublet, and unfastened his collar. In this state he mounted the ladder, and the hangman fulfilled his office.

Robert Winter was next summoned, and ascended the scaffold with great firmness. Everything proclaimed the terrible tragedy that had just been enacted. The straw was sprinkled with blood, so was the block, so were the long knives of the executioner, whose hands and arms were dyed with the same crimson stain; while in one corner of the scaffold stood a basket, containing the dismembered limbs of the late unfortunate sufferer. But these dreadful sights produced no effect on Robert Winter. Declining to address the assemblage, he at once surrendered himself to the assistant, and shared the fate of his friend.

Grant was the next to follow. Undismayed as his predecessor, he looked round with a cheerful countenance, and said,—

"I am about to suffer the death of a traitor, and am content to die so. But I am satisfied that our project was so far from being sinful, that I rely entirely on my merits in bearing a part in it, as an abundant satisfaction and expiation for all the sins I have at other times of my life committed."

This speech was received by a terrific yell from the multitude. Wholly unmoved, however, Grant uttered a few prayers, and then crossing himself, mounted the ladder, and was quickly despatched. The bloody business was completed by the slaughter of Bates, who died as resolutely as the others.

These executions, being conducted with the utmost deliberation, occupied nearly an hour. The crowd then separated to talk over the sight they had witnessed, and to keep holiday during the remainder of the day; rejoicing that an equally-exciting spectacle was in store for them on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD PALACE YARD.

Guy Fawkes's tranquillity of mind did not desert him to the last. On the contrary, as his term of life drew near its close, he became more cheerful and resigned; his sole anxiety being that all should be speedily terminated. When Ipgreve took leave of him for the night, he threw himself on his couch, and soon fell into a gentle slumber. His dreams were soothing, and he fancied that Viviana appeared to him, clad in robes of snowy whiteness, and, regarding him with a smiling countenance, promised that the gates of eternal happiness would be opened to him on the morrow.

Awaking about four o'clock, he passed the interval between that time and his summons by the jailer, in earnest prayer. At six o'clock Ipgreve made his appearance. He was accompanied by his daughter, who had prevailed on him to allow her to take leave of the prisoner. She acquainted Fawkes with all particulars of the interment of Viviana, to which he listened with tearful interest.

"Would my remains might be laid beside her!" he said. "But fate forbids it!"

"Truly, does it," observed Ipgreve, gruffly; "unless you would have her body removed to the spikes of Whitehall gates."

Disregarding this brutal speech, which called a blush of shame to the cheeks of Ruth, Fawkes affectionately pressed her hand, and said,—

"Do not forget me in your prayers, and sometimes visit the grave of Viviana."

"Doubt it not," she replied, in accents half suffocated by grief.

Fawkes then bade her farewell, and followed the jailer through various intricate passages which brought them to a door opening upon one of the lower chambers of the Beauchamp Tower. Unlocking it, Ipgreve led the way up the circular staircase, and ushered his companion into the large chamber where Rookwood, Keyes, and Thomas Winter were already assembled.

The morning was clear, but frosty, and bitterly cold; and when the lieutenant appeared, Rookwood besought him to allow them a fire as their last earthly indulgence. The request was peremptorily refused. A cup of hot spiced wine was, however, offered them, and accepted by all except Fawkes.

At the same hour as on the previous day, the hurdles were brought to the entrance of the fortification, and the prisoners bound to them. The recorder and sheriffs met them at the Middle Tower, as they had done the other conspirators, and the cavalcade set forth. The crowd was even greater than on the former occasion; and it required the utmost exertion on the part of the guard to maintain order. Some little delay occurred at Ludgate; and during this brief halt, Rookwood heard a cry, and looking up, perceived his wife at the upper window of one of the habitations, waving her handkerchief to him, and cheering him by her gestures. He endeavoured to answer her by signs; but his hands were fast bound, and the next moment the cavalcade moved on.

At Temple Bar another halt occurred; and as the train moved slowly forward, an immense crowd, like a swollen stream, swept after it. The two gates at Whitehall, then barring the road to Westminster, were opened as the train approached, and a certain portion of the concourse allowed to pass through. The scaffold, which had been removed from Saint Paul's, was erected in the middle of Old Palace Yard, in front of the House of Lords. Around it were circled a band of halberdiers, outside whom stood a dense throng. The buttresses and pinnacles of the Abbey were covered with spectators; so was the roof of the Parliament House; and the gallery over the entrance.

The bell of the Abbey began to toll as the train passed through the gates of Whitehall, and its deep booming filled the air. Just as the conspirators were released from the hurdles, Topcliffe, who had evidently from his disordered attire arrived from a long journey, rode up, and dismounted.

"I am just in time," he cried, with an exulting glance at the conspirators; "this is not the last execution I shall witness. Fathers Garnet and Oldcorne are prisoners, and on their way to London. I was a long time in unearthing the priestly foxes, but I succeeded at last.

At this moment an officer approached, and summoned Thomas Winter to mount the scaffold. He obeyed, and exhibited no symptom of quailing except that his complexion suddenly turned to a livid colour. Being told of this by the lieutenant, he tried to account for it by saying that he thought he saw his brother precede him up the steps. He made a brief address, protesting he died a true Catholic, and in that faith, notwithstanding his offences, hoped to be saved.

Rookwood followed him, and indulged in a somewhat longer oration. "I confess my offence to God," he said, "in seeking to shed blood, and implore his mercy. I likewise confess my offence to the King, of whose majesty I humbly ask forgiveness; and I further confess my offence to the whole state, of whom in general I entreat pardon. May the Almighty bless the King, the Queen, and all their royal progeny, and grant them a long and happy reign! May He turn their hearts to the Catholic faith, so that heresy may be wholly extirpated from the kingdom!"

The first part of this speech was well received by the assemblage, but the latter was drowned in groans and hootings, amid which Rookwood was launched into eternity.

Keyes came next, and eyeing the assemblage disdainfully, went up the ladder, and threw himself off with such force that he broke the rope, and was instantly despatched by the executioner and his assistants.

Guy Fawkes now alone remained, and he slowly mounted the scaffold. His foot slipped on the blood-stained boards, and he would have fallen, if Topcliffe, who stood near him, had not caught his hand. A deep silence prevailed as he looked around, and uttered the following words in a clear and distinct voice:—

"I ask forgiveness of the King and the state for my criminal intention, and trust that my death will wash out my offence."

He then crossed himself, and knelt down to pray; after which his cloak and doublet were removed by the executioner's assistant, and placed with those of the other conspirators. He made an effort to mount the ladder, but his stiffened limbs refused their office.

"Your courage fails you," sneered Topcliffe, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

"My strength does," replied Fawkes, sternly regarding him. "Help me up the ladder, and you shall see whether I am afraid to die."

Seeing how matters stood, the executioner, who stood by, leaning upon his chopper, tendered him his blood-stained hand. But Fawkes rejected it with disgust, and exerting all his strength, forced himself up the ladder.

As the hangman adjusted the rope, he observed a singular smile illumine the features of his victim.

"You seem happy," he said.

"I *am* so," replied Fawkes, earnestly, — "I see the form of her I loved beckoning me to unfading happiness."

With this, he stretched out his arms, and sprang from the ladder. Before his frame was exposed to the executioner's knife, life was totally extinct.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST EXECUTION.

Little more remains to be told, and that little is of an equally painful nature with the tragical events just related.

Fathers Garnet and Oldcorne, together with Mr. Abingdon, and their servants, arrived in London on the 12th of February, about a fortnight after the execution of the other conspirators. They were first taken to the Gatehouse at Westminster, and were examined on the following day by the Earl of Salisbury and the Privy-Council at the Star-Chamber. Nothing could be elicited from them, and Garnet answered the Earl's interrogatories with infinite subtlety and address. The examination over, they were ordered to be removed to the Tower.

Topcliffe accompanied them to the stairs. As they proceeded thither he called Garnet's attention to a ghastly object stuck on a spike over the palace gates.

"Do you recognise those features?" he asked.

"No;" replied Garnet, shudderingly averting his gaze.

"I am surprised to hear it," rejoined Topcliffe, "for they were once well known to you. It is the head of Guy Fawkes. Of all the conspirators," he added, with a bitter laugh, "he was the only one who died truly penitent, It is reported that this happy change was wrought in him by Viviana Radcliffe."

"Heaven have mercy upon his soul!" muttered Garnet.

"I will tell you a strange tale about Catesby," pursued Topcliffe. "He was buried in the garden at Holbeach, with Percy, but an order was sent down by the Earl of Salisbury to have their bodies disinterred and quartered. When Catesby's head was severed from the trunk, to be set on the gates of Warwick, fresh blood spouted forth, as if life were in the veins."

"You do not expect me to believe this idle story?" said Garnet incredulously.

"Believe it, or not, as you please," returned Topcliffe angrily.

On arriving at the fortress, Garnet was lodged in the large chamber of the Beauchamp Tower, and allowed the attendance of his servant, Nicholas Owen, while Oldcorne was equally well accommodated in the Constable Tower. This leniency was the result of the policy of the Earl of Salisbury, who hoped to obtain disclosures from the two Jesuit priests which would enable him to strike the decisive blow he meditated against the Papists. But he was unsuccessful. They refused to

make any confessions which would criminate themselves, or implicate others; and as none of the conspirators, not even Tresham, had admitted their connexion with the plot, it was difficult to find proof against them. Garnet underwent daily examinations from the Earl of Salisbury and the commissioners, but he baffled all their inquiries.

"If we cannot wring the truth from you by fair means, Mr. Garnet," said Salisbury, "we must have recourse to torture."

"*Minare ista pueris,*" replied Garnet, contemptuously.

"Leave these two priests to me, my lord," observed Sir William Waad, who was present at the examination, which took place at the council-chamber in his lodgings, "leave them to me," he said in a low voice to the Earl, "and I will engage to procure a full confession from their own lips, without resorting to torture."

"You will render the state an important service by doing so," replied Salisbury, in the same tone. "I place the matter entirely in your hands."

The lieutenant set to work without loss of time. By his directions, Garnet and Oldcorne were removed from their present places of confinement to two subterranean cells immediately adjoining each other, but between which a secret recess, contrived in the thickness of the wall, and built for the purpose it was subsequently put to, existed. Two days after they had been so immured, Ipgreve, who had received his instructions, loitered for a moment in Oldcorne's cell, and with affected hesitation, informed him that for a trifling reward he would enable him to hold unreserved communication with his fellow-prisoner.

Oldcorne eagerly caught at the bait, but required to be satisfied that the jailer could make good his words. Ipgreve immediately proceeded to the side of the cell, and holding a lamp to the wall, showed him a small iron knob.

"Touch this spring," he said, "and a stone will fall from its place, and enable you to converse with Father Garnet, who is in the next cell. But you must take care to replace the stone when any one approaches."

Promising to observe the utmost caution, and totally unsuspicious of of the deceit practised upon him, Oldcorne gave Ipgreve the reward, and as soon as he was gone, touched the spring, and found it act precisely as the jailer had stated.

Garnet was greatly surprised to hear the other's voice, and on learning how the communication was managed, was at first suspicious of some stratagem, but by degrees his fears wore off, and he became unreserved in his discourse with his companion, discussing the fate of the conspirators, their own share in the plot, the probability of their acquittal, and the best means of baffling their examiners. All these interlocutions were overheard and taken down by the lieutenant, and two other witnesses, Forsett, and Lockerson, private secretary to the Earl of Salisbury, who were concealed in the recess. Having obtained all the information he desired, Sir William Waad laid his notes before the Council, and their own confessions being read to the priests, they were both greatly confused, though neither would admit their authenticity.

Meanwhile, their two servants, Owen and Chambers, had been repeatedly examined, and refusing to confess, were at last suspended from a beam by the thumbs. But this producing no result, they were told that on the following day they would be placed on the rack. Chambers then offered to make a full confession, but Owen, continuing obstinate, was conveyed back to his cell. Ipgreve brought him his

food as usual in the evening, and on this occasion it consisted of broth, and a small allowance of meat. It was the custom of the jailer to bring with him a small blunt-pointed knife, with which he allowed the prisoner to cut his victuals. Having got possession of the knife, Owen tasted the broth, and complaining that it was quite cold, he implored the jailer to get it warmed for him, as he felt extremely unwell. Somewhat moved by his entreaties, and more by his appearance, Ipgreve complied. On his return, he found the unfortunate man lying in one corner of the cell, partially covered by a heap of straw which ordinarily formed his bed.

"Here is your broth," he said. "Take it while it is hot. I shall give myself no further trouble about you."

"It will not be needed," gasped Owen.

Alarmed by the sound of his voice, Ipgreve held the light towards him, and perceived that his face was pale as death. At the same time he remarked that the floor was covered with blood. Instantly divining the truth, the jailer rushed towards the wretched man, and dragging away the blood-stained straw, found he had inflicted a frightful wound upon himself with the knife which he still held in his grasp.

"Fool that I was to trust you with the weapon!" cried Ipgreve. "But who would have thought it could inflict a mortal wound?"

"Any weapon will serve him who is resolved to die," rejoined Owen. "You cannot put me on the rack now." And with a ghastly expression of triumph, he expired.

Soon after this, Oldcorne and Abingdon were sent down to Worcester, where the former was tried and executed. Stephen Littleton suffered death at the same time.

On Friday, the 23rd of March, full proofs being obtained against him, Garnet was arraigned of high treason at Guildhall. The trial, which excited extraordinary interest, was attended by the King, by the most distinguished personages, male and female, of his court, and by all the foreign ambassadors. Garnet conducted himself throughout his arraignment, which lasted for thirteen hours, with the same courage and address which he had displayed on his examinations before the commissioners. But his subtlety availed him little. He was found guilty and condemned.

The execution of the sentence was for some time deferred, it being hoped that a complete admission of his guilt would be obtained from him, together with disclosures relative to the designs of the Jesuit party. With this view, the examinations were still continued; but the rigour with which he had been latterly treated was relaxed. A few days before his execution he was visited by several eminent Protestant divines,—Doctor Montague, Dean of the Chapel Royal; Doctor Neile, Dean of Westminster; and Doctor Overall, Dean of Saint Paul's; with whom he had a long disputation on points of faith, and other spiritual matters.

At the close of this discussion, Doctor Overall remarked, "I suppose you expect, Mr. Garnet, that after your death the Church of Rome will declare you a martyr?"

"I a martyr!" exclaimed Garnet, sorrowfully. "O what a martyr I should be! If, indeed, I were really about to suffer death for the Catholic religion, and had never known of this project, except by means of sacramental confession, I might perhaps be accounted worthy the honour of martyrdom, and might deservedly be glorified in the opinion of our church. As it is, I acknowledge myself to have sinned

in this respect, and deny not the justice of the sentence passed upon me."

Satisfied, at length, that no further disclosures could be obtained from him, the King signed the warrant for his execution on the 2nd of May.

The scaffold was erected at the west end of Saint Paul's Cathedral, on the spot where Digby and the other conspirators had suffered. A vast assemblage was collected, as on the former occasion, and similar precautions were taken to prevent tumult and disturbance. The unfortunate man's torture was cruelly and unnecessarily prolonged by a series of questions proposed to him on the scaffold by Dr. Overall and the Dean of Westminster, all of which he answered very collectedly and clearly. He maintained his fortitude to the last. When fully prepared, he mounted the ladder, and thus addressed the assemblage:—

"I commend myself to all good Catholics. I grieve that I have offended the King by not revealing the design entertained against him, and that I did not use more diligence in preventing the execution of the plot. I commend myself most humbly to the lords of his Majesty's council, and entreat them not to judge too hardly by me. I beseech all men that Catholics may not fare the worse for my sake, and I exhort all Catholics to take care not to mix themselves with seditions or traitorous designs against the King's Majesty, whom God preserve!"

Making the sign of the cross upon his forehead and breast, he continued:

"*In nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritûs sancti! Jesus Maria! Maria, mater gratiæ! mater misericordiæ! Tu me ab hoste protege, et horâ mortis suscipe! In manus tuas Domine, commendo spiritum meum, quia tu redimisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis.*" Again crossing himself, he added,—"*Per crucis hoc signum fugiat procul omne malignum! Infige crucem tuam, Domine, in corde meo!*"

With this last pathetic ejaculation he threw himself from the ladder.

Garnet obtained, after death, the distinction he had disclaimed while living. He was enrolled, together with Oldcorne, among the list of Catholic martyrs. Several miracles are affirmed by the Jesuits to have been performed in his behalf. Father More relates, that on the lawn at Hendlip, where he and Oldcorne last set foot, "a new and hitherto unknown species of grass sprang up into the exact shape of an imperial crown, and remained for a long time without being trodden down by the feet of passengers, or eaten up by the cattle." It was further asserted that a spring of oil burst forth at the west end of Saint Paul's Cathedral, on the precise spot where he suffered. But the most singular prodigy is that recounted by Endæmon Joannes, who affirms that in a straw which had been sprinkled with Garnet's blood, a human countenance, strangely resembling that of the martyr, was discovered. This legend of the Miraculous Straw, having received many embellishments and improvements as it travelled abroad, obtained universal credence, and was conceived to fully establish Garnet's innocence.

Anne Vaux, the Jesuit's devoted friend, retired with her sister, Mrs. Brooksby, to a nunnery in Flanders, where she ended her days.

So terminated the memorable and never-to-be-forgotten Gunpowder Treason, for deliverance from which our church still offers thanksgivings; and in remembrance of which, on the anniversary of its discovery, fagots are collected, and bonfires lighted to consume the effigy of the arch-conspirator, GUY FAWKES.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XIII.

Richard Savage does an act upon which he forgets, or omits, to applaud himself; and for which, perhaps, some portion of the world will hardly commend him.

The old man struck Ludlow a smart blow across the shoulders with his cane.

"He 's here—safe—the best word in the dictionary—safe. The lost sheep is found, and isn't mutton," and a feeble attempt was made at a caper.

Ludlow sprang from his chair, with a short cry. "Here! — Richard!" and he snatched me to his arms, but presently thrust me from him. "You rascal! you villain! unfeeling wretch! why did you leave me so long? Where have you been? Your eyes sparkling —your cheeks flushed—you 've been drinking. Where have you been?"

"At a masquerade, to be sure," said Lucas, "nodding, and bowing, and sidling, — eh! sidling: and 'Do you know me?' and 'I know you,' and all that; and rare sport it is—rare sport. Why, Luddy, we were young once—both of us—young—once; a long while ago," and he began to warble, wagging his head,

"When I was young,
I danc'd and sung,
And very much lov'd the wife o' me;
But now I 'm old,
I hobble and scold,
And can't bear old Nan for the life o' me."

"Nonsense!" cried Ludlow, waving his hand, with a look of disgust. "And have you, Richard, been to a masquerade in that old coat and hat?"

"For this night's doings," said I, "a certain person must wear a mask for the rest of her days, if she wish not to be hooted at by men, women, and boys. It is in my power to make her hide her head for ever."

"Mrs. Brett you mean?" cried Ludlow.

"May I speak before Mr. Lucas?" said I.

"Deaf, bless you! deaf as a beetle—*as* a beetle," said Lucas. "I never hear any ill of anybody else, or any good of myself."

"When I left Myte's ——" I began.

"I 've been there," cried Ludlow, "and to Brett's too. I don't fear her now. Myte said you left him in a passion; but, go on."

"Just before I got to our door," I resumed, "I was seized by two ruffians, who thrust me into a coach, bound my hands, and ——"

"Oh! the villains!" cried Ludlow, "if I had 'em!"

"You wouldn't make much of 'em; they 'd go cheap," said Lucas.

"And drove me to an alehouse at Wapping," I continued. "Then they locked and bolted me in a room at the top of the house; the windows of which were barred."

"How did you get from them?" cried Ludlow, in an agony.

"I will tell you more at full another time. I got into a back garret, out at the window, over the tiles, at the risk of my neck."

"Over the tiles!" cried Ludlow, with an aspect of horror.

"Like a cat," said Lucas. "I've seen 'em do it often. How they 'll walk along the edge of the gutters, as unconcerned as though they didn't care nine mouse's tails for their nine lives. He! he! he!—comical vermin—cats—comical."

"Like a cat!" exclaimed Ludlow. "Proceed, Richard; though you make me shudder. Like a cat! oh, Lucas!"

"At length," I went on, "I reached the garret window of a tailor, who drew me into his workshop."

"A tailor! what could he have thought when he saw you?" said Ludlow.

"He thought he was a customer dropt from the clouds to be measured," cried Lucas, with a chuckle.

"This is not to be borne!" exclaimed Ludlow; "these jests are only worthy of that fool, Myte."

"I say—I say," replied Lucas, "that the man might have thought so. Some of 'em have no other chance of a customer. But, I 'm glad you 're saved, lad, for all that. Don't mind me, I 'm an old fool,—and as great a fool as I 'm old. Grey hairs have a licence, Luddy. My grandfather used to say, the tongue will wag when you 're getting aged. Says he, the old horse makes a devil of a clatter when he 's near home—he! he! and so he does—so he does."

"Well; and so you got away, and we have you safe once more?" cried Ludlow. "But they 'll be after you again. But you spoke of your mother. Can she have done this? and, Lucas, the long voyage—it 's her doing."

"I was to be sent to Jamaica," said I.

"Never mind," cried Lucas; "she 's been balked; and you 'll be on your guard—on your guard. She won't try it again. So—so. That 's all."

"Not quite," said I, "for the tailor and his son secured the villains. They have confessed that Mrs. Brett employed them.

They are now in the round-house, and our charge lies against them. They may be hanged, Mr. Lucas: what is to be my mother's punishment, I know not."

Upon hearing this, Ludlow sprang from his chair, clapping his hands,

"And into strange vagaries fell,
As he would dance."

Not so Lucas, who was for the moment stupified. He seized his hat and cane.

"Oh! oh! oh!" said he; "if you love me, you two,—if you love me, not a word that I've been with you to-night; but that young jade, Miss Elizabeth, would make me come."

I drew him aside. "The tailor and I will be with Colonel Brett early to-morrow morning," I said, "to see if this matter can be accommodated."

"You will?" he cried; "not a word, though, of our meeting. Though I'm the Colonel's servant, and not hers, and was his father's, she'd up with her foot, and kick my old bones out of doors. If you should see me, none of your 'Good morning, Mr. Lucas,'—'How d' ye do, Mr. Lucas?'—no, no, a straight, long face, so—as though you never set eyes on me. One 'good morning' would be 'good night' to me."

"He's an honest fellow," said Ludlow, when Lucas was gone. "He came to warn me, as he thought, of our danger. Oh! Dick," embracing me, "how rejoiced I am to have you once again—safe—beyond, out of her reach,—and she in yours. You have her now. They say you are my nephew: would you were; if such fortune had been mine, I had been too happy; and I was not to be so, at all. Never mind that. That's nothing. Will you have some wine?" and he rang the bell. "I could drink to-night I know not how much."

"I have been drinking brandy," said I; "I could not touch wine."

"Then we will have a glass each of brandy, and then to bed—to bed. Do you know, Dick," and as he leaned his head upon his hand, I could see the tears trickle through his fingers, "I have been for some years calm—not calm, but callous—a numbness of the heart; do you understand me? but now—I cannot tell how it is, but I could bear sorrow once, better than I can bear joy now."

I told him that I intended to wait upon Colonel Brett in the morning, and my reasons for so doing.

He was silent for some time. "Where is the brandy?" he exclaimed, at length, ringing violently. It was brought in. When he had despatched it, he said, "What will that proud woman think? what will be her feelings—feelings?—well, when she finds she has shot a fool's bolt, and overshot her mark? It were a triumph to see her—to witness the thing—reduced to her equivocations, her lies, eh?—her paltry subterfuges, and all of no

avail, at last. Punished, at last! Ha! ha! Mrs. Brett punished!—the law in force, as they call it, against her. What if she were to fall down upon her knees, to scream for lenity—ha!"

"That were pitiful," said I; "I could not bear that."

"Don't interrupt me," he exclaimed. "I could—I think I could. I will go to sleep, and dream of it to-night—till to-morrow. That will be something. You would not let her off—let her go free?"

"We will talk of that to-morrow," I replied; "let us now go home."

"Jane will be glad to hear that you are safe," he said when we got into the street. "I have told her that I mean to do by you as though you were my own son, whether you get your rights, or not,—and she approves it. I think, and I have told her so, of placing her with some reputable family out of town, away from all who know her, and her ——. I'll not speak of that. She shall never want. I shall be the means of preserving her. She will get well. I shall have done my duty, whatever the world may say."

"Then you do not intend that she shall live with you again?" I had thought from his conduct to her during her illness that he designed to acknowledge her.

"I have told her that I don't. I am always telling her that. Live with her again!" and he stopped, and placed his hand upon my arm, and now for the first time I perceived that he had been drinking much more than his usual quantity. "Am I not a man? have I not the feelings of a man? and those feelings, Richard Savage, are the stronger—they have lingered, corroded, gangrened in my heart, because I never could vent them. They are *here*. Well. Now I thought you'd be asking me this question—I knew you would, and I have prepared this answer. They say you should forgive—it is the duty of a Christian. I *have* forgiven. I have shaken hands in token of forgiveness. But—but—to take her to my arms—back—to my heart—No. The past should be buried, say fellows who are always digging up their own grievances. It *is* buried. But bury it five thousand fathom deep—its ghost will rise and haunt you."

I did not reply; indeed, there was no occasion for reply. Inwardly, I applauded his determination, nevertheless.

On the following morning, Martin was at the door to the minute. Ludlow received him with marks of uncommon gratitude.

"I have brought you your hat, sir," said Martin; "your cravat and handkerchief are still flying from the chimney like a flag of triumph. How you could accomplish your enterprise I cannot conceive. It made my wife ill to look out of the window. I pointed out to her the way you must have come."

"And it makes me ill to think of it," said Ludlow, "my good

and excellent friend to a persecuted and deserving lad. He 's a gentleman born, Mr. Martin."

"I have heard his story," returned Martin, and he related circumstantially everything that had passed on the previous evening, which, although Ludlow had made me communicate it to him before he went to bed, his ears drank in as eagerly as before.

We were not long before we reached Colonel Brett's house. He was not yet stirring.

"Tell your master," said I to the footman, "that my business is pressing, and will not admit of a moment's delay. My name is Savage—Richard Savage. I *must* see him."

"He won't let you, I 'm certain," replied the servant. "I shall only get myself into trouble by disturbing him. I won't go up to him, that 's flat. I won't go."

"You had better," said I, "unless you are tired of your service, and wish me to do your office."

"I once helped to turn you out of this house, young master," said the man, grinning; "must I do it again?"

"I shall help to have you kicked out, you rascal!" I exclaimed; "that livery will be on another man's shoulders in less than four-and-twenty hours, if you do not call your master immediately."

"You had better go," urged Martin; "as for laying a finger upon this young gentleman, do you see this?" showing his enormous fist. "Ay, you may call your fellows,—if I don't scatter half a dozen of 'em!" He shook his head knowingly, an eloquent conclusion that was not lost upon the footman.

"Well, if I do wrong, it 's your fault, not mine," he said as he went up stairs.

He returned presently. "Master 's jumped out of bed, and 's coming down in a devil of a passion. I wouldn't be in your shoes for a trifle."

"Yours are handsomer; but mine 'll do," said Martin. "I suppose these fine chairs were made to sit upon?" and he took a seat.

The Colonel descended the stairs in a fume. He halted at the bottom.

"Walk this way, youngster. I 'll settle your business presently. But whom have you got there?" advancing towards us. "What huge congregation of bones and muscles is this? Where did you pick up this Patagonian?"

"I 'm no Patagonian," said Martin, drawing himself to his full height, and elevating his chin; "I 'm a poor tailor, your honour, and have been a soldier."

"A tailor and a soldier!" cried the Colonel. "Hercules with his distaff! March this way, Ajax Snip. Savage—what 's your name?—come on."

He led us into a back room, and, having seated himself, "Now, child, if you recount any more fables, such as the one

I listened to at Button's, it shall be the worse for you. What do you mean by disturbing me at this untimely hour? Do you know," he added sternly, "that Lady Mason will not countenance your falsehoods? Where 's your Burridge? he is not forthcoming."

"That Lady Mason will not countenance falsehoods," I replied, "I should be very glad to believe. That she does, I know. I am sorry she will not lend her countenance to truth, which, Colonel, ere long—you may smile, sir, and turn up your lip, because I am a lad — which, I say, ere long she shall be made, if not to countenance, to confess."

"Gently with his honour," said Martin,—"gently."

"I have not yet heard from Mr. Burridge," I continued; "but he will be forthcoming, I trust; or the treachery of somebody has been only too successful."

"Who is that somebody?" exclaimed the Colonel; "I know whom you mean. But why am I kept here? — what do you want?" striking the table. "I heard you were gone to sea."

"I have not yet taken water," said I; "my destination was to have been Jamaica. My mother, however, omitted to furnish me with letters of recommendation, which, proceeding from her, must needs have been most advantageous to me."

"D——ation!" cried the Colonel, in a rage, "the insolence of this boy!"

"We lose time," said Martin, drawing out his watch. "Tell his honour, sir, at once, what we have come about."

"Listen with patience to me for two minutes, and you will alter your tone, Colonel," said I, and I related the particulars of my seizure and escape.

The Colonel sat for some time after I had concluded, alternately gazing at Martin and me, his hand clasping his chin.

"It won't pass," he said at length,—"it won't pass. Nothing will do for you, you young vagabond, as I told you in my letter, but Bridewell, and the whipping-post. Here, you make it to be believed that you are gone, or going, to sea, and get this great tailor to eke out a wretched story, concocted in that shallow brain of thine, that Mrs. Brett has caused you to be made off with by crimps. Who are you, fellow?" to Martin. "You say you have been a soldier—where? in what regiment? under whom? How do I know that you are not a thief? Speak! are you an honest man, or a thief?"

Martin turned fiery red at the question.

"I hope, Colonel," he brought out at last, "I know the difference between a high gentleman like you, and myself; and I trust I have a becoming respect for the cloth; but, by G—! sir, if any other man had asked me that,"— he paused for a moment, — "why shouldn't I say it? — he had never asked me a second time. Colonel Brett," he added, "I can bring many to speak to my character, if necessary; but it is *your* character

that is now in question. It is, sir. If you have been conniving with the lady, your wife, to make away with this young gentleman, which I cannot help suspecting, from the passion you were in, — and I never knew a man in a passion that wasn't in the wrong, — then," with an oath, "I 'm a better man than you, though I 'm a poor tailor, and you a rich gentleman."

How mean the fine gentleman looked at that moment, and how much like a man the tailor!

"Under whom have you served?" inquired the Colonel.

"Colonel Cutts," said Martin, shortly.

"Then you knew Captain Steele?"

"That I did," cried Martin, his brow clearing, "and an excellent gentleman his honour was; and he knew me, too. Ask him, sir, if he remembers Corporal John Martin? I warrant you. But," turning to me, "tell the Colonel the rest. Time draws on apace."

"What more?" inquired the Colonel. "The bolster, I suppose?"

"My story requires no bolstering, sir," I said; "we have proof," and I told him of the capture of the two men, and of their confession.

He was greatly troubled, and arose and paced the room, his hands clasped behind him.

"Wait a moment," he said, at length, waving his hand, and he hurried from the apartment.

He came back after some time, and in disorder,—his face flushed—his eyes kindled.

"Martin," he said, "this matter must be stopped; we must buy off these two fellows. What money will effect must be done."

"Then, sir," began Martin, "you are now convinced that the lady was ——"

I checked him.

"Why, as to that," he continued, "the men are down in the headborough's book, and I don't know. Money will go a great way, to be sure."

"How much?" said the Colonel.

"Why, perhaps a couple of guineas might satisfy the watch."

The Colonel drew out his purse. "Take five; and here are five for yourself. I am sorry I said what I did."

"Your honour is too good to say so much now," cried Martin. "As for the money, I won't touch it."

"I insist upon it," said the Colonel. "What! mutinous, corporal?" He pressed his hand. "Come, you will greatly oblige me."

Martin said no more, but pocketed the money.

"Then you think I may venture to hope that I shall hear no more of this d—— ugly business?" inquired the Colonel.

"I think your honour may. If we don't come forward, they

will be discharged; but I am known, and unless I crossed the headborough's hand, he would have me before his worship, to tell all I knew.'

"Colonel," said I, "I am a party in this matter. How do you know that I am satisfied with this arrangement?"

He drew me aside. "Child," said he, "what I do not say to thee now, you must take it for granted that I feel. Dost think I am not confoundedly ashamed? You must call upon me in a few days. What will satisfy you for the present?"

"I want no hush-money," I replied; "but I must have some assurance that there shall be no repetition of this."

"That I make you," said the Colonel, "on my word of honour as a gentleman, Mrs. Brett *shall* not — indeed, she has solemnly promised that she will not—attempt it a second time. You hesitate?"

"No—I will take my chance, Colonel."

"You 're a fine fellow. Something shall be done for you. Leave it all to me."

"I expect nothing—I hope nothing," I replied. "From this time forth money is out of our question. But her son I am,—and will be, — and will be known to be. Perhaps, after all, the honour of the relationship between us will not be on my side. The advantage will be on neither."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Fight it out between you," said he, "I am on half-pay; and do not intend to fight any more battles."

I left Martin at the Colonel's door, after promising that I would very shortly call upon him.

I found Ludlow with his wife, and related all that had passed between the Colonel and myself, and the arrangement that had been entered into. He did not seem, at first, greatly to approve it,—but reconciled himself to it after a short time.

"It will touch her," said he, "to be obliged to you—to be beholden to your mercy! Come, that 's something. What she feels now is a little of our vengeance. Don't you see? How her heart is torn different ways at this moment, and no way the right one."

"But, stop!" he said, after a long pause. "I don't half like what you 've done. This will make her hate you all the more. What 's the worth of the Colonel's word of honour?—that," snapping his fingers; "how could he restrain her, if she had a mind to try it again? And she will. Once wicked — always wicked. The bad can never be shamed or reclaimed."

"I am sorry," he said to me some time afterwards, when we were alone, "that I blurted out that about the wicked before Jane. It might have hurt her feelings — which I 'm sure I didn't intend. She didn't appear to remark it, did she?"

"Not at all," I answered.

But she did. I had involuntarily turned my eye towards her

when Ludlow spoke. And how it stung the woman, *her* eye, which was bent upon her husband, told me plainly. It was an expression not to be described. That I remember it so well—but I will not anticipate. Let all be set forth in due order of time.

CHAPTER XIV.

An old friend with an improved appearance, and in a new character. With an instance of complicated wickedness which, it is to be hoped, has not often been paralleled.

Shall I avow—yes, let me do so—that, despite my heroic speech to Colonel Brett, I expected some recognition from my mother of my generosity to her, and some return for it. They who are dead to humanity are sometimes alive to pride; but this lady (long may she live after repentance begins!) had neither: for haughtiness is not pride, though the dictionary insist upon it ever so stoutly. A great deal of meanness, however, well-faced, and carried with an upward chin, is a good substitute for it; nay, is so common, that it has put the real thing out of countenance, which seldom stirs abroad. Some say, indeed, that pride is dead; but I believe it may still be found in a garret or a cellar — its proper place. The counterfeit is more wearable—lasts longer—lasts for life. Nothing can touch it, or if it can, nothing injures it. It is shame-proof.

So I was fain to put up with the reward of Virtue—dear, miserly old girl! who repays her followers with a set smile—would that she would sometimes change the fashion of it!—and who bids them be very good boys, and go and do other very good things, and get nothing for them. If I did not do her bidding afterwards, it was, I think, because of that same immobility of phiz and closeness of fist which belong to her. Vice, perhaps, has some good qualities, after all; and Virtue is not so white as she is painted. Bad morality—worse sense. I know it; but I *must* throw off now and then.

One morning, Mrs. Greaves informed me that a tall and very fine gentleman had just got out of a chair, and was waiting in the passage, desirous of seeing me. I went down, looking to behold no less a personage than Colonel Brett. He was indeed a very fine gentleman, but much taller and less corpulent than the Colonel.

"Ah, Dick, you dog," said he, seizing me by the waist, "here I am at last, at your service."

"Mr. Burridge!" I exclaimed, in astonishment, surveying my old master, who was dressed in the height of the mode, and might have appeared in Pall Mall as a man of the first figure.

"Yes," cried Burridge, divining the cause of my surprise,—"a metamorphosis, I grant you. Ah, well! a diamond must sparkle, Dick, or who 'll look upon it? I called where your

letters told me I should find you, and saw an atom, who at length informed me where you were. Who is that little grig?"

"His name is Myte," said I. "I have been living with him for some months."

"Ah, well!" cried Burridge; "living with him, and not yet dead! He'd kill me in no time. And so you're with Ludlow, he says. He called him something."

"Jeremiah Woful, I dare say."

"The name,—and not a bad one," said Burridge, laughing. "The diminutive tells me he believes he has wronged you, and wants to sing his palinode. But, don't you ask me up stairs?"

I led the way thither.

"Were you not surprised you did not hear from me?" he said, following me. "I conclude so, from your having sent me two letters. Goose! not to remember that I'm never at home during vacation. Do you think I'm to stalk about the empty school-room, with false quantities and nonsense verses ringing in my ears, or play at push-pin in a corner with old Metcalfe?"

Ludlow was standing at the door when we reached the landing, and greeted the visiter with a bow of profound respect.

"My good friend, I am very glad to see you," said Burridge, extending his hand. "Nay, let us walk in and sit down. A lady here?" turning to Ludlow.

"My wife," said Ludlow, confused.

"I beg pardon. I was not aware—" began Burridge.

"Mrs. Ludlow, will you retire for a short time," interrupted Ludlow, handing her from the room.

"Why, what occasion for that?" cried Burridge. "I didn't know you were one of the blest."

"No, sir," replied poor Ludlow, looking down upon his thumbs.

"Ho! ho!" cried Burridge, "I take you now. A recent match. Your most obedient. Oh, Ludlow!" shaking his finger. "Pray call back the bride; I wouldn't for the world I should have made her run away."

Ludlow stood in evident distress. I walked up to Burridge, and whispered, "I will tell you all by and by. It is a sad story, sir."

"Let us sit down," said Burridge. "And so, my good friend, your secret's out at last,—and Dick don't appear to be much the better for it. Mrs. Brett is his mother—the daughter of Lady Mason—um."

"We look to you to help us in this difficulty, sir," said Ludlow.

"There is no difficulty in the case," said I. "We merely wish you, sir, to certify that I was committed to you by Lady Mason. Perhaps you have her letter?"

"Yes, sir," said Ludlow; "and you can vouch—"

"One at a time," cried Burridge. "I have Lady Mason's



Despair of Ludlow at his wife's misconduct.

London Richard Bentley, 1841.

letter by me. Here it is. It is plain enough. I wish yours, Dick, had been as precise. They contain an infinite quantity of nothing. Mrs. Brett was the divorced Countess of Macclesfield—"

"Oh! she was," said Ludlow, between his teeth.

"And Lord Rivers—"

"His father—yes, Mr. Burridge, his own father. And Lady Mason employed me—"

"I know all that," said Burridge. "Where, then, is the difficulty? Lady Mason's word—"

"She disowns him," cried Ludlow, with a flourish in the air, "and has turned me away,—her servant from a boy,—because I will see justice done to him. And I will. Oh! sir, can you believe in human wickedness?"

"I can," replied Burridge. "He must be a sceptic indeed who, at my age, will not believe in that. But how is this, Dick, my boy, that they reject a fellow like you? D—n 'em (I don't often swear), they 've neither taste, spirit, nor humanity."

"Neither, sir," said Ludlow,—"oh, yes; the woman has spirit. I wish I had its equal—I 'd spirit her—I 'd make her all spirit."

Burridge regarded him for a moment earnestly. "Come," said he, turning to me, "let us hear everything that has happened to you since you left St. Alban's."

I entered into a minute detail of all that had occurred.

"Ah, well!" said he, when I had concluded, "a complicated piece of business, truly. Colonel Brett, I take it, is nobody in the matter. Nevertheless we must see him. Come along."

"And are you going to see Colonel Brett, sir?" asked Ludlow.

"Indeed I am."

"Bless you, sir," cried Ludlow. "You won't carry off Richard, sir, as you once threatened?"

"I don't know that I shall not," replied Burridge; "but not at present, and perhaps not at all. You will see us again shortly."

A coach was called, and we got into it. Ludlow's face looked radiant as we drove off.

"What ails that man Ludlow?" said Burridge. "He 's greatly altered since I saw him last."

"Do you think so?" said I. "I have not observed it. In what respect do you think him changed?"

"I don't mean that he looks ill; but his manners are strangely different. There 's a quickness and an angularity about his motions—and his eyes—pshaw! how shall I describe them?—they seem as though they were changing sockets every moment. What is this sad story you were to tell me?"

Burridge was silent for some minutes after I had finished the narrative of my poor friend.

"My wife — my Harriet," he said, at length, half musingly, "is a saint in Heaven—I trust, and I believe it—but—tell me this, Richard—no, you are too young to answer the question—is this man to be despised for a fool, or to be commended as a true Christian hero — a Christian hero, such as Richard Steele never dreamed of? Upon my soul, Ludlow *is* a hero. I shall love him for it the rest of my life. Poor, poor fellow! And your mother!—

'A ministering angel shall he be
When she lies—'

I was about to say something, Dick; but it would have been Shakspeare's, not mine."

"'Howling,' you were about to say, sir," said I, laughing "I remember the passage. Indeed, I think she will."

"Hush! young man," said Burridge, gravely; "you must not talk thus. Remember, Mrs. Brett is your mother."

"I do," said I, with bitterness, "and that I am her son."

Burridge's reply was prevented by the stoppage of the coach. We sent in our names, and were requested to walk into a private room. The Colonel presently made his appearance, and, upon seeing Burridge, burst into an exclamation of surprise.

"What! Frank!" said he, "is it possible?" embracing Burridge with warmth. "And turned pedagogue, too! Why, we thought you were gone—"

"Where little children are most welcome?" said Burridge, returning his friend's embrace, indeed, but with something of constraint in his manner. "No, I am yet living, as you see. I have to thank myself for it."

"Well, now, now," returned Brett, "let me know what you have been doing with yourself all the long years since the town lost you."

"The town took little pains to find me again, I imagine," said Burridge, with a passing smile—there was a dash of scorn in it. "For the inquiries *you* made, Colonel Brett, I am sure I ought to thank you."

The Colonel was slightly disconcerted. "It is not the way of the world," said he, lightly, "to interfere with any man's disposition of himself. I hope," he added, assuming a stately air, "you have found your plan answer your purpose."

"It has," returned Burridge. "My purpose was to retire from a world in which I could no longer maintain the station I had held. I know the great world too well, and its ministers, who are at the same time its minions, not to be sensible that a shoe-black will meet with more consideration than a gentleman in distress."

"Humph!" said the Colonel.

"I know not in what estimation pedagogues are held amongst

you," resumed Burridge, "but here I am. You had not seen my countenance again, I can assure you, but for this pupil of mine. Let us go at once into his case."

"Sit down, child," said the Colonel, turning to me. "You know not, Mr. Burridge, what trouble this young gentleman gives me."

Burridge returned a lofty stare. "After what has occurred, Brett, I did not expect to hear that from you. It was your own proposition that I should wait upon you. I am here. You wanted my confirmation — here it is," handing Lady Mason's letter. "Colonel, we will be straightforward in this business, if you please."

The Colonel read the letter, and returned it without comment. "The whipster," said he, with a yawn, "always comes in a tempest. He nearly snapt my nose off at Button's—then he brought a gigantic tailor to me, who would have made my quietus with a bare bodkin—and now, here are you—"

I began to feel a degree of contempt for this Colonel, and was about to launch an angry retort, when, directing my eye at Burridge, I saw the devil gathering upon his brow.

"It seems to me," said Burridge, with forced calmness, "either that I do not see before me Colonel Brett, or that Colonel Brett supposes he does not see Francis Burridge. I 'd have you to know, sir,—but you do know,—that I am not to be trifled with. What do you mean by connecting my name with that of a tailor?"

"There now, Frank, be quiet," cried the Colonel. "I beg your pardon—I did not mean to offend you. A pinch of your snuff."

"Stand up, Richard Savage," exclaimed Burridge, rising, and he led me towards the Colonel, who also arose. "Colonel Brett, is it not a shame—a d—d shame, that this young man should be treated as he has been?"

"Not by me, I give you my honour," said the Colonel.

"Not by you! but by one who is responsible, and ought to be subservient to you. I protest, before God, I never heard of such barbarous cruelty—"

"You are going too far — I think, upon reflection, you will confess that," cried the Colonel. "I have every disposition to do the lad justice; but it is out of my province. Mrs. Brett has always been her own mistress, and her own mistress she will remain. What reasoning will do has been tried—has failed. She will not believe he is her son."

"That word 'will' is a good one," returned Burridge. "She *will* not believe! — stuff! — but she *does* believe, nevertheless. Will mustn't always have its own way. We have our wills, too. Let the lad see his mother."

"Do I stand in the way of it?" asked the Colonel. "But he has seen her."

"But now," urged Burridge, "now that his—come, I must call it forbearance — has established an irresistible claim upon her gratitude. You know what I mean, Colonel. That Wapping—pah! what do you say?"

The Colonel reddened. "If he pleases," with a glance at me.

"But I do not please, sir," said I. "I have no wish to see Mrs. Brett; and I presume she has a particular desire not to see me. I hope so."

"It were hardly profitable," said the Colonel; — "oil upon the flames, Frank; a battle for the sake of the bruises."

"Do you say so?" cried Burridge, quickly. "Ah, well!" elevating his eyes, and smacking his lips audibly, "Let me wait upon the lady."

"With all my heart," replied the Colonel. "If she will receive you, I shall be very happy. You see I do all I can for you," shrugging his shoulders, and spreading out his palms.

He rang the bell. "Tell Mrs. Brett that Mr. Burridge, a particular friend of mine, is desirous of a few minutes' conversation with her."

"Thank you, thank you," said Burridge. "Now you shall have a pinch of my snuff—the real Musty—which our friend Steele has written so much to set the town sneezing with."

"Ah!" remarked the Colonel, shaking his head, "the hours we have spent together, Frank! Dick 's as brisk as ever—a boy to the last with those he loves."

The servant re-entered the room.

"Mrs. Brett will be happy to see Mr. Burridge."

"'Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward,' says the Preacher," observed the Colonel with much gravity when Burridge had retired; "but men might be very easy, if men would let 'em. Now you, you rogue you, will have your share of trouble, I dare say; but I think you will give it also."

"I hope I shall," I replied sharply, "in one quarter, at least, it shall be my endeavour to do so."

"Tut—tut!" said the Colonel, "never encourage the angry passions—if you wish to be happy, away with 'em; if you want to be miserable, make much of 'em—hug 'em; and they 'll hug you till death—and *to* death."

The Colonel now drew me into talk. To say the truth of Brett, whom I often saw at a later period of my life—he was a man of extensive, if not of profound information, of easy and agreeable manners, with a perfect knowledge of the great world with which he associated, and to which his qualities recommended him, and to shine in which, it may be added, he was especially fitted both by nature and education. He it was who taught me — unconscious teacher! — to despise thoroughly, heartily, "those little creatures we are pleased to call the great;" to contemn the ignoble arrogance of mere rank,—to scorn the self-suf-

ficient (sufficient to nought beside) insolence of those who lay claim to honourable distinctions, which are alone due (alas! not always paid) to talent, genius, and to virtue. It is saying something for the Colonel to admit that he never brought me to despise *him.*

To return. I could not but remark during our present talk that the Colonel omitted, — I know not whether purposely, all reference to the promise he had held out to me during my former interview with him, of doing something for me. I did not refresh his memory, or alarm his prudence.

"You may take it as a signal mark of Frank Burridge's friendship for you," he said at length, drawing out his watch, "that he submits to be closeted with a lady nearly an hour on your account. There was but one woman in the world for Burridge—his wife. He could lose no more after that loss. Honest Frank! And so thou hast turned Syntaxist! How Steele will claw his periwig at that! He 'll bring him into the Spectator. What shall it be? Let us see. 'Flagellifer is a man who ——'"

At this moment Burridge bounced into the room. He seized his hat and cane.

"Come, Richard, let us be gone. Brett, your hand. I thank you. Good b'ye."

"Well, but particulars?" cried the Colonel; "what has been said? what has been done?"

"You will hear all that above — more said than done, Colonel."

"But, where are you staying? You must have a night with us. Steele will be delighted."

"I know he would. I love Steele—pray tell him so; but I would not for the world renew, even for an hour—— Ah, well! —past—past. It would make me unhappy."

Burridge was unusually taciturn as we drove back to Ludlow's lodging.

"I will tell you by and by," he replied to my urgent inquiries touching his interview with my mother, fixing his eyes upon me with a look of sorrowful commiseration.

When the door of the house was opened, he scrambled up stairs without ceremony, and burst into the room. Ludlow's wife was sitting by the fire, but started up in some confusion.

"Where is Mr. Ludlow, madam?" said Burridge, scanning her intently from head to foot. "I hope he is not gone out."

"He will be here directly," she replied, in a flutter; "I will go seek him."

Ludlow, indeed, had followed us up stairs, and had witnessed Burridge's ungallant scrutiny of his wife.

"Oh, Dick!" he said, drawing me aside, "you have told him. He 's a moral man, and thinks I have done wrong."

"Ha! you 're here," cried Burridge, turning round; "a few minutes' *private* conversation with you, if you please."

Mrs. Ludlow took the hint, and retired hastily.

"Now, Ludlow," said Burridge, walking up to him; "I feel this to be one of the most solemn moments of my life. If it be — and upon my soul it is—to me, who am in no way connected with this young man—to you who are, as it were, involved with him, it must be the most solemn."

"What do you mean?" faltered Ludlow, turning very pale.

"Lay your hand upon your heart, and repeat after me, if you can, these words:—I swear, as I am a living man, as I hope for peace in this world, and pardon in the next, the young man before me is the son of Mrs. Brett — is the child committed to me by Lady Mason."

Ludlow pronounced the words calmly and distinctly.

"But what is the meaning of this, Mr. Burridge?" he inquired.

Burridge laid his hands upon the shoulders of the other, and gazed into his face earnestly.

"I believe you, good fellow," he said,—"entirely believe you. Ah, well! worthy, honest creature!"

He turned aside in emotion.

"Ludlow," he resumed, "I must have five minutes' talk with you alone—not here—not in the house. Where can we go?"

"Dixon's coffee-house," I suggested.

"It is hard by, sir," said Ludlow, taking his hat.

"When I have done with him, I 'll send for you, Dick. Lady Macbeth nursed her own children, she has told us. I must take her into my books, I think. Loved her husband, too. Come, come, not so bad."

I marvelled much at Burridge's present proceeding. It was altogether unlike him. This secresy — or rather, this separate disclosure of circumstances that might be unfolded at once. It was, however, useless to expostulate with him; for Burridge was one of those men who will have their own way, and who talk of the pig-headedness of the world.

Whilst I sat awaiting with some impatience the return of Ludlow, his wife suddenly entered the room. She had on her bonnet and cloak.

"I am going out, Mr. Savage; but shall be back in a very short time."

"Had you not better stay till Mr. Ludlow returns. I expect him every instant. You look very unwell — what is the matter?"

I sought to detain the woman; partly because I was not sure that Ludlow would approve her going out; but chiefly that there was something in her manner which awakened, not my suspicion, indeed, but my curiosity. She had, it is true, gone

abroad several times since her convalescence, and upon two occasions had stayed away a considerable time; but she had explained to Ludlow's satisfaction the cause of her detention; and she had never heretofore left the house without his permission.

"I am sure," said I, "you are not well enough for a walk to-day. Come," I added, smiling, "you must let me play the physician," and I placed my back against the door; "no stirring abroad to-day."

"But I must," she replied quickly; "pray let me pass you."

"No. Of what importance are a few minutes? Ludlow shall decide whether you may be trusted out."

"Trusted!" she repeated, with a momentary glance at me; for her eyes on meeting mine were instantly cast upon the floor. She endeavoured at composure, but vainly. I led her to a seat.

"That tall, handsome gentleman was your schoolmaster, was he not?" she said at length.

"He was."

"Mr. Ludlow tells me that he took you to see Mrs. Brett. Did you see her?"

"I did not."

"Nor Mr. Burridge?"

"Mr. Burridge did see her."

"And what did she say to him?" she asked hastily, rising from her seat.

"I don't know. He has not told me."

A rapid step was heard upon the stairs.

"Lord have mercy — it 's James!" exclaimed the woman, retreating to the further part of the room.

The door at this instant was burst open, and Ludlow rushed in headlong; his clenched hands raised; his face not pale — livid; his lips working convulsively. He could not bring forth a word for some time. At length, he cried, shrieked rather,

"Down on your knees! down on your knees! — not you, hellish woman! but you — you, Richard Savage,—down upon your knees, and curse that bitter, bitter beast, — that unthankful ——"

He sprang towards her. With a piercing scream she eluded the grasp he made at her throat; and, dropping a small box, which she had concealed under her cloak, dashed past him, and ran out of the room—out of the house.

Baffled of his vengeance, I suppose — but I knew not the instigation, Ludlow struck his head violently against the wall, and fell upon his knees, with a heavy groan, on the floor.

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed, bending over him, "what is the meaning of this? For Heaven's sake, tell me; I can't bear to see you thus. Dear Ludlow, get up."

He waved me from him.

"Leave me — leave me! It is not this fool's head, but this greater fool's heart that is broken — broken through — to pieces —crushed. Dig me a grave, and let me crawl into it. Oh! to think!"—pressing his hands against his temples,—"I must not think. Would I could go mad—I will go mad."

"Compose yourself," I said. "Where have you left Burridge? What has he told you? What has your wife done?"

"Done?" he exclaimed; "that which all the devils in hell are clapping their hands at. They 'll have her; but they won't laugh then, when they do have her. She 's too wicked for 'em. But the world will laugh at me — you amongst them. And you 'll hate and curse me, too. You will; and I deserve it. Go from me. I have no friend in the world."

I was moved.

"Oh, yes! you have—in me you have a sincere friend. Come, let me lead you to a chair. Look up, and tell me you will be calm."

He raised his head, and gazed upon me. There was something so inexpressibly touching in his face — it was so utterly wo-begone, so full of anguish, — that I could not refrain from tears.

On beholding these marks of my sympathy, the wretched man burst into a passion of weeping so loud, so vehement, so frightful, that I became terrified. I called aloud for the Greaveses. They were at their respective posts at the head of the stairs, and now came forward alarmed, but alert for horror.

After a time the shocking paroxysm began to subside.

"Leave me," he said, when they had helped him to a chair; "go away, and leave me."

"But we shan't leave you now, till you 're better," said Mrs. Greaves; "make yourself comfortable now, for the sake of the young gentleman you 've almost frightened out of his seven senses. Lord ha' mercy," in a whisper, nudging me, "I thought he 'd done it—truth. I couldn't ha' cut him down in a month."

"But I could," said Greaves, who had joined his head to ours. "Once, sir,——"

"The room goes round with me," said Ludlow vaguely. "Where is Richard?"

I took his hand.

"Go to Mr. Burridge; he wants particularly to see you. I should have told you before. I shall be better soon. These good people will stay with me. Won't you, my friends?"

"To be sure we will," cried Mrs. Greaves; "there 's a brave man. Now, cheer up, do. Have you got any brandy in the house? Go to your friend, Mr. Savage; we 'll doctor him up while you 're gone."

I directed Greaves to the closet in which some brandy was to

be found, and hastened to Burridge, impatient to learn the cause of Ludlow's frenzy, and wondering how it could be that Burridge had not accompanied him home.

I found him pacing the room to and fro, swinging his watch in the air round and round.

"I was coming after you," he said; "but the sight of that other woman would have been too much for me. You have kept me waiting; and I don't like it. I 've another engagement, and shall be too late. How is it — since you waited to hear it all—is the woman guilty or not guilty?"

"I hardly know what you mean," I replied; "I only know that you have told Ludlow something that has driven him well-nigh mad."

"How!" said he; "impossible. He heard what I had to say — not calmly, certainly; for what human being but must have been shocked at the cursed infamy? but he heard me in silence. When I had finished, he took my hands between his own, and said calmly, 'Forgive me, sir, that I presume to take this liberty with you; but I feel grateful that you did not tell me this before Richard. It shall be set straight, Mr. Burridge, — rely upon it;" and so saying, he took his hat and went his way."

"But, what did you tell him?" I inquired.

"You shall hear. Oh, Dick! if you 've a drop of that woman's blood in your body, let it out, and recruit your veins with poison — it were less pernicious. Beautiful wretch! what an ugly soul it has! Why, she has been lying to me—uttering base nasty lies — lying, the vilest meanness of which a created being can be guilty. She said you were not her son,—that you were an impostor,— that you had been put upon this scheme of extortion, as she called it, by Ludlow. All this I expected to hear. But she said further, that Mrs. Ludlow was prepared to swear that you were her child,—that Ludlow was your father—that the woman had (a lie) voluntarily confessed thus much to her. She has a paper to that effect, drawn up by herself, and signed, she said, by the woman. She offered to show it to me; but I declined to look upon it. Well, I told all this to your poor friend."

I had no room in my heart for resentment against the infamous woman at that moment — it was overflowing with compassion for Ludlow.

"Oh, sir!" said I, "that you had permitted me to be the first to hear this. I dread the consequences to the best creature breathing. I know his nature. It will go hard with him — I am certain of it."

"Stuff!" cried Burridge; "why, it cannot be true: you cannot believe it to be true?"

"That Mrs. Brett has such a paper in her possession, and

that the woman has signed it, I do assuredly believe," said I,—and I made him acquainted with her flight; "but it is a sorry device, and will gain credit nowhere. My face vouches for me, I believe."

"And so it does; and I don't like you the better for it. But who could have believed it possible that two such women could exist in the same age, in the same country, and be employed in the same work—laying their two hideous hearts together to outdo Satan? Upon my soul, it troubles me. There—go to Ludlow — comfort him. If he 's a man, he will shake the creature from his memory with scorn. For the dignity of his own nature he must do so. Upon my soul, it would go far to make a man weep—however great a philosopher he might be—to dwell upon this. I will call upon you to-night."

I hastened from him.

Reader, this Ludlow, — this foolish, weak, milk and water man, has excited, haply, rather your contempt than your pity. I fear this; although, to tell you the truth, I have endeavoured to preserve him against the former, and to secure the latter for him. To this end I purposely forbore to record much that took place on the night in which he supposed his wife to be dying. How entirely, how tenderly he forgave her!—how he wept over her, and blessed her!—how, with a woman's unwearied care, he tended her till she was out of danger. Reflect, then, not so much upon his weakness, as upon her wickedness, which is of a complexion so deep that fiction would not dare to paint it. Methinks I hear somebody whisper, who has more intolerance of fools than wise men encourage, "The fool is worthy of his fate, and it of him." But, since prosperous fools are often smiled upon,—one sigh for the wretched Ludlow!

THE PHILOSOPHER IN LONDON.

"Ye fires that bathe in æther as ye roll,
  Sun, moon, and stars, huge lamps of day and night,
  What mysteries, revealed not by your light,
In your own realms exist? Do things of soul,
Human, or super-human, hold controul
  Over your surface? Do they delve below
  For perilous gold? and do their passions flow
Current and subtercurrent, deep or shoal?
Tell me, ye worlds, and let no doubting pang—"
  His looks upturned, commencing with the sky,
Thus mused a stranger as he walked, when, bang!
  A butcher's tray knocked out almost his eye,
And a voice followed, that transfixed him quite—
"Vy, can't you *see*, you fool? Jist sarves you right!"

G. D.

AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOURS IN HINDOSTAN."

"Is it how I got this ugly limp you 'd like to know?" asked Heff O'Hara, as we sat together one evening with a cooper of cool claret beside us in the Kildare Street Club; "then it's myself will be after telling you in as many words.

"Sure you must know that about twelve or a dozen years ago, when field-days were rather the fashion, we had a little whipper-snapper sort of a chap, an honorary member of this club; to which he had got admitted when serving as a full-pay ensign in one of our militia regiments, for the divil another way we 'd ever have let him in. Well, sir, he was a cross-grained, consequential sort of a little chap, who was always talking of fighting, and horse-whipping, and exchanging cards, and all that sort of thing; which made some of us explain our notions on the subject; the which, however, he took in good part, and declared he would not quarrel with us for the world. As for myself, I never liked the Buckeen; for, you see, he had been bred in the north, or in England, or somewhere where they are accustomed to think it mighty grand to talk of the 'Irish brogue,' and 'Irish bulls,' and all that. So, you see, I never much took to him, more particularly as I heard he had a queer knack of being very rude to the ladies, and very civil to their brothers; although to hear him spake, the divil run away with me but you 'd think he 'd swallow a rijiment.

"Well, sir, you must know, in those days, in the street here beyond, there lived two gentlemen called O'Brien. They had houses next door to each other, and people said they were cousins. But, anyhow, they were very different men; for Mickey, who came from Tipperary, had been out at least a dozen times, and killed his man more than once in gallant style; while Roger, who came from Donegal, was one of the most arrant curs in Dublin. Well, sir, it was just daybreak in the good old times, when we used to sit here till morning, I met Tommy Sharp, (sure that's the name of the little fellow I was talking about,) coming round the corner of Nassau Street in the divil's own hurry.

"'Where are you going, Tommy?' says I.

"'Come along with me, Major,' says he; and with that he catches hold of my arm. Now you see I would have got rid of the conceited little cur, but says he, 'Come along, Major; I 'm bail you 'll be amused; I 'm going to pull O'Brien's nose; a dirty blackguard. He 's been trying to cut me out with Biddy Macgrath, and the deuce a one of me that will stand it.'

"'Which of the O'Briens is it?' says I.

"'O'Brien of Kildare Street,' says he.

"'What's his Christian name?'—for, you see, I began to smell a rat.

"'It 's not myself that knows or cares,' says he, walking along as proud as a peacock.

"'You 'll catch a tartar,' thought I; but I said no more till we came to the two houses. He knocked at the door of the first, where he saw the name of O'Brien on the brass plate.

"'Is Mr. O'Brien at home?' says he.

"'Sure, he's not up,' says the maid who opened the door.

"'Not up? not up?' said the little fellow, with the air of a Galway grenadier; 'go, then, if you pl'ase, and tell him to get up as soon as possible.'

"'Maybe,' said the maid, 'I'll be telling him who sent me.'

"'Of course,' said Tommy; 'and tell him to make haste, too,' and he handed his finely-scented card to the girl, who went to call her master.

"'We'll have some fun here,' thinks I to myself; for I knew we were in the house of Mickey O'Brien, who wouldn't take this unusual disturbance very easily.

"Well, presently we heard the steps of the gentleman descending with what I call 'a cross-grained walk;' and in another moment in came Mickey, dressed in his best dressing-gown, and looking for all the world as if he'd like to ate us all. He nodded to me, and seemed *rather* surprised that I should be there. Then, turning to Tommy, he asked him his business.

"Tommy began stammering, and hemming, and hawing, for he didn't like the looks of Mickey; but, in order to make sure of his man, 'You are Mr. O'Brien, I'm thinking?' says he.

"Mickey bowed, and Tommy began to grow courageous, for he had heard for certain that Mr. O'Brien (meaning the other) was a notorious coward. So up he walks to Mickey, and, says he, 'You have dared to interfere with my attentions to Miss Biddy Macgrath; and now you must altogether promise to forego all further acquaintance with her, or take the consequences,' and little Tommy nearly inflated himself to bursting. 'The storm's coming,' thought I; but sure I was mistaken, for says Mickey, in the mildest mode imaginable, 'Sure, I never saw Miss Macgrath in the whole coorse of my life; and so I'll give up with pleasure to you: but, having said so much, may I ask what the consequences were you were good enough to allude to?'

"Mickey's civility made the little man's courage rise to an ungovernable pitch; so says he, 'If you hadn't, I'd have *pulled your nose;* but, as it is, I wish you a good morning.'

"'Stop, my fine hop-o'-my-thumb,' suddenly roared Mickey, in a voice that made us both jump,—'stop!'

"'I don't see any occasion to do so,' says Sharp.

"'I'll be d—d, but I do,' says Mickey; so, without further shrift he catches a-hold of the militia-man, and lugged him back into the middle of the room, and then says he, 'You miserable, little, undersized blackguard, is it to escape you think you're going so aisy? By dad! you don't know Mickey O'Brien at all at all, if you think so. Ye come, ye scum of the world, to a gentleman's house at seven o'clock in the morning,—make him rise from his bed,—address him in a tone which no Irish gentleman hears twice without a pistol-shot, and then conclude by talking of pulling the gentleman's nose. By the mother of Moses, my fine fat lad, you don't go till we understand each other. Mr. Sharp, you shall find Mickey O'Brien is no flat, good luck to him.'

"The little northern stood petrified, absolutely pale with fear, and his two knees knocking together. 'Sure,' says he, 'there's some mistake here.'

"'Divel a mistake,' says Mickey; 'it's quite otherwise. So, if you'll do me the favour to wait an instant, I'll run up and bring the irons. We can settle this job on the spot.'

"'On the spot! Good God! sir, what do you mean? In this room!'

"'Sure, why not?' says Mickey. 'By standing corner-ways, we have ten good paces; and Major O'Hara will see fair play on both sides.'

"'Sir,' chimed in Tommy, 'I'll not fight. It's a mistake; and, having said so much, I shall say no more. You have never injured me, nor was it my intention to injure you; so you see it would be ridiculous to risk our lives for nothing.'

"'So it would,' says O'Brien; 'so, as your blood wants a little warming this morning, take that.' And he boxed little Tommy's ears soundly.

"Well, sir, Sharp looked very red and very angry, but deuce a word did he say. I was all the time dying with laughter, enjoying the fun; and so I believe was O'Brien, for by this time he had quite recovered his good-humour.

"'Sir, you've insulted me,' says Sharp.

"'So I intended,' says the other.

"'We must meet.'

"'I'm ready.'

"'Not here,' says Tommy, 'but some other time. You shall hear from me.'

"'Your friend's a coward,' says Mickey to me.

"Flesh and blood couldn't stand that, you know; so says I, 'That's not the case. He'll be ready for you in the Phœnix at two o'clock this evening, and I'll be with him; so bring a friend, and we'll have it all over before luncheon.' For you see, though I despised the fellow, yet, as I had come along with him, I was forced to stand up for him; and with that I took his arm, and quit the house.

"Well, sir, two o'clock came, and sure we were on the ground; but oh! such a coward as my man was never was seen. He trembled like a great big girl, and began crying, when he talked of making his last wishes known, and all that sort of thing. But for my own credit, you see, I hushed all this up, determined to tell him my mind afterwards. But now I encouraged him as much as I could, and got him tolerably well up to the scratch, though he nearly spoiled all by calling out and telling me to step longer when I was measuring the distance, and in his agitation cocking his pistol before we began to give the signal. At last, however, we put him on the ground.

"The signal was to be '*one*,' pistols cocked; '*two*,' raise the arm; '*three*,' fire. Well, sir, I kept my eye fixed on my man's adversary, and cried, '*One—Two*,' when suddenly I heard a roar of laughter, a screech of 'Hark away,' 'Stole away,' and a deal more fun. I looked round. By the piper of Tralee! Tommy was off full gallop across country, running as if the divil himself was after him. I shouted, I called; but deuce an inch he turned. I then sent a shot after him, but missed him, as he just popped through a hedge; since which time I never clapped eyes on the runaway little blackguard.

"Of course, as an Irish gentleman, I returned to the spot; and as it would have been improper to have brought poor Mickey to the ground for nothing, I took his shot for the little man, and he winged me right through the knee, — ever since which time, you see, I 've been lame."

"Is this the Captain Michael O'Brien I sometimes see here that you are speaking of?"

"Faith it is," said Heff. "He 's the greatest friend I have on earth. He 's coming to sup with me here presently."

"What! after shooting you through the knee?"

"True for ye. If it hadn't been for that, I should nivir have married his sister."

THE NIGHT-SHRIEK.

A TALE FOR DECEMBER.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

> My senses would have cool'd
> To hear a night-shriek. SHAKSPEARE.

FEW aspects of external nature are more impressive than a wintry landscape. In the morning, the sun's gleam over a wide expanse of unsullied snow, its rays glittering on the rime-loaded branches of trees, which, as the wind stirs them, nod and wave fantastically like plumes of white feathers,—the lustrous icicles that droop from the eaves of barns and sheds,—the congealed and glassy streams,—and the merry sportsman and his dog,—all these give a joyous effect to a country prospect, even when the year is dying of age and cold.

But this cheerful appearance is very brief. Noon has not long passed before the sullen shades of evening invade the landscape: the sun, like a meagre ghost, fades away in a pale and vapoury gloom, leaving to the world nothing but the blank, dark, and dumb night.

Painfully was felt the winter-evening dreariness in Farmer Eltington's Grange, at Kingsbury, in Middlesex. It was a lonely dwelling in the midst of fields, approachable only by a sequestered lane, or, in summer, by a church path across the glebe standing between it and the solitary place of worship belonging to the parish. Nothing met the eye as one looked east, west, north, or south, but wide-spread pasture-land or woody hills.

The early and solemn descent of December darkness, with its absence of all sound, except now and then when the freezing north-wind howled as if in torture, was, as we have said, insupportable to the inhabitants who, eighty years ago, lived in Eltington's Grange; for guilty consciences were there,—consciences which, in long nights and lonesome places, are terrified by their own whispers, and which therefore yearn for gay, noisy, and crowded rooms, where the accusing voice may be overpowered, and for a time quelled.

And yet to the wayfarer, in day-time, Farmer Eltington's house had a comfortable and enviable look, as it stood among its well-filled granaries, its abundant ricks of corn, its numerous hay-stacks, its dairy, its garden, and its orchard. In a worldly sense, Eltington was well to do: he held his farm on an easy tenure, his land was fertile, his sheep and oxen fetched the highest prices at market, and he had been blessed by a succession of prosperous harvests. In spite, however, of all this, or rather perhaps in consequence of it, he was beset by evil; and, unfortunately, his disposition was not fitted, either by foresight or prudent contrivance, to keep off the closer approaches of calamity. Eltington was, in fact, a sordid, coarse, boorish kind of man, whose drinking propensities did not render him unmindful of the "main chance." The chief objects of his life were money-getting and self-indulgence; and if these could be accomplished, he cared nothing for the comfort of those persons by whom he was surrounded.

Three years before the date of this story (1763), the farmer had taken to himself a wife, whom, that his purse-proud ostentation might be swelled, he had sought, not among the daughters of neighbouring agriculturists, but among the more fashionably educated young ladies of London.

Mrs. Eltington had been induced to yield her hand to her monied suitor, because, according to the time-hallowed motive of girls on such occasions, the marriage gave her a decided position in life, made her mistress of a good house, and secured her a provision for the rest of her days. But she could not bring herself to regard her husband with complacency, much less with love. His pursuits and tastes were totally different from her own. She took no interest in his daily conversation, despised his companions, loathed his drunkenness, and held his understanding in utter contempt. Besides this, the solitude of the Grange was irksome to her. She had no admiration of rural nature: a crowded street was to her a finer and more cheering prospect than the lawny fields, dells, pleasant copses, gentle uplands, rich pastures, and woody distances by which her dwelling was surrounded. Her husband, it is true, did not value these any more than herself, except as the means of amassing money,—a mode of estimation which gave them no small interest in his eyes. The farmer and his wife had thus scarcely any feeling in common.

In one thing, however, a perfect resemblance existed between the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Eltington, namely, in a determination to indulge, at any cost or sacrifice on the part of others, the most selfish impulses. If the husband was brutal and low-minded, the wife was petulant and imperious. His roughness was met by her reserve and scorn; she did not scruple to launch at him the most mortifying truths and bitter reproaches; and to these manifestations of temper she so frequently gave way, that at length her demeanour assumed a settled and constant pride, that not only kept her dependants, and even her husband, at a fearful distance, but caused the neighbouring farmers' wives (whom she never met but at church) to deride her with the nick-name of "Her Majesty." And truly majestic she was in person, general bearing, and haughty beauty.

But her arrogant loftiness of disposition did not secure her against

the influence of love. When she stood at the altar on her wedding-day, this passion had never been felt by her; and we have seen that her husband was incapable of awakening it. At length, miserably for herself, her affections became fixed on one of her own servants, a good-looking, rather well-informed fellow, about twenty years of age, who had been engaged by the farmer as superintendent of the labourers on the estate. This young man no sooner perceived (and he was not wanting either in ambition or sagacity) the favourable impression he had made on the heart of his handsome mistress, than, delighted by a discovery so transporting to one of his age, and hoping to make it an agent for his advancement, he resolved to deepen the effect by the most obsequious attention to Mrs. Eltington's slightest wish, by entire devotedness of manner, and by indirect flattery, which, subtle and well-disguised as it was, could not fail to be appreciated by the lady.

Yielding to the guilty flame, but trembling at the idea of violating her marriage vow, (for this would have interfered with her pride,) Mrs. Eltington's thoughts were perpetually engrossed in considering by what methods the life of her husband could be undermined, so as to enable her, in the event of his death, to be united in wedlock to Gilbert Swyer, for whom she had conceived so violent a passion. She resolved, therefore, to try her utmost, and accordingly provided herself with a quantity of arsenic, to be administered from time to time in small portions, so as to make the meditated death of Eltington appear like the result of gradual decay.

That this design might be accomplished with the greater freedom from suspicion, Mrs. Eltington discharged her female servants then at the Grange, and hired two others of feeble wit and sluggish perception. The new servant-girls were named Jane Sowden and Maude Cleobold. Sowden was a light-headed creature, perpetually giggling when no motive for laughter existed; and Cleobold was a heavy, lumpish, dull wench, with a tendency to sullenness, which had latterly increased upon her, in consequence of a disappointment she had sustained in a tender point at the hands of one Giles Haylock, a butcher, with whom she had some time "kept company," as the phrase is among country girls; but Giles had left her for another sweetheart, a young woman who had saved in service full ten pounds sterling more than Maude had been able to accumulate.

The horrible plot of Mrs. Eltington could not, however, be put in practice so readily as she at first imagined. The farmer, tired and disgusted with his wife's constant arrogance and ill temper, took many of his meals from home. He could not even drink with satisfaction in her company; for her sour rebukes, as he often said, "turned the very liquor, though he always bought the best, into poison,"—little suspecting that he was *not* speaking metaphorically. He therefore contracted a habit of boozing on an evening with Haylock, who was a man after his own heart.

Though Mrs. Eltington found in her husband's frequent absence an obstacle to her designs upon his life, she nevertheless resolved to turn it to account in improving her intimacy with Gilbert Swyer; and apprehending nothing from the observation of the simple women she had purposely selected, our dame invited the young man to sit with her in the parlour during the long and dreary winter

evenings. By this kind of indulgence her mind became more and more alienated from her husband, and she grew additionally impatient to get him out of the way, that the great obstacle to her marriage with Swyer might be removed. It was necessary, however, first of all to ascertain clearly the state of the young man's mind as regarded herself; for as yet she had not permitted him to be acquainted with the nature of her ruminations, little suspecting that his cunning had already made him aware that they pointed to himself.

One evening, as she and Gilbert sat together, Mrs. Eltington seemed more than usually absent in her manner. Her face was pale, her brow was knit, as if a dreadful thought weighed on her, and some time passed without her addressing a single word to her companion. Swyer became alarmed; he feared that nothing less than a discovery of her partiality for him had occurred; that she had been taxed and taunted with the humiliating truth; and, what was still worse, that he should be sent away from the best, most comfortable, and most promising place he had ever been in. He was resolved, however, to know the worst at once.

"Why, what in the name of wonder, mistress, is the matter this evening?" asked he. "I'd rather not stay here to see you so dumb and distressed, unless you'll tell me how I can relieve you."

"I am unhappy, Gilbert: you *must* see that," observed the dame.

"I have long seen it," returned he.

"And can you not guess the cause?" asked Mrs. Eltington.

This was indeed a home question. Swyer was puzzled to answer it. He knew well enough, from his own observation, that his mistress loathed her husband; and he was pretty nearly as certain that she loved himself. Still he was afraid to hazard a reply which should involve a declaration of either of these facts, and he therefore remained silent.

"I ask you, Gilbert," repeated the lady, "if you cannot guess the cause of my unhappiness."

"My master's being so much away from home o' nights — that's it, I suppose," at length muttered the young man.

"No, Swyer, that is *not* it," rejoined his mistress. "You know, if it were not for *that*, you would be more lonely than you are at present in this dull, stupid house; for I cannot deem either Jane or Maude to be fit company for you; and, as we may as well be in a desert as here, it delights me when I can contribute in any way to your comfort. I say, I am glad it is reserved for *me* to do this."

Mrs. Eltington had never before spoken so plainly. Though Gilbert had long suspected what was passing in her breast, he could hardly believe his ears. He did not need any further hint. Transported beyond bounds, he threw himself at her feet,—thanked her from his heart for her condescension to one so unworthy,—declared that he was ready to sacrifice his life in her service; and finally seized her hand, and pressed it eagerly to his lips.

This passionate homage was gratifying to the vanity of Mrs. Eltington, who was moreover charmed to find her affection so enthusiastically returned. She had now ascertained what she longed so ardently to know. But this knowledge brought with it another —a dreadful feeling—a conviction that by tempting such unequivocal expressions of devotion on the part of her servant, she had for-

feited her last slight pretence to the character of an honest wife, and had degraded herself in her own esteem.

This remorse, however, like the gleam of the winter sun, was of brief duration. She soon recovered; and then, sophistically attempting to deceive herself, and silence the rebukes of conscience, said,

"I must not suffer this, Gilbert. It is true, I have cause enough to detest Mr. Eltington, but let me not forget that I am married. No, no; let me never forget that."

The young man was astute enough to see through this at a glance, and knew that the destiny of his mistress was in his own hands. He felt, nevertheless, that he should best secure the object of his ambition by dissembling.

"Pardon me, madam!" he exclaimed. "I was overcome by gratitude; but I faithfully promise never to offend again."

"Offend! I did not say you *had* offended, did I?" returned Mrs. Eltington, in a winning voice. "I am not wanting in good wishes —ardent wishes, Gilbert, for your welfare, and meant nothing more than to express my belief that, as a wife, I had no right to listen to such protestations from a lover. Ah!" exclaimed she, colouring deeply, and averting her face, "what have I said? what dangerous word has escaped my lips? I did not mean it. I spoke foolishly—madly. Forget it, Gilbert,—forget it, I beseech you."

"Never, dearest madam!" ejaculated Swyer. "You have bestowed on me a title which I will relinquish only with life."

"Forbear, Gilbert, forbear!" cried Mrs. Eltington. "Again I say I cannot, will not, permit this language. What would the world think of me if they knew it? What should I think of myself? What would *you* think of me, Gilbert?"

"Why this," exclaimed the young man; "that you are my good, benevolent mistress; and, what is more, the loveliest, most adorable woman on earth! one whom I worship in my heart of hearts!"

"Gilbert!"

"I have said it," returned he; "and you have heard it. What's done, cannot be undone. I'll die rather than recall my words!"

The lady started — hung down her head — sighed deeply — and a tremor came on, rendering her dizzy and faint. At length, recovering her voice, she said,

"I will not affect a resentment which I do not feel, at this unlooked-for adulation; especially as I am convinced it is nothing more than the momentary effusion of a naturally warm heart. Ah, Gilbert, you are only practising with me a few gallant speeches, in order to use them with more ease and effect when you shall be really in love with some fitter object than myself."

"By all my hopes, no!" interrupted Swyer.

"Yes, yes!" returned the lady. "In that way, and only in that way, do I permit so violent a manifestation of your ardour. You cannot mean what you say to *me*, who you know am married. Besides, I declare, Gilbert, you will make me quite vain—perhaps, unhappy—if you persist in such language. Were I, indeed, a *widow*—"

She paused. The utterance of the word seemed to fix both parties in mute abstraction. Unconscious of time and place, their minds became the prey of diabolical suggestions. From this trance they were roused by Eltington's well-known step on the frost-bound earth as he reeled home from his nocturnal excess at the ale-house.

"My husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Eltington, rousing Swyer from his reverie. "Good night! we will speak of this again to-morrow evening. Good night, dear Gilbert."

Hastily pressing her hand, the young man disappeared through a door leading to the kitchen.

Eltington returned to the Grange, inflamed both with liquor and rage. His carouse at the Spotted Dog had not been so agreeable as usual. Haylock, whose dealings often led him to the farm, had noticed the favour in which Swyer was held by his mistress; and, thinking to ingratiate himself with Eltington, disclosed on this evening his suspicions. Though a man may not cherish any affection for his wife, he is nevertheless open to the assault of jealousy. The farmer experienced this passion in its utmost force; and, resolving to plant a spy upon his wife and Swyer, induced Maude Cleobold by bribes and promises of further rewards, to keep an observant eye on her mistress, and to acquaint him with her movements. The girl, hoping that this accession of money would aid in regaining the lost affection of Haylock, readily lent herself to her master's wishes.

On the following night, Mrs. Eltington and Swyer were closeted, as usual, in the parlour, where Cleobold waited on them while they took their coffee together by the fire-side. The perilous nature of their conversation on the preceding evening weighed on their minds, and they were silent and embarrassed during the meal; but, when Maude had cleared the table, and they felt secure from interruption, Mrs. Eltington broke the silence.

"I have been thinking of our discourse last night, Gilbert," she observed. "Do you know what you said to me?"

"Alas! full well!" answered Swyer. "How should I ever forget it? What passed on both sides rang in my ears all night. I could not sleep for meditating on it. I feel that in expressing myself as I did, I committed an unpardonable fault. I shall never be happy again."

"Why not, Gilbert?" said Mrs. Eltington. "Whatever irritation I may have felt at the time has now passed. I freely forgive your rashness."

"It is not that," returned Swyer. "I do not desire *forgiveness*. I only wish I were free to follow the impulses of my heart."

"In what respect?" inquired the dame.

"To try and deserve you, and make you mine!" passionately ejaculated the young man. "But that is impossible. Oh, that you were single!"

"Gilbert," said Mrs. Eltington, "I will no longer dissemble. I partake in your wish that I was unmarried. You are dearer to me than I can express. No other man ever possessed my heart. Nay, start not. Would that my husband were dead and buried! I should then have property enough for you and me, and we could be married!"

There was a pause in the conversation. Again the fiendish suggestion which had assailed Swyer on the former night took possession of his mind, and his face became wild and haggard with its promptings. Mrs. Eltington divined the object of his thoughts. It was doubtless the same as that over which she herself had long brooded.

"Why, Gilbert, should there be any secrets between us?" she said, with sudden effort. "This man stands between us and our

happiness. He is a sot—a wretch not fit to live. I am determined to compass his death. In one word, will you assist my design?"

"And be a murderer?" returned Swyer, shudderingly. "You cannot surely mean that? Besides, detection would be certain to follow."

"Nothing of violence is contemplated, Gilbert. Heaven forbid! See here," said his mistress, producing a paper containing the arsenic with which she had provided herself; "this powder, by repeated small doses, mingled with his drink, will effect the purpose."

Swyer gazed with a searching aspect into the face of his temptress, who returned his steadfast look. It was a breathless and a dreadful moment to both. Mrs. Eltington had now boldly brought the diabolical matter to issue. Her very life, to say nothing of her love, would hang on the words which Gilbert might speak. She longed desperately, and yet feared to hear them. Her lips stood apart; she was pale and trembling, and her bosom heaved convulsively. The frightful ugliness of her mind,—the loathsome moral leprosy that incrusted it,—had not interfered with her personal comeliness. Gilbert was fascinated. The glance of her lustrous eye subdued the last remnant of his compunction.

"What would you have me do?" asked he in a trembling voice. "I'll obey you, come of it what may."

Being thus relieved from her racking suspense, an exulting expression reigned in the lady's countenance.

"Do you not often carry for Eltington a case-bottle of vile spirit when you are out in the fields together?" asked the dame.

"Yes," returned Swyer.

"Put a small portion of this powder in it," continued Mrs. Eltington, "and give him the liquor. When the bottle wants filling, repeat the infusion. In a week or two, if this plan be steadily pursued, he will fall ill. When I have him confined at home on a sick-bed, I can easily do the rest; and then, dear Gilbert, we shall be happy."

Happy! how fearfully the word smote the ears of the young man. But the temptation was too great to be resisted: the horrid spell was on him, and he could not shake it off.

"I consent!" gasped he, drawing closer to his atrocious companion.

"Thank you, thank you, dear Gilbert!" murmured Mrs. Eltington. And she leaned her head on the young man's shoulder.

At this moment, Maude entered the room. The guilty plotters started as the door was opened. But Cleobold, with a vacant face, asking if her mistress had rung the bell, and being answered negatively, withdrew.

Gilbert and the dame were a little disconcerted at this; but, reflecting on the inane character of Cleobold, they were speedily reassured; though, as the evening wore on apace, they thought it prudent, after what Maude had seen, to separate before Eltington should be heard returning from the ale-house, lest the girl's impression might be strengthened by connecting Swyer's departure from the parlour with her master's approach to his house. The young man, therefore, took his seat with Jane and Maude in the kitchen earlier than usual.

A thaw having come on in the night, Eltington and Gilbert went

out together on horseback the following morning into the fields to ascertain the state of the land preparatory to some agricultural operation. The farmer had had no opportunity of questioning Maude as to the result of her watchfulness; otherwise, it is not probable he would have taken Swyer with him in his rounds. As it was, he was unusually taciturn and sullen with his companion.

After they had ridden together some time, Eltington asked for the spirit-bottle, which, together with a small glass, enclosed in a leathern case, was so contrived as to fit into Gilbert's holster. It was the best "pocket-pistol," according to the farmer's notion, which a horseman could carry. Congratulating himself that the motion of his steed had kept the drugged liquor in a well-mingled state, Gilbert handed the case to his master, who filled the glass, and returned the bottle into Swyer's hands. As, however, Eltington lifted the dram to his lips he paused on perceiving the turbid appearance of the spirit.

"Something's the matter with this rum," said he. "The bottle is foul, I suppose."

Still he held the glass before his eyes, until in a few moments the liquor cleared itself, and a powder was visible at the bottom. Gilbert's heart sank; he could hardly keep his seat on the saddle.

"This is a queer thing," said Eltington. "Those d—d vintners are for ever tampering with one's liquor. I wonder what new trick they're at now. I'll have this looked to. Here, Swyer, take the glass, and hand me the bottle."

The moment was critical. One only chance remained, and *that* was attempted. Receiving the glass from his master's hands, Gilbert, by a manœuvre quick as lightning, made his horse start, and both bottle and glass, falling to the ground with a sudden jerk, were dashed to fragments. Eltington vented his pique by cursing the skittish beast, and Swyer breathed again; but he determined never more to try that experiment.

Having accomplished his agricultural investigation, the farmer dismissed his attendant, and spurred onwards to the Spotted Dog, that he might indemnify himself at the bar of the ale-house for the loss of his dram in the fields.

Swyer returned home to his mistress,—acquainted her with what had happened,—spoke of his narrow escape,—convinced her that the poisoning scheme would not do; but professed his determination to destroy the farmer in some sudden and violent way.

"Eltington often goes to rest drunk," said the infatuated young man. "Absent yourself from him some night, dear mistress, and I'll smother him as he lies in his bed."

"Agreed!" responded Mrs. Eltington. "Let us now separate. I do not like Cleobold's prying looks of late. Though she is a fool, the girl's inquisitive manner disquiets me."

Gilbert kissed his mistress's hand, and advancing to the door, thought he heard the shuffle of retreating footsteps. On darting to the kitchen, he was comforted on perceiving Maude at a wash-tub, elbow deep in suds. "I was mistaken," thought he.

Farmer Eltington's house was divided by the entrance-hall into two portions. The side usually occupied by the family (the other being more for show than use,) had two rooms on the ground-floor, besides what was called a back-house. One of these rooms was a

kitchen; the other a parlour. Over these were two chambers; the first from the landing-place was called the kitchen-chamber, being over the kitchen. Out of this was a door leading into the other chamber, which being over the parlour, was called the parlour-chamber, and could only be entered through this door. On the other side of the landing-place was a bed-room called the back-house chamber; and on the same floor, but separated by a lath-and-plaster partition, was another dormitory, to which some back steps led from below, it having no communication above-stairs with the rest of this division of the house. Eltington and his wife usually lay in the parlour-chamber: the kitchen-chamber was a spare room. Cleobold and Sowden slept in the back-house chamber; and Gilbert Swyer in the adjoining room.

In order to give the young man an opportunity of killing his master in the night, when he should think circumstances might favour his design, Mrs. Eltington, as was preconcerted between her and Swyer, had for some nights found a pretence for lying alone in the kitchen-chamber.

Cleobold had now acquainted the farmer that her mistress and Swyer were in the habit of sitting together every evening in the parlour, and that on one occasion she had seen Mrs. Eltington leaning her head fondly on Gilbert's shoulder. This was enough: the enraged husband drew from the fact conclusions utterly destructive of his peace; and a deadly spirit of revenge took possession of him.

On the last Friday in December, Eltington having sold a bullock to the butcher, brought Haylock home with him early in the evening. The money for the beast was paid over a bowl of punch, and deposited in Eltington's already well-filled canvass-bag. One bowl was soon followed by another, and the companions drank freely. On a third jorum being ordered, Mrs. Eltington, about ten o'clock, left her husband over his liquor, and retired to rest in the kitchen-chamber, taking on this night Jane Sowden with her. Maude Cleobold was left to sit up till her master went to bed. In about an hour Haylock wished his friend good night; and Maude, having lighted her master up stairs, went to her own apartment, the back-house chamber, carrying with her the candle, which she was afraid to leave with the farmer in his state of inebriation. Swyer had been some time in bed, and all about the house was soon hushed in deep repose.

But Swyer, though he had retired about ten o'clock, and pretended to go to bed, had taken off only his coat and waistcoat, and lay down with the rest of his clothes on. He had observed that his master drank profusely with Haylock in the evening; and, concluding he would go to rest intoxicated, supposed he might attack him with advantage. Gilbert, therefore, determined to make his attempt that night as soon as the farmer should be fallen into his first sleep. Haunted by this monstrous intention, the young man lay awake, listening to hear his master go to bed. He accordingly heard him pass to his chamber. Having waited half an hour after that, and finding the house continued in profound stillness, Swyer concluded that Eltington had fallen asleep, and resolved that he should wake no more.

But the farmer did not go to bed. He sat in the dark, ruminating on the disclosure made to him by Cleobold.

Swyer had given no intimation to his mistress of his having determined to commit the murder that night, nor did he know but that as his master lay alone in the parlour-chamber, she reposed in equal solitude in the kitchen-chamber. Leaving his bed, and having on his feet a pair of list-slippers, Gilbert descended to the kitchen; then, mounting the staircase, and going with noiseless steps through the room where his mistress lay, he entered Eltington's chamber, and passed his hand gently over the bed-clothes. What was his amazement on discovering that his intended victim was not there! During his brief stay in the farmer's room, Gilbert by accident shuffled off one of his slippers, which, not being able to find, as he was confused and without light, he left behind him on his retreat from the apartment.

By this time, Gilbert, unsuspected, had regained his apartment. Having now abandoned his murderous design for that night, he took off his clothes, and lay down to rest.

Both within and without the house the silence that prevailed at this time was utterly unbroken. It was the dead of night. The frosty air was untroubled by the slightest breath of wind. A great desert, when no air is abroad, could not have been more tranquil and mute. Heavy sleep lay on the eyelids of all the inmates of the Grange, guilty as several of them were; when, hark! a dismal shriek is heard, rending the dumb calm — one shriek, and then all again was still. It startled Swyer from his slumber, and waked Mrs. Eltington. In her first alarm the terrified woman roused Jane Sowden, who, having been hard at work all day, was so fast asleep that she did not hear the sudden and hideous sound. Intently listening as they sat up in bed, Jane and her mistress heard a low, faint moaning in the parlour-chamber, as if some one was in agony. Being scared with terror, Jane begged her mistress to get up; but Mrs. Eltington by this time having recollected the horrid plan devised by her and Gilbert, and concluding that the deed was then being perpetrated, told her servant they had better lie still. In about two minutes the moaning ceased; and Swyer rushed into the room, as much alarmed as the two women.

"Alicia, oh, Alicia!" he exclaimed, then for the first time in his life addressing Mrs. Eltington by her Christian name.

"Be composed," answered she; "nothing has happened to *me*."

"But," pursued Gilbert, "you heard the shriek?"

"I did; and am wild with fright," she replied. Then, being under a conviction that Gilbert had done the deed, and fearing from his ignorance of Sowden being in the room, that he would commit himself in hearing of the girl, she added, "But do not allude to it any more, or you will drive poor Jane, who is here with me, out of her wits."

"Jane here!" exclaimed Gilbert, with surprise.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Eltington; "I fear your master is murdered. Go and strike a light, while we get up, and then let us see what has happened."

In a short time, Swyer procured a lighted candle; and, knocking at his mistress's door, was bidden to come in, and pass to the parlour-chamber in order to ascertain what was the matter. Meanwhile, the women crossed the landing-place to the other room, that they might

be away from the fatal spot. Here they found Cleobold, who also had been scared by the dreadful shriek.

In a minute or two Swyer returned, with pale and haggard looks, and said his master was dead. Sowden cried out, "God forbid!" and immediately procuring another light, went with Cleobold into the parlour-chamber to be convinced. Gilbert and his mistress were left alone together.

"So then," said she in a low voice, "at last the deed is done!"

"Even so," replied the young man.

"Did he give you much trouble?" coolly inquired the fiendish woman.

"*Me!*" responded Gilbert. "What mean you?"

"I mean, did he struggle violently?" pursued Mrs. Eltington.

"As I shall answer in Heaven or in Hell," returned the young man, "I know nothing of his death."

Mrs. Eltington glanced at Swyer as if she would penetrate his very soul; but the expression of his face remained unchanged. "I believe you," said she; "but what can be the cause of his death? Can he have expired in a fit?"

"I know not," replied Gilbert. "I was afraid to look much at him. Jane and Maude will tell us more. Hush! here they come."

Jane now stated that she found the farmer lying with his face downward upon the floor at the farther side of the bed, his head towards the feet. His neck appeared black and swollen; two buttons were torn off the shirt-collar; the bed-curtain was down, and the rod bent. It was plain there had been a desperate scuffle; but who could the murderer be?

Mrs. Eltington, Swyer, Cleobold, and Sowden sat up together in the back-house chamber during the remaining gloomy hours of darkness, the young man having previously examined every room—every closet and corner in the house, to discover if any stranger lurked within the walls. No one was found, nor had any of the locks, shutters, or other fastenings, been forced. The murder was veiled in inscrutable mystery.

Anxiously did the fear-stricken party watch for the dawn, which at length arose, obscured in thick falling snow. In the forenoon the body was laid out, and a sheet thrown over it; and when the servants saw the ghastly corpse again in the evening, they noticed that the face, throat, and neck, were black.

On the next day the coroner came; but his inquest was very negligently and superficially taken. The servants professed to be unable to throw any light on the affair; and the surgeon who was called in, finding the coroner in a prodigious hurry to go home, took a hasty view of the body; was of opinion that the blackness of the face and throat was occasioned by the deceased's own fingers; and, having with great expedition given his evidence, the impatient man in office directed the jury to find a verdict of "Accidental Death," and took his leave, without having been in the house more than ten minutes.

Soon after this event, Cleobold left her place, and was married to Haylock. Jane Sowden, having given herself airs with her mistress, was sent away; and Mrs. Eltington and Swyer, delighted that their purpose had been accomplished by other agency than their own, though still unable to guess at the actual perpetrator, (for that the

verdict of the coroner's jury must be erroneous was clear,) waited impatiently for the time when the widow could throw off her weeds, and be a bride once more.

But the guilty pair — guilty in intention, though not in deed — were not to be so rewarded. Maude, soon after her wedding, applied to a magistrate, stated what she had observed as to the audacious intimacy between Mrs. Eltington and Gilbert, and, what was more to the purpose, that she had overheard the latter tell his mistress (Maude had indeed listened at the door on that occasion), he would smother her husband some night when he lay intoxicated and helpless on his bed; a design in which Mrs. Eltington encouraged him.

This deposition agreeing with other circumstances, induced the magistrate to grant a warrant for the apprehension of Swyer and the widow, who were examined and fully committed. On their trial, Maude's evidence was strengthened by that of Jane Sowden, who testified to the sudden rush of Swyer into the kitchen-chamber on the night of the murder, and to the strange conversation which ensued between the prisoners when she (witness) was present, though Swyer did not at first know it. She moreover produced the slipper she had found in her master's room, lying close to the body. This was clearly proved to have belonged to the male prisoner. The circumstantial evidence was, in short, so strong, so consistent in all its parts, and so seemingly conclusive, that the accused were convicted, sentenced to death, and executed while loudly and vehemently protesting their innocence.

It was not until very many years after this that the actual murderer was known. The clergyman of one of the metropolitan parishes was summoned to the death-bed of an old man—a pauper lying in the workhouse. Obeying the call, he found an expiring creature suffering from the torments of conscience. He confessed to the minister that he was the man who had killed Mr. Eltington in the year 1763; that, tempted by the farmer's gold, he had induced one of the female servants, under a promise of marriage, to secrete him in the house till midnight; that he had then entered Eltington's room, meaning to steal a bag of guineas which he knew the other had in his pocket; that Eltington awoke, and a deadly struggle ensued, which ended in the slaughter, by strangulation, of the victim. The house had been alarmed by a dreadful shriek when he first fell on Eltington; but he (the murderer) had escaped in the dark through the room where Mrs. Eltington lay, the door of which was left open by some one at the time in conversation with the lady. He then entered the servant's apartment, and dropped from the window on the deep snow, all impression of his descent and flight being soon obliterated by the flakes which continued to fall heavily. He added, that since that fatal night he had never known a happy moment, or been prosperous, though a considerable sum was acquired by his crime. The servant girl who had connived in his guilty deed, and who, to screen him from suspicion, had been the means of bringing to the gallows two innocent persons, had died miserably. The wretch had hardly strength to tell his story before he breathed his last. It is hardly necessary to add, that this man was Giles Haylock, the butcher.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE TRAVELLERS' ALBUM AT CHAMONIX.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

We have not yet perfectly made up our minds as to the correct pathology of that national morbid propensity for flying about from one place to another, which is so deeply rooted in the breasts of the English, as soon as the Opera and Parliament have come to a stand-still. No nation in the world makes so much fuss as our own about the comforts of home; and there is none so notoriously anxious to run away from them. No sooner do the attractions of the season begin to wane — no sooner has the *cornet-à-piston* blown its dying notes at the last *réunion* of consequence, or the manœuvres and flirtations of the last Horticultural Society's fête become matters of retrospection, than we are informed (for, led by the rest of the wanderers, we never witnessed the attendant phenomena,) a marked and melancholy change takes place in the domestic economy of London. Shutters close, and blinds become enveloped in newspapers; tables and chairs addict themselves to blouses of brown holland; portraits obscure their lineaments by veils of coarse yellow gauze; chandeliers tie themselves up in bags; stair-carpets roll up like dormice into undisturbed tranquillity for the next four months, and fly-confounding coverings embrace every other *ameublement* in the visitable apartment of the mansion. Nor is it withindoors alone that this household pantomime takes place. The *trottoir* of Regent Street furnishes you with a very fair idea of the Great Desert of Sahara; and the various exhibitions, from long habit and disinclination to retire from business, perform to their own benches and attendants; Madame Tussaud sits down for company with Malibran, Oliver Cromwell, Cobbett, and Maria Antoinette; whilst the stall-girls at the Pantheon and Soho Bazaars pay one another complimentary visits, and admire each other's wares, because they have nothing else to do, except to wonder where on earth everybody has gone, or to practise ducking under their counters, like rabbits in a warren, against the world returns again.

We will allow them to wonder, when we reflect on the desolation which our erratic disposition produces at home. Even we ourselves, when abroad with the rest, are completely paralysed with the sight of the mobs of English that are running about every habitable corner of the Continent. We pass over Paris and Baden-Baden, for they have become almost portions of our own country, whatever opinion to the contrary may be held by Louis Philippe and the Grand Duke. But we will go further abroad:—again the same crowd of our countrymen awaits us. They climb the snowy mountains, and traverse the clear blue lakes of Switzerland; they swelter in the noontide sunshine of the smoothly-paved cities of Italy; they plunge into the bowels of the great pyramids of Egypt; or turn dizzy on the summits of the minarets of Constantinople; whilst their travelling wants transport bottled porter to Athens, and Windsor soap to Calabria. Doubtless, before another year has passed an English hotel and tea-gardens will be established in the heart of Canton. Even our own language perpetually rings in our ears, —nay, eight months have not passed since, gliding over the Lago Maggiore, we heard a stalwart voice issuing from the cool grottoes of the Isola Bella, chanting with the vigour of a twenty-lung-power effort

the bacchanalian canzone of "Jolly Nose"—unpleasant and ridiculous antithesis!

It is exactly one hundred years ago this present summer of one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, that our illustrious country-men, Messrs. Pocock and Wyndham, first discovered the Valley of Chamonix and its accompanying wonders. The good people of Geneva, sober and steady-going citizens as they were, had long imagined that slate-pencil-and-saliva-looking Arve that polluted the "arrowy Rhone" near their town, arose from amidst the high mountains whose snow-covered summits glowed so richly in the sunset; but their knowledge extended not beyond this supposition. Imagining that they were the resort of a tribe of rapscallions, who at that time overran Savoy and the neighbouring countries, they felt little curiosity to penetrate into their solitude; they contented themselves merely with thinking that the chief of the mountains must be very high, and with christening the chain, out of compliment to their supposed occupiers, *Les Montagnes Maudites*. But this drop of knowledge was not sufficient to quench the thirst of our compatriots. They armed a strong body of retainers, and starting from Geneva, after no small degree of labour, (for a very scrambling kind of a route the path from Bonneville to Chamonix must have been at that period,) bivouacked close to the village of the Priurè, as it was then called; and were somewhat amazed the next morning to receive a visit—not from the cut-throat brigands whom they expected, but from the good curé, who came to invite the strangers to pass a few days in the village. His hospitable mission was duly honoured; and it was during their sojourn with these simple people, who had then little idea of any world beyond the rocky boundaries of their own valley, that they visited and explored those remarkable objects, which year after year have drawn thousands to inspect from every corner of the globe. One emblem alone of their expedition now remains. As you descend the narrow path which leads from the cabin at Montauvert to the Mer de Glace, the guides point out a large flat, reddish stone, which bears to this day the name of Le Rocher des Anglais, and on this, tradition reports our travellers once dined during their rambles of discovery. We can imagine what their feelings were when that magnificent glacier first burst upon them in all its awful and mighty solitude! How different to the *towzey-mowzey*, as Fenimore Cooper calls it, which is now felt as a matter of course, by the countless tribes who visit it.

Our first visit to Chamonix was unlucky,—inasmuch as from the time we entered the porch of the Hôtel de Londres, to the hour we finally quitted it, we never went ten yards from the house. Rain, rain, rain—unceasing, overwhelming rain, entirely upset every plan we had formed for our excursions, and made us keenly regret having left the comforts and amusing resources which Geneva affords to travellers, for the miserable *ennui* of our mountain sojourn. There were few other visiters in the hotel, for the season was too premature and unsettled: we ourselves had been compelled by previous arrangements to select this time for our visit; and those who were with us were most despondingly ill-tempered. Although we stopped three days in the valley, we never once caught a glimpse of Mont Blanc, the clouds entirely concealing his summit, and descending two-thirds of the distance down his sides. We had no books but the eternal Ebel, the no less widely-circulated Murray, and a copy of the humorous adventures of

M. Vieuxbois with his "*objet aimé*," which some previous traveller had left behind him. We studied these over and over again; we read every hotel card that was stuck up in the passage, until we could have passed as a walking advertisement of all the inns in Switzerland; and, finally, we copied into our note-books the stencilled view of the column in the Place Vendôme, which graced the chimney-board in the fire-place. We crept out, armed with a macintosh and umbrella, to the "*Cabinets d'Histoire Naturelle*" of the guides, and inspected their agate ear-drops, crystal wafer-stamps, and chamois-horn boot-hooks, with intense curiosity; we pored over their little relief models of the valley and its surrounding mountains, until we knew every peak and glacier as well as the original makers, and we were thankful for the little relief they afforded to our inaction, which, accompanied by the monotonous brawling of the Arveiron, and the beating of the rain on the windward panes of glass, was miserably depressing. On the fourth morning we rushed into a return *char-à-banc*, and buttoning all the leather curtains closely around us, returned to Geneva as speedily as the driver and the swollen water-courses would permit.

It was during this melancholy visit, which for the time nearly cured us of the travelling mania, that we made the following extracts from the *Livre des Voyageurs*, which we found on one of the tables in the *salle à manger*. The majority of them, it will be seen, are in English, as these kind of effusions generally are; probably resulting from a vanity of the same impulse which prompts us to write our names on Memnon's nose, or cut our initials on the picture-frames at Hampton Court. We will only add, that the *addenda* and commentaries are by different hands; and that if any irritable traveller should feel insulted at our laying the emanations of his mind before the public, he will find our card left at the publisher's; it is our wish to give satisfaction not only to one, but generally.

"Aug. 25, 1840, Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson, and Mr. John Robinson, jun. went to the Mer de Glace to-day, and returned back again in safety from the interesting, yet thrillingly perilous excursion."

(Added in pencil.) "You don't say so! What a proud day for England!"

"M. Blake, de Peckham, et sa femme et sa famille mangeaint leur diner ici le 16 Août, 1838, et ils étaient très content avec les pommes de terres et le poisson qui était très bon. Ils ont été aujourdhui au *Mere* de Glace."

"Si M. Blake a trouvé la *Mere* de Glace, peutêtre il connait aussi les enfans."

"Mr. Edward Haddon begs to caution travellers against going to the Albergo della Posta at Duomo D'Ossola. The charges are high, the people uncivil, the rooms dirty, and the cookery detestable."

"Not true. The Albergo della Posta is the best inn in Piedmont. —J. W."

"Which it may be very easily, and yet only a respectable pig-sty. Mr. James Hartley agrees with the first writer. He dined at the inn in question about three weeks since. The soup was apparently lamp-oil and hot water shaken together; and a fowl stuffed with *live gentles* formed one of the dishes."

"I have just concluded a week's sojourn at Chamonix, and have been miserably disappointed with what I have seen. There is nothing in Switzerland that will bear comparison with parallel scenes in the United States. The view from the Flegére is immeasurably inferior to that from the Pine Orchard; and the vaunted Mer de Glace nothing but a huge mass of half-thawed todgey snow and ice.—HENRY FUTTON, U.S."

"Oh! yes! tarnation odd, I calculate, that Jonathan should come so far to behold so little. Has he seen the great hill in New York State that is so high as to be quite offensive in warm weather. I raythernthink not. Oh! no!"

"We are sorry an American's name must necessarily give rise to pasquinades. Written in his absence, these squibs are so many registers of the writer's mean cowardice. We ourselves have just returned from the Mer de Glace, and think that in awful grandeur it is on a level with the Niagara falls."—C. J. & F. O. MANHATTANESE.

"A pedestrian traveller, weather-bound at the Hôtel de Londres, September 7, 1838, composeth these verses for amusement.

"LINES ON GENEVA.

"Ruthless ruin in cascades pouring,
Lightning echoing, torrents roaring;
Clouds obscuring every view,
Naught to see, and less to do.
Muse of muddled brains inspire me,
With a poet's rapture fire me,
Whilst I pen this careless lay,
Just to pass the hours away.

"Fair Geneva! favoured city,
Bastions frowning, buildings pretty,
Crested by the high Salève,
Mirror'd in thy lake's blue wave;
Ramparts, whence you rest your eyes on
Mont Blanc crowning the horizon;
And rich vineyards, growing poorer
As they climb 'the darken'd Jura.'

"Then, thy bridge across the Rhone,
Built of wooden beams alone;
And thy verdant Isle des Barques,
Like an insulated park.
Steamers in thy harbour lying
To Lausanne and Villeneuve plying,
If a tour you choose to make
Round the margin of the lake.

"Shops for watches very thin,
Gold without, and brass within.
Snuff-boxes to tinkle sonnets;
Women in large flapping bonnets;
Milan voitures very crazy,
Kept by *vetturini* lazy,
Who will take two days to creep
O'er the mighty Simplon's steep.

"Diligences coming in
With postillion's crack-whip din,
Pack'd with English all the way
From the Rue St. Honoré.
Touters to the *bureau* rushing,
Cards presenting, luggage crushing.
From these rhymes you may conceive a
Perfect picture of Geneva."

Signor Silvestri, di Milano, pensa che la Natura non è stata giusta, nel dare tanto ghiaccio alla Svizzera, dove decisamente non ce n'era di bisogno. Egli sarebbe di più piaciuto se il *glacier de Buissons* fosse nel mezzo di Milano, dove sarebbe più utile di fornire ghiaccie per l'audienza del Teatro alla Scala."

*** "Silvestri, Albergo della Croce Bianca, Corso di Porta Vercellina. Cucina tanto a pasto che a conto : vini squisiti d'ogni qualità anche esteri. Grands et petits rooms with neat ness and to moderation of the traveller well to behold."

"An Englishman begs to recommend the Hôtel de Leman, Rue de Rhone, at Geneva, as a pleasant inn. It is not half the expense of the Bergues, and twice as comfortable: added to which (not the least attraction,) Madame Rousillon, the hostess, is a *very pretty woman.*"

"Oh, fie! sly old fox!" (*in pencil.*)

"The gentleman is correct in saying the Hôtel de Leman is *not* half the expense of the Bergues. I wish it was. The hostess is as ugly as sin, and not half so pleasant."

"Ce monsieur a tort — ce n'est pas vrai. Madame Rousillon est gentille—peut-être—mais ce n'est rien de rare. Ses cheveux sont un peu trop rouges, et sa taille est trop grosse. Cependant elle a de l'esprit, et fait une excellente dame de comptoir pour le café.—UN SUISSE QUI COMPREND L'ANGLAIS."

THE ASCENTS OF MONT BLANC,

which may be sung to the popular air of "Claude du Val," as connected with *the name on the beam* at the Adelphi :—

When Jacques Balmat from his party was thrown,
He found out the summit untaught and alone,
And when he returned to his doctor with glee,
He said, "For your care you shall go up with me,"
With your baton so sharp, tra la.

The next who tried was De Saussure, we're told,
Who climbed in a full suit of scarlet and gold :
Whilst poor M. Bourrit, four times driven back,
In dudgeon returned to Geneva—good lack !
With his baton so sharp, tra la.

Woodley, Clissold, and Beaufoy, each thought it no lark,
And were followed by Jackson, and Sherwell and Clarke.
Then Fellowes and Hawes by a new passage went,
And avoided the dangers of Hamel's ascent,
With their batons so sharp, tra la.

Brave Auldjo next was pulled over a bridge
Of ice-poles laid on the glacier's ridge ;
You will see all his wonderful feats, if you look
At the views drawn by Harding, and placed in his book,
And his baton so sharp, tra la.

Full forty gentlemen, wealthy and bold,
Have climbed up in spite of the labour and cold ;
But of all that number there lives not one
Who speaks of the journey as very good fun.
With their batons so sharp, tra la.

JACK SHEPPARD.

ODE ON THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE.

WHAT thunder-peal the air hath rent?
Again! again! From yonder battlement
Echoing it rolls the hoary Thames along.
I know, I know that sound;
'Tis the cannon's brazen tongue:
England an heir hath found!
A princely son
Is born to England's throne.
Arise! arise! thou City of the Earth,
And with thy million tongues proclaim the glorious birth!

It is no dream! the merry bells are ringing
With many a chime,
As of olden time,
In the grey turret swinging.
And lo! on high,
Streaming to the sky,
Proudly our British banner is unfurl'd:
Arise! arise! rejoice, thou City of the World!

Britons! rejoice; but let your gladness be
Hallow'd with love and piety.
Mingle no selfish thought.
Bend every knee
To Him, who for our Queen hath wrought
From pangs of death delivery.
Your voices all in one thanksgiving raise,
While hallelujahs swell the notes of praise.

O Thou, from whom all blessings flow
To prince and peasant, high and low,
Look on this earthly dwelling-place,
Where helpless lie
Meek womanhood and cradled infancy,
The hopes of all our race.
The mother to her strength restore;
Upon the child thy mercies pour:
May'st Thou his life preserve
To manhood's prime, for kingly destiny.
May he to rule deserve;
Make him to be
True to our faith, our laws, and liberty;
A shining light to us, a minister to Thee.
Oh! while I pray
On this auspicious day,
Do Thou my soul inspire.
Now, blessed be the morn
On which this child was born;
Long live his princely Sire,
Long live our Queen Victoria!
But glory be to Thee alone, from whom all glories are.

THE FAMILY BUTLER.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

Impossible to approach with too grave a step the consideration of a functionary so important as the Family Butler!—Linkmen, and even footmen, are of the populace, baptized more or less indelibly with the waters of the kennel. But the butler is a man so many degrees upraised above his origin as to have cast aside his nature, and in every sense of the word to have forgotten himself. A renegade to gutter-baptism, he has gradually achieved greatness passing all human understanding, even his own. His essential distinction is to be "highly respectable."

The family butler is one of the outward and visible graces of every family qualified to *call* itself a family. A footman is only a slovenly half-and-half appendage of gentility. People who live in "houses" keep a footman; people who "reside" in "mansions" superadd a butler, with second, third, fourth, or fifth footmen, as the case may be. But the butler is indispensable; *i. e.* indispensable to a "family"—and "a mansion." Saving his presence therein, *who* would there be to drink the last three glasses out of every bottle of port,—the last two out of every bottle of sherry,—and the first of every bottle of Nantes or liqueur? Who would there be to detect an oversight in the brewer's bill of seven-pence-halfpenny to his master's disadvantage, and exact at the same time a mulct of five-and-twenty per cent. in his own favour? Who would there be to complain of the badness of the broadcloth in the liveries sent home from the tailor's; and interpolate in the bill an item of an odd waistcoat or two furnished to himself?

The butler may be said to represent the Upper House in an Englishly constituted establishment. The servants' hall stands for the Commons;—the steward's or housekeeper's room for the Lords;—master or mistress for the throne. No bill passes to the sign-manual of the latter, without having progressed through the ordeal of the former two. Of late years, it has been the custom of the Upper House of Parliament to wag its head in the face of royalty, and have a will of its own,—a will equally at variance with those above and those below. It is ever so with the butler, who is pretty sure to be at once his master's master, and his master's servants' master. He is too powerful over the supplies not to make his authority respected. If factiously opposed by the domestics, or fractiously by their proprietor, he contrives to throw the whole weight and labour of the state upon the shoulders of the latter, and the whole weight and labour of everything else into the hands of the former. When Louis the Fourteenth, in pursuance of his state maxim, "*l'état c'est moi,*" took it into his head to become his own minister, Louvois was careful to fling into the portfolio such an agglomeration of state papers, such a complication of public business, that, at the close of a few days, his Majesty was right glad to cry for mercy, and beg the cabinet council to do his work for him, as in duty bound.

So is it with the adroit butler, on finding his lord or master impertinently bent upon "looking into things." The cellar-book,—the plate-list—and every other list—(oh! list!)—committed to his administration, is made to assume a degree of mysterious complexity,

defying the decipherment of Babbage. Pipes of port, hogsheads of claret, cases of champagne, gallons of spirituous liquors, are unaccountably added up, subtracted, and divided, by the rule of three and the rule of contrary, into Babylonic confusion, such as worse confounds the confusion of the proprietor of all this intolerable quantity of sack. In the end, he throws it up as a bad job,—begins to entertain sincere compassion for the Barings and their budget,—and finally entreats the family butler will be so very obliging as to cheat him on, in peace.

The butler, according to the superficial plausibilities of civilized life, though the booziest member of every establishment, is expected to be the most sober-looking. A peculiar decency of vesture and gesture is required of him;—something of the cut of a county member,—something exceeding square-toed and solemn is the complement exterior most in vogue for the professional decanter of port. In the households of bankers and professional men, a more dressy order of upper servant is preferred, — not only because he officiates in the double capacity of *valet de chambre*, but for the reason which induced the late Sir Charles C. to bestow badges upon his out-of-livery servants; because, having himself the air of a respectable upper servant, he was repeatedly required at his own balls to call up carriages, or bring shawls, for fashionable ladies myopic enough to mistake him for his delegate.

But, though sober-looking as a judge, the butler should have a comely and portly aspect. He should look well-fed and uncareworn. There should be indication in his countenance that matters in his master's house move upon casters;—that the weekly bills and refractory knife-cleaners are duly discharged; and that everything like an impertinent rejoinder is as carefully bottled up as the Burgundy. He must have an air of aptitude and decision, and a tone of authoritative good breeding. It is part of his business to take the guests out of the hands of the footmen, and deliver them in proper order to his master and mistress; tasks to be accomplished with something of the disdainful deference of a Lord Chamberlain.

It may be observed that the butler is almost always at daggers-drawn with his lady; who is sure to consider him a troublesome, officious personage, — apt to quarrel with the lady's maid for being too late at meals, — and to grudge the housekeeper her due allowance of sherry and ratafia for creams and jellies. The footman is a slave more peculiarly her own. The footman accompanies the carriage, goes on errands, remembers addresses, conveys messages to tradespeople, and is more confided in, though a less confidential servant, than the butler. The footman has a thousand methods of judging of my lady's or the young ladies' loves and likings. He perceives in the daily drives *who* bows, *who* nods, *who* kisses hands,—*who* calls the carriage at Almack's, or whispers as he hands Miss Julia into it, after the déjeûner or ball. John is able to announce a flirtation in the family to the housemaid, at least a fortnight before the butler drops a diplomatic hint to the housekeeper, or convulses the sensibilities of the *femme de chambre*.

The butler is uniformly a Tory and a disciplinarian;—thumbs the John Bull on Sundays, and spells over the Times with one eye open, after his daily quart of stout. He has a sort of sullen and interested reliance in the immutability of the Church and the Corn Laws.

Butlers, bishops, and landed proprietors he fancies to be as naturally affinitive as cart and horse. There may be horses without carts, he knows, but a cart can't move without a horse. No aristocracy, secular or ecclesiastical,—no butlers! But this, it must be admitted, is mere livery logic and kitchen-stuff. A butler is not the only public functionary who entertains an inordinate respect for property, as the true criterion of human merit; or who holds the only book worth speaking of to be a banker's. But his opinion on that point is very decided; and, so far from admitting that

"Learning is better than house or land,"

he respects the proprietor of a cow-shed more than a senior wrangler or Seatonian prize-man. The three things he most detests to see at his master's table are, a bottle of the old Madeira he keeps for his private drinking, a poor relation, and an author. It puts him out of his calculations, indeed, to find every now and then a new novel announced by a Lady Clara, or a new poem by a Lord John; for he owns "he can't abide to hear of the nobility descending to such low-lived things."

There are, of course, as many classes of butlers in town and country, as there are of London men and country gentlemen. But it may suffice to consider two species of the genus: fierce extremes, such as the butler of Russell and the butler of Grosvenor Squares,—"alike, but oh! how different!"—dissimilar in aspect and aspirations as a Guineaman and a Hindoo.

The butler of Russell Square is an obese, hazy-eyed personage, declining in years and in the corners of his mouth, sullen in disposition, yet to his superiors submissively spoken,—having an eye to the main chance and to Mrs. Dobinson's prim-visaged lady's maid.

His master, Mr. Dobinson, of Russell Square, is a thriving stock-broker, rich enough to be a prompt paymaster, and consequently to take the liberty of examining his own accounts; a sufficient pretext for his butler to regard him as a natural enemy, and to do his spiriting as ungently as Caliban. Scrupulously punctual in the discharge of his duties, so as to escape jobation,—Jobson takes a revengeful delight in the wry face which announces that a bottle of wine is corked; or when the man in authority, after finding fault with successive carving-knives, is forced to plead guilty to the toughness of the sirloin that smokes before him.

In his own principles of gastronomy, such a butler is a positive Pagan. He dresses the salad to be eaten at seven, early in the afternoon, and places it in a sunny window in company with the Sauterne and Moselle, which he is careful not to put into the wine-coolers till the last minute; and in the frostiest weather, leaves the claret to catch cold on a stone floor in a damp passage. One of the great triumphs of his life is to pull in and out a silver watch, the size of Uncle Humphrey's clock, and announce, on the slightest retardment, that the cook is shamefully behind her time; while, should any unpunctuality on the part of Dobinson himself retard the usual dining-hour, Mr. Jobson issues his orders to "dish up" in a Stentorian voice, before the delinquent has time to give him his hat and gloves in the hall.—N.B. Be it observed that Jobson is as regularly mistered by the establishment as his master is Dobinsoned.

Fussy and consequential, his mode of bringing in the tea-things,

while the footman follows him with "the bubbling and loud hissing urn," is as authoritative as the tone of the President of the Council; and there is a solid gravity in his mode of carrying round the fish-sauces at dinner, while the company are splitting their sides at some joke of Sydney Smith's or Hayward's, which cannot be too warmly applauded.

"Jobson is the steadiest man in the world,—Jobson is a man in whom I have implicit confidence," is Mr. Dobinson's continual certificate in favour of one whose voice is so sonorous in family prayers, and who is the very Cardigan of a servants' hall. Not the smallest peccadillo of the livery was he ever known to pass over. "I never heerd of no such doings in a reg'lar establishment," is the grand arcanum of his form of government. The words "reg'lar establishment" have all the charm from *his* lips that the words "British Constitution" obtain in the ears of a Conservative constituency. Next to opulence, he reverences "reg'larity,"—or rather he accepts "reg'larity" as an indication of opulence. Most people well to do in the world are "reg'lar;"— fixed stars, while your dashing, flashing, smashing meteors of fashionable life glitter for a moment, and are no more seen. Mr. Jobson would not have entered the service of a stockbroker,—stockbrokers being, like captains, "casual things," —but that Dobinson had a very good character from his last butler, as being "the most reg'lar gentleman he ever lived with,—punctooal to a second." Without such a certificate, Mr. Jobson would not have taken him; and the butler has consequently a right to be displeased and mistrustful, when he finds the "punctooal" gentleman too late for dinner.

The butler himself being the most sedentary of created slaveys, has, of course, no natural indulgence for gadding. The coachman must drive to thrive; the footman flies to rise. But the family butler remains fixed in the family mansion from week's end to week's end, like a gold fish in its globe. The utmost stretch of air-taking in which he can indulge, is by keeping the street-door open, with respectful deference, till the carriages of departing visiters have reached the angle of the square; the utmost stretch of sociability he is able to enjoy, consists in a game of cribbage with some brother butler of a next-door neighbour, when the Dobinsons dine out, or visit the theatre. Even then, his companionability is of far from a cheerful nature. Habitual taciturnity has fixed its gripe upon him. His voice is modified so as to give short answers to his master, and long reprimands to the livery; and when Mr. Corkscrew, of No. 45, discusses with him a glass of stiff punch and the state of the times, he expands mechanically into murmurs; complains that Dobinson is a prying fellow, as wants to do the gentleman, and "ministers shirkin' fellows, as wants to do the people." Conviviality only renders him grumphier and grumphier. John or Thomas is gay in his cups. But the butler remains sullen in his punch; fancying, perhaps, that a dogged humour is the nearest approach to sobriety.

A booziness, meanwhile, become almost constitutional, is his guarantee against committing himself by overt acts of ebriety. The man who is never quite sober, rarely becomes quite drunk. It is in vain that the Johns and Thomases who smart under his pragmatical jurisdiction, flatter themselves that, some day or other, Mr. Jobson and the coffee-tray will tumble together into the drawing-room, after a dinner-party for which a dozen of wine has been de-

canted, with the usual butlerian diminutions. His accustomed minuet step becomes only somewhat more of a *pas grave* for the wine he has swallowed; and their own transgressions lie as much exposed as ever to jobation, or rather, Jobson-ation.

"I should like to know, Thomas, when you ever seed *me* overtaken by liquor in a manner unbecoming a reg'lar family!" is still his cry; to say nothing of the more private lectures he bestows upon a young cherubino of a Dobinsonian page, convicted of saying soft things to the under nursery-maid over the iron-spiked palings of the square; for Mr. J. "never *heerd* of no such doings in a reg'lar family."

By dint of tears shed over family sermons of Sunday afternoons, and plausibility all the week and all the year round, Mr. Jobson gradually comes to be regarded as the Lord Angelo of family butlers. Dobinson himself stands in awe of his virtue and sobriety,—as a man "what wouldn't wrong his employers of a penny," or admit "an appetite rather to bread than stone." Even when, one fine day, a faded, ragged, middle-aged woman brings to the area-gate a Jobsonian miniature, and when refused a trifling sum to furnish an apprentice-fee for the poor half-starved lad, is provoked into enlarging upon the backslidings of the highly-respectable man in blue broadcloth and black silk stockings at a period when his round shoulders were graced with tags, and his silken hosen were of white cotton, her charges are dismissed as frivolous and vexatious by Mrs. Dobinson's prim-visaged lady's maid, and by Mrs. Dobinson's self. — In vain does the miserable woman produce duplicates of silver forks, alleged by the butler to have been lost by careless footmen; or silver spoons, for the disappearance of which suspicious kitchen-maids have been dismissed. Dobinson has unlimited faith in his family butler. The vile woman has evidently been suborned to belie him. Jobson is such an attached creature—Jobson is such an excellent man! It would be impossible for the household to go on "reg'larly" but for the superintendence of Jobson. Jobson is consequently voted impeccable, and the wicked woman conveyed to the station-house. As certain bankers continue to be the most upright, honourable, and confidential men in the city, till the morning after the appearance of their names in the Gazette, so does the respectable butler continue to be respectable so long as he is able to keep his footing, and take thought what his master shall eat, what his master shall drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed. The key-stone of the domestic arch, his services are indispensable to keep the family "reg'lar!"

The butler of Grosvenor Square, on the other hand, provided there be neither house steward nor groom of the chambers over him to check his aspiring genius, is a more airy character than his eastern collaborator. Unless in archiepiscopal, episcopal, or very ancient Tory families of the aristocracy, elderly butlers, like old china, are out of date. Bonzes and josses went out with the Regency; and young servants and modern porcelain came in with Reform. Even an old nurse is obsolete, unless in the form of a privy-councillor, a K.C.B., or a Welsh judge; and the fashionable butler is often on the sunny side of thirty; a man having too much regard for his complexion to infringe upon the wine-cellar, and too much interest in his own slimness to vulgarise on ale. An occasional glass of claret and sip of liqueur suffices the well-bred gentleman, who prides himself upon the graceful air with which he precedes the Marchioness, with noiseless step and unembarrassed respiration; and keeps his

shape carefully within compass of that of his lord and master, so as to enable him to make suit-able arrangements with his lordship's valet for his cast-off wardrobe.

The Whittingham of Grosvenor Square would not be mistered for the world! Mister is, in fact, a name unfamiliar in "his lordship's establishment;" and the extremely gentlemanly gentleman, in Wellington boots or varnished pumps, who walks a-tiptoe like Diomed, to announce his lordship's guests, would be disgusted to find himself thus conspicuously plebeianised.—"Ask Whittingham!"—"go to Whittingham!" carries with it a sort of confidential familiarity from the lips of his lovely lady, which makes him hold it far more ennobling than the Guelphic order.

In lieu of the Times and John Bull, Whittingham reads the Morning Post and Court Journal; and is deeply versed in fashionable novels. In such a place as *his*, the porter being sole respondent at the door during her ladyship's absence, Whittingham has his afternoons to himself; and divides them between his toilet, light literature, flirting with the French maid, compounding scandal with my lord's own man, and wondering how people can have the impertinence to send in bills, except at Christmas. Not that he allows anything in the shape of a small account to molest his lord or lady. Whittingham knows better than to make himself disagreeable to his employers by appearing with a narrow slip of paper in his hand. Standing accounts, such as those of the Marquis, are, like the Marquis's peerage, of too old a date to be trifled with. No chance of per centage from *them;* and they are accordingly placed in a drawer in the hall table till the end of the season, when the porter uses them to light his fires through the winter. It is only through the vulgar medium of the post, that claimants on a fashionable Marquis have any chance of obtaining attention between the end of January and the end of December next ensuing.

The Grosvenor Square butler is as tripsome in wit as in demeanour—something of a conversation-man. All that is best of the *bonmots* of the clubs descends through *him* from his lordship's lips to the second table; and he is careful to convey to my lady's women the earliest intelligence of a clever debate, an interesting division, or a change of ministry. Whittingham is almost as much of a fixture, however, as Mr. Jobson. Saving that he has the use of his lordship's stall at the Opera during Ascot or Goodwood week, he indulges in no vulgar dissipations; and wonders, with an air of fastidiousness most admirably copied from that of my lady, how people can show their face in the park on Sundays. A smart politician, Whittingham piques himself upon conservatism. He admits that "Melbourne is a gentlemanly fellow," but he cannot stand coalition with that vulgar brute, O'Connell, and abhors the very word retrenchment. The fashionable world, *he* thinks, has been a lost case since the curtailment of the pension-list; and he sadly fears that his lord will live to rue the day he intrusted his proxy to a liberal administration.

Whittingham is too well bred a man to be on uneasy terms with any one residing under his lordship's roof. But if an antipathy *could* ruffle the surface of so smooth a nature, it would be against Florimond, the French cook. He really cannot stand Monsieur Florimond. How is the subordination of the cellar to be kept up with a cook who insists upon champagne to boil his hams and stew

his kidneys, — Chably for his truffles and salmon, and mulled claret for himself; besides cutting out the butler with Mademoiselle Amélie, and the stall at the Opera!

Whittingham has not the smallest intention of growing either grey or corpulent in service. Though the nature of his lordship's pursuits at Crockford's and Newmarket is such as to render the profits of his house unworthy mention, (unless a hundred a year from the wine-merchant, added to the butler's wages of seventy guineas, should be deemed sufficient to enable him to lay by for the benefit of younger children,) he has perfect reliance upon being properly provided for by my lord.—A small place in the Household will be the very thing for him; something enabling him to wear ruffles and a sword by his side on gala days, as a fringe on the hem of the garment of royalty. As to the customs, excise, or post-office, he would "beg to decline."—Whittingham has always been used to the society of gentlemen.

How different both these specimens of the family butler from the ancient serving-man of the old English gentleman, — the *bouteillier*, or butler, who presided over the *paneterie*, or pantry; who bottled his master's sherris sack or Malvoisie for his master's drinking, instead of his own; — and brewed his master's ale not only for his own drinking, but for the refreshment of all having claims on his master's hospitality;—who took genuine pride in the coals and blankets distributed to the poor; wept tears of joy when an heir was born to the family, and tears of sorrow when its elders were borne to the grave. The heir was *his*, — the ale was *his*, — if one might guess by the tenderness with which he dealt with both. His voice was never heard in chiding, save when some excess on the part of his master had brought on a fit of the gout, — or some imprudence on the part of his lady boded ill to her nurslings. With *him*, service was inheritance. He knew that the children to come after *him* would be dear to the children to come after his master; and for the general sake, as for the sake of conscience, his master's substance was sacred in his sight.

Such a butler was necessarily the head of a peaceable and well governed household. It is true he was a dunce. In *his* time newspapers, daily or weekly, were unthumbed in the pantry; and, as to troubling himself about what was doing in the House, he regarded Parliament only as a solemn portion of Church and State, to be toasted at public dinners, and prayed for in parish churches, but not to be profaned by lips unclean. But the wine he bottled was sounder, and the ale he brewed ripened more readily than in these our times. In table-service, his attendance was impartial. He was not a bit more obsequious to my lord, the country neighbour, than to the needy hanger-on of the family; or, if a difference of assiduity *were* perceptible, it was simply in favour of the parson of the parish.

But, woe is me! (to pluralise the phrase would require the erudition of a Lindley Murray,) woe is me! the gods are departing; and stout old-fashioned serving-men seem also on the go. It is difficult to say what has become of them; whether they have gone into the reformed parliament, or the church, or the almshouse. But, unless in the pages of Richardson or Steele, it is exceedingly difficult to meet with even the prototype of a comfortable Family Butler.

Merrie England in the olden Time:

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE sentinel sleeps when off his post; the Moorfields barker enjoys some interval of repose; moonshine suffers a partial eclipse on Bank holidays among the *omnium gatherem* of Bulls and Bears; the doctor gives the undertaker a holiday; Argus sends his hundred eyes to the Land of Nod, and Briareus puts his century of hands in his pockets.—But the *match-maker*, ante and post meridian, is *always* at her post!

"The News teems with candidates for the noose:—A spinster conjugally inclined; a bachelor devoted to Hymen; forlorn widowers; widows disconsolate; and why not '*A daughter to marry?*' Addresses paid per post, post paid! For an introduction to the belle, ring the bell! None but principals (with a principal!) need apply."

"Egad," continued Mr. Bosky, as we journeyed through the fields a few mornings after our *caravan* adventure, to pay Uncle Timothy a visit at his new *rus in urbe* near Hampstead Heath, "it will soon be dangerous to dine out, or to figure in; for a dinner may become an action for damages; and a dance, matrimony without benefit of clergy! But yesterday I pic-nic'd with the Muffs; buzzed with Brutus; endured *Ma;* was *just civil* to Miss; when early this morning comes a missive adopting me for a son-in-law!"

We congratulated Mr. Bosky on the prospect of his *speedily* becoming a Benedick.

"*Bien obligé!* What! ingraft myself on that family Upas tree of ignorance, selfishness, and conceit!

An oddity crossed our path. "There waddles," said the Laureat, "*Mr. Onessimus Omnium,* who thrice on every Sabbath takes the round of the *Conventicles* with his pockets stuffed full of *bibles* and *psalm books,* every one of which (chapter and verse pointed out!) he passes into the hands of forgetful old ladies and gentlemen whom he opines '*Consols,* and not philosophy, console!' Pasted on the inside cover is his *card,* setting forth the *address* and *calling* of Onessimus! You may swear that somebody is *dead* in the neighbourhood, (the pious Lynx is hunting up the executors!) by seeing him out of '*the Alley*' at this early time of the day."

Winding through a verdant copse, we suddenly came in sight of an elegant mansion. From a flower-woven arbour, sacred to retirement, proceeded the notes of a guitar.

"Hush!" said the Laureat, colouring deeply,—"breathe not! Stir not!" And a voice of surpassing sweetness sang

Farewell Autumn's shady bowers,
Purple fruits and fragrant flowers,
Golden fields of waving corn,
And merry lark that wakes the morn!

Earth a mournful silence keeps,
See, the dewy landscape weeps!
Hark! thro' yonder lonely dell
Gentle zephyrs sigh farewell!

Call'd ere long by vernal spring,
Trees shall blossom, birds shall sing;
The blushing rose, the lily fair
Deck sweet summer's bright parterre—
Flocks and herds, the bounding steed
Shall, sporting, crop the flowery mead,
And bounteous Nature yield again
Her ripen'd fruits and golden grain.

Ere the landscape fades from view,
As behind yon mountains blue
Sets the sun in glory bright,—
And the regent of the night,
Thron'd where shines the blood-red Mars,
With her coronet of stars,
Silvers woodland, hill and dell,
Lovely Autumn! fare thee well.

Was Mr. Bosky in love with the songstress or the song? Certes his manner seemed unusually hurried and flurried: and one or two of his forced *whistles* sounded like suppressed *sighs*. So absent was he, that, not regarding how far we had left him in the rear, he stood for a few minutes motionless, as if waiting for echo to repeat the sound!

We thought—it *might* be an illusion—that a fair hand waved him a graceful recognition. At all events the spell was soon broken, for he bounded along to us like the roe, with

"Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires at a mile-a."

The laughing Autolicus! It was *his* blithesome note that *first* made us acquainted with Uncle Timothy!

The remembrance of boyhood is ever pleasing to the reflective mind. The duties that await us in after-life, the cares and disappointments that obstruct our future progress, cast a shade over those impressions that were once interwoven with our existence. But it is *only* a shade; recall but *one* image of the distant scene, and the *whole* rises in all its freshness and verdure; touch but *one* string of this forgotten harmony, and *every chord* shall vibrate!

The Village Free-School was at hand, (the morning hymn, chanted by youthful voices, rose on the breeze to heaven!) and the Almshouses where Uncle Timothy first met the poor widow and the good pastor. A troop of little children were gathered round one of the inmates, listening to some old wife's tale. 'Tis the privilege of the aged to be reminiscent: the *past* is *their* world of anecdote and enjoyment. Let us then afford them *this* pleasure, well nigh the *only* one that time has not taken away; remembering, that *we* with quick pace advance to the closing scene, when we shall be best able to appreciate the harmless gratification they now ask of us, and which we, in turn, shall ask of others.

The ancient church spire rising between the tall elms, and the neat Parsonage House gave an exquisite finish to the surrounding scenery.

We now arrived at Uncle Timothy's cottage, reared in the midst of a flower-garden. In a summer-house, fragrant with roses, woodbine, and jessamine, sat our host and the good pastor. A word of introduction soon made us friends; and from the minister's kind greeting, it was clear that Uncle Timothy had not been niggard in our praise.

An old lady in deep mourning walked slowly up the path. Uncle Timothy went forth to receive her. It was the poor widow! The mother of that only son!

"Welcome, dear Madam! to this abode of peace. To-day — and *what* a day! so cool, so calm, so bright! we purpose being your guests."

"*Mine?*" faltered the poor widow, anxiously.

"Yours!" replied Uncle Timothy; "sit down, my friends, and I will explain all.

"My childhood was sorrowful, and my youth laborious. A near relation wasted my patrimony; and with no other resource than a liberal education, wrung from the slender means of my widowed mother, I began the world. In this strait, a generous friend took me by the hand; first instructing me in his own house of business, and then procuring me an eligible appointment abroad. From time to time I acquainted him with my progress, and received in return substantial proofs of his benevolent and watchful care. Years rolled away, — fortune repaid my ardent endeavours, — and I resolved to revisit my native land. I embarked for England; when, almost in sight of her white cliffs, a storm arose, the ship foundered, and I lost half my possessions. Enough still remained to render me independent. My mother and sister were spared to bid me welcome,—my early oppressor had descended remorseful to the grave,—and my noble benefactor, by pecuniary embarrassments, heightened by ingratitude, was brought very low. Cheerfully would I have devoted to him my whole fortune, and began the world again. For *then* I possessed strength and energy to toil. But before I could carry this my firm resolution into effect, three days after my arrival, he pressed his last pillow, requiting my filial tears with a blessing and a smile.

My debt of gratitude I hoped might *still* in part be paid. My friend had an only daughter—Did that daughter survive?

The most diligent inquiries, continued for many years, proved unsuccessful. On the evening of an ill-spent and wearisome day, Heaven, dear sir, (addressing the good pastor,) led me to your presence while performing the sacred duty of comforting the mourner. What then took place I need not repeat. You will, however, remember that on a subsequent occasion, while looking over the papers of the widow's son, we discovered a sealed packet, in which we found a mourning ring. A second enclosure was the miniature of his grandfather. But *that miniature!* What were my sensations when I beheld the benignant, expressive lineaments of *my early benefactor!* The object of my long and anxious inquiries was thus miraculously discovered! Till *that* moment I had never felt true happiness. This cottage, dear madam, with a moderate independence, the deed I now present secures to you; in return, I entreat that the miniature may be *mine:* and I hope some kind friend (glancing at his nephew) will, in death, place it upon my bosom."

"What darkness so profound," exclaimed the good pastor, "that

the All-seeing Eye shall not penetrate? What maze so intricate and perplexed that our Merciful Father shall not safely guide us through? 'Throw thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days.'"

The village bells rang a merry peal; for the good pastor had given the charity children a holiday. They were entertained with old English fare on the lawn before the cottage, and superintended in their dancing and blindman's buff by Norah Noclack and the solemn clerk. Nor were the aged inmates of the bountiful widow's Alms-houses forgotten. They dined at the Parsonage, and were gratified with a liberal present from Uncle Timothy. And that the day might live in grateful remembrance when those who now shared in its happiness found their rest in the tomb, the Laureat of Little Britain (some, like the sponge, require compression before they yield anything others, like the honey-comb, exude spontaneously their sweets,) expressed his intention of adding two Alms-houses to the goodly number, and liberally endowing them.

Many a merrier party may have sat down to dinner, but never a *happier* one. It was a scene of deep and heartfelt tranquillity and joy. The widow—no longer *poor*—presided with an easy self-possession, to which her misfortunes added a melancholy grace.

Time passed swiftly; and the sun, that had risen and run his course in splendour, shed his parting rays on the enchanting scenery. Suddenly a flood of light illumined the chamber where we sat with an almost supernatural glory, beaming with intense brightness on the countenance of Uncle Timothy, and then melting away. Ere long in the distant groves was heard the nightingale's song.

The night proved as lovely as the day. But with it came the hour of parting. *Parting!*—What a host of feelings are concentrated in that *little word!* The Laureat bore up heroically.—The glare of the candles being too much for his eyes, he walked in the moonlight, while Eugenio sang—

Our sails catch the breeze—lov'd companions, adieu!
Farewell!—not to friendship—but farewell to *you!*
When Alps rise between us, and rolls the deep sea,
Shall I e'er forget *you?* Will you forget *me?*

Ah! no—for my hand you at parting have press'd,
In memory of moments my brightest and best!
How sad heaves my bosom this tear let it tell,
How falters my tongue when it bids you *farewell!*

Eugenio was on ship-board early the following morn. His friends attended, to wish him *bon voyage* and a safe return. And as the noble vessel moved majestically along the waters, high above the rest waved *adieu* the hand of *Uncle Timothy!*

CONCLUSION.

Thus, gentle reader, we have led thee through a labyrinth of strange sights, of land-monsters and sea-monsters, many of man's own making, others the offspring of freakish nature, of Jove mellow with nectar and ambrosia. If the "proper study of mankind is man," where can he be studied in a greater variety of character than in the scenes we have visited? The well-dressed automaton of a drawing-room, (a *tailor* made him!) fenced in with fashions and forms, moving, looking, and speaking but as etiquette pulls the wires, exhibits man in *artificial* life, and must no more be taken as a

fair sample of the genus, than must pharmacy, in the person of the pimple-faced quack[1] mounted on his piebald pad, or charlatan's stage. We have shown thee to what odd inventions men are put to provide fun for their fellows, and food for themselves. Yet if we ascend the scale of society, it will be found that the Merry-Andrew is not the *only* wearer of the Fool's coat; that buffoons and jesters are not exclusively confined to fairs; that the juggler,[2] who steals his five pecks of corn out of a bushel; the nostrum-vender who cures all diseases in the world, and one disease more; the Little-go man and thimble-rigger have their several prototypes among the starred and gartered; the laced and tinselled "Noodles" and "Doodles" of more elevated spheres, where the *necessity* for such ludicrous metamorphoses does not exist; except to shake off the ennui of idleness,—and idleness, said the great Duke of Marlborough, is a complaint quite enough to kill the stoutest general. How, gentle reader, has thy time been spent? If *Utilitarian*,[3] thou wilt say "*Unprofitably*,"—if *Puritan*, "*Profanely*." Presuming, however, that thou art neither the greedy, all-grasping *first*, nor the over-reaching, preaching *second*; but a well-conditioned, happy being, with religion enough to show thy love to God by thy benevolence to man, thou wilt regard with an approving smile the various recreations that lighten the

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[1] "Quacksalvers and mountebanks are as easy to be knowne as an asse by his eares, or the lyon by his pawes, for they delight most commonly to proclaime their dealings in the open streets and market-places, by prating, bragging, lying, with their labells, banners, and wares, hanging them out abroade." *Morbus Gallicus*, 1585, by William Clowés.

"In the yeare 1587, there came a Flemming into the cittie of Gloceter (Gloucester) named Wolfgang Frolicke, and there hanged forth his pictures, his flagges, his instruments, and his letters of marte, with long labells, great tassels, broad scales closed in boxes, with such counterfeit showes and knackes of knauerie, coesining the people of their monie, without either learning or knowledge." *A most excellent and compendious Method of curing Wounds, &c.* translated by John Read, 8vo. 1588.

[2] The following description of an itinerant *juggler* of the olden time is exceedingly curious, and probably unique.

"The third (as the first) was an olde fellowe, his beard milkewhite, his head couered with a round lowe-crownd rent silke hat, on which was a band knit in many knotes, wherein stucke two round stickes after the jugler's manner. His ierkin was of leather cut, his cloake of three coulers, his hose paind with yellow drawn out with blew, his instrument was a bagpipe, and him I knew to be William Cuckoe, better knowne than lou'd, and yet, some thinke, as well lou'd as he was worthy." *Kind-Hart's Dreame.*

Hocus Pocus, junior, in his *Anatomy of Legerdemaine*, 1634, mentions one "whose father while he lived was the greatest jugler in England, and used the assistance of a familiar; he lived a tinker by trade, and used his feats as a trade by the by; he lived, as I was informed, alwayes betattered, and died, for ought I could hear, in the same estate."

[3] "To set downe the iugling in trades, the crafty tricks of buyers and sellers, the swearing of the one, the lying of the other, were but to tell the worlde that which they well knowe, and, therefore, I will ouerslip that. There is an occupation of no long standing about London, called broking, or brogging, whether ye will; in which there is pretty juggling, especially to blind law, and bolster usury. If any man be forst to bring them a pawne, they will take no interest, not past twelue pence a pound for the month: marry, they must haue a groat for a monthly bill, which is a bill of sale from month to month; so that no aduantage can be taken for the usurie. I heare say it 's well multiplied since I died: but I beshrewe them, for, in my life, many a time haue I borrowed a shilling on my pipes, and paid a groat for the bill, when I haue fetcht out my pawne in a day." *William Cuckoe to all close juglers, &c. &c.—Kind-Hart's Dreame.* O the villany of these *ancient* pawnbrokers!

toil and beguile the cares of thy humbler brethren; and *thy* compassion (not the *world's*, — Heaven save them and thee from the bitterness of *that!*) will fall on the poor Mime and Mummer, whose antic tricks and contortions, grinning mask of red ochre and white paint, but ill conceal his poverty-broken spirit, hollow ghastly eyes, and sunken cheeks—and thou wilt not turn scornfully from the multitudes (none are to be despised but the wicked, and *they* rather deserve our pity) that such (perhaps to *thee*) senseless sights can amuse. Self-complacent, predominant Self will be lost in generous sympathy, the electrical laughing fit will go round, and, though at the remotest end of the chain, thy gravity will not escape the shaking shock. Believing that thou art merry and wise; sightly, sprightly; learned, yet nothing loth to laugh; as we first met in a mutual spirit of communication and kindness, so we part. And when good fortune shall again throw us into thy company, not forgetting *Mr. Bosky* and the *middle-aged gentleman with the satirical nose!* we shall be happy to shake thy hand, ay, and thy sides to boot, with some *merry tale* or *ballad*,[1] ("Mirth, in seasonable time taken, is not forbidden by the austerest sapients,") if haply time spare us one to tell or sing. Till then, health be with thee, gentle reader! a light heart, and a liberal hand.

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[1] Henry Chettle, in his *Kind-Hart's Dreame*, gives the following description of a *Ballad Singer*. "The first of the first three was an od old fellow, low of stature, his head was couered with a round cap, his body with a side-skirted tawney coate, his legs and feete trust vppe in leather buskins, his gray haires and furrowed face witnessed his age, his treble violl in his hande assured me of his profession. On which, (by his continuall sawing, hauing left but one string,) after his best manner, he gaue me a huntsvp: whome, after a little musing, I assuredly remembred to be no other but old Anthony Now-now." *Anthony Munday* is supposed to be ridiculed in the character of "Old Anthony Now-now;" the latter was an itinerant fiddler, of whom this curious notice occurs in *The Second Part of the Gentle Craft*, by Thomas Deloney, 1598.

"Anthony cald for wine, and drawing forth his fiddle began to play, and after he had scrapte halfe a score lessons, he began thus to sing:—

"When should a man shew himselfe gentle and kinde?
When should a man comfort the sorrowful minde?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.
When is the best time to drinke with a friend?
When is the meetest my money to spend?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.
When goeth the King of good fellows away,
That so much delighted in dancing and play?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.
And when should I bid my good master farewell,
Whose bounty and curtesie so did excell?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.

"Loe ye now, (quoth hee,) this song have I made for your sake, and by the grace of God when you are gone, I will sing it every Sunday morning vnder your wiues' window.***

"Anthony in his absence sung this song so often in S. Martin's, that thereby he purchast a name which hee neuer lost till his dying day, for euer after men cald him nothing but *Anthony now-now*."

Braithwait thus describes one of the race of "metre ballad mongers." "Now he counterfeits a natural *base*, then a perpetual *treble*, and ends with a *counter-tenure*. You shall heare him feigne an artfull straine through the nose, purposely to insinuate into the attention of the purer brotherhood." *Whimzies*, sig. B. 5.

WARREN HASTINGS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

After having, for many years, filled a larger space in the public eye than any of his contemporaries, — after extending and securing, by his individual energy, the English power in India, — after creating and superintending a system of internal administration in the East, by which, instead of the wretched anarchy that existed before his time, order was made to prevail, justice was rendered accessible to all, and peace was secured to an immense population in a vast country,—and, after having encountered and triumphed over a persecution unparalleled in the history of man, — a persecution which, under the fallacious name of an impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors, lasted eight years, and was relentlessly carried on by all the malignant influence and talent of a powerful party,—the real character of Warren Hastings has not till the present day been thoroughly understood. Mr. Gleig's Memoirs of the great Governor-General of India, with the mass of letters and other documentary evidence embodied in them, will for ever set at rest all controversy on the public and private merits of Hastings. The vital services he rendered his country were met by the basest ingratitude; though his greatest enemies are forced to admit that, had the intrigues against him in 1780 and 1781 succeeded, — had the virulent animosity of Sir Philip Francis attained its object by displacing Hastings from the seat of power, those years would have seen the loss of our dominion in Asia, after witnessing our decline in America.

It was, indeed, while England was passing through the most dangerous crisis she had ever known; when she had been forced, in spite of the most lavish use of her resources in blood and treasure, to recognise the independence of thirteen rebellious American colonies, and to yield to France and Spain the possessions gained by former conquests, — it was, we say, at this humiliating epoch that the vigour, decision, and wisdom of Hastings not only preserved, but greatly augmented our power in India, though it was fearfully endangered by the formidable hostility of European and Asiatic enemies. At this period, India was the only quarter of the globe wherein England did not suffer grievous loss; and the maintenance of her ascendency there was solely attributable to the skill, patriotism, and statesman-like sagacity of Hastings.

The little that can ever be known of the early days of this great man has transpired in the valuable Memoir written by Mr. Gleig. This portion of his life is, to the last degree, touching and interesting. The youth of Hastings was passed under circumstances so discouraging as, in a mind less resolved than his, would effectually have stifled all honourable ambition. But "chill penury could not repress his noble rage." Though born in the very lap of poverty, and receiving the first rudiments of education at a charity-school, the friendless orphan, when only seven years old, conceived the romantic idea of regaining the alienated lands and possessions of his ancestors, — for Warren Hastings was of an old and lofty race. Daylesford, in Worcestershire, had, time immemorial, been the seat of the elder branch of the family of Hastings, the descendants of which falling gradually into decay, were at length compelled to sell to a London merchant their ancestral hall and lands.

To the seemingly impossible project of regaining these—a project conceived at a time of actual destitution, — Mr. Hastings, in after life, alluded in the following words:—

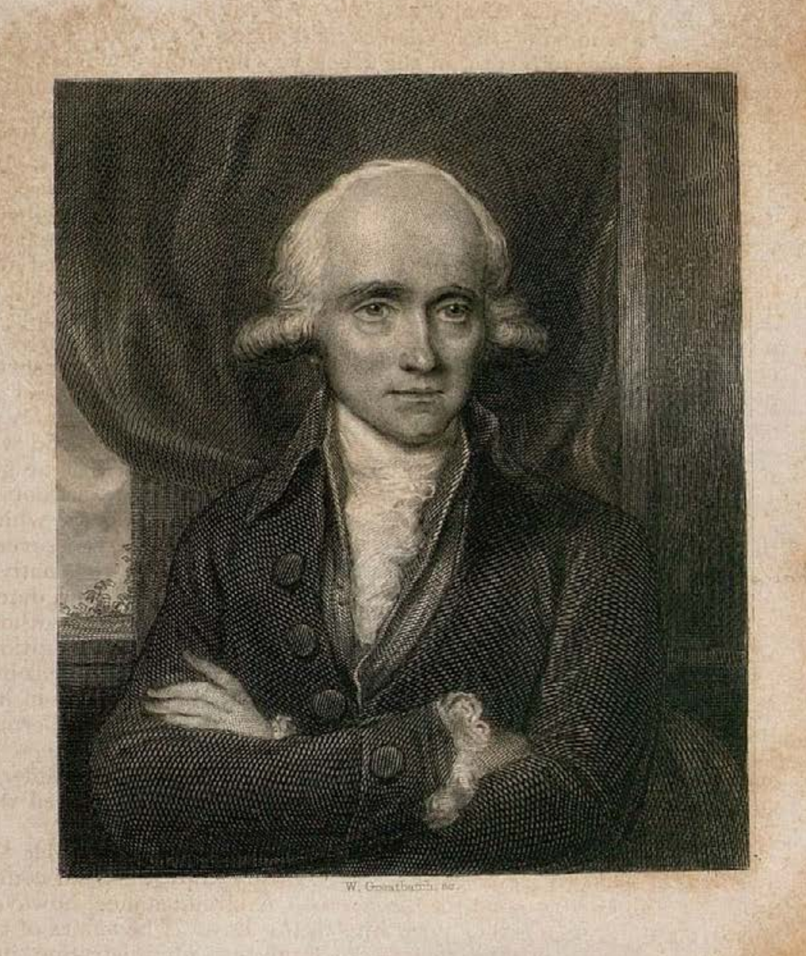
"To lie beside the margin of that stream," (a small brook skirting the village of Churchill,) "and muse, was one of my favourite recreations; and there, one bright summer day, when I was scarcely seven years old, I well remember that I first formed the determination to purchase back Daylesford. I was then literally dependent on those whose condition scarcely raised them above the pressure of absolute want; yet somehow or another, the child's dream, as it did not appear unreasonable at the moment, so in after years it never faded away. God knows there were periods in my career, when to accomplish that, or any other object of honourable ambition, seemed to me impossible; but I have lived to accomplish it. And though, perhaps, few public men have had more right than I to complain of the world's usage, I can never express sufficient gratitude to the kind Providence which permits me to pass the evening of a long, and, I trust, not a useless life, amid scenes that are endeared to me by so many personal as well as traditional associations."

In the village of Churchill, till he had attained his eighth year, little Warren remained, imbibing the scanty lore furnished by the charity-school. His father and mother were both dead. At length his uncle, taking pity on the boy's forlorn condition, sent him to a school in Newington Butts, where, though he was better taught than before, he was worse fed; so badly, indeed, that to insufficient nourishment at this time, he attributed his stunted stature and attenuated frame. Having been kept two years at this seminary, he was removed to Westminster School, where his perseverance and talent won for him all manner of academical honours; he succeeded in getting placed on the foundation, and his name was inscribed in letters of gold on the wall of the dormitory, where it still remains.

Young Hastings was looking forward to a still greater reward, in being sent to Christ Church, when his uncle died, bequeathing the orphan to the good offices of a gentleman named Chiswick, by whom he was sent to Bengal as a writer in the service of the East India Company. It is not too much to say that in this apparently trivial event the consolidation of British dominion in the East, no less than the destiny of Hastings, was involved. Hastings arrived in Calcutta in the year 1750, at a time when India was distracted by contests between the rival "companies" of France and England. In a fragment found among his papers, referring to the commencement of his Oriental career, he makes the following interesting remark:—

"This is all that I shall retain in writing of my private history, though the particulars of it, if known, might afford much matter for curious speculation, both from their influence on the temper and disposition of mind which constituted my public character, and from one circumstance of peculiar uniformity attending the whole course of my existence to its present moment, and probably to its ultimate and now not remote end,—that of a solitary, insulated wanderer through life, placed by His will, who governs all things, in a situation to give birth to events which were connected with the interests of nations, which were invariably prosperous to those of his own, but productive to himself of years of depression and persecution, and of the chances of want, relieved only by occasional, and surely providential means; though never affecting the durable state of his mental tranquillity."

Though Hastings himself has been thus taciturn on the subject of his early struggles towards fame, Mr. Gleig, his biographer, has made amends by his researches, and furnished the world with a series of invaluable particulars and curious anecdotes. He traces the juvenile aspirant through his humble duty as clerk in the Secretary's


W. Greatbatch, sc.

THE RIGHT HON. WARREN HASTINGS.

FROM AN ORIGINAL MINIATURE BY OZIAS HUMPHRY, R.A.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1841

Office at Calcutta, and during his subsequent appointment in the Council at the Factory; he exhibits him to us in that critical period of our Indian history when Surajah Dowlah marched on Calcutta, seized the town and citadel, and perpetrated the horrors of the Black-hole; and when, by the subtle energy and courage of the young man, Governor Drake and his companions were delivered, without compromising their honour and dignity, from the dreary and barren island of Fulta, in the Hoogly, where they had taken a trembling refuge. The biographer then shows us Hastings under the patronage of Clive, a soldier who, in many respects, reminds us of Napoleon; traces the young civilian to his nomination as Resident at Moorshedabad, the court of the Nabob of Bengal; and proves that in all the stations through which he had passed, his conduct was distinguished by unusual application, decision, and keen discernment. Conspicuous as these qualities were in Hastings from his very birth, it is not improbable that they were strengthened and perfected by his connexion with Clive, on whose determined and dominant character he appears to have modelled his own. The administration of Hastings, when he arrived at supreme power, was characterized by the same comprehensive views, the same energetic policy, the same daring and rapid movements, the same disbelief in *impossibility* that had marked the career of the military Governor.

In the year 1761, Hastings became a member of Council, and was therefore compelled to reside at Calcutta. This was during the governorship of Mr. Vansittart, whose feeble inefficiency was not at all to the taste of Hastings. After witnessing many abuses which he could not control, and being disgusted with the rapacity of several English functionaries, who oppressed and plundered the natives with impunity, Warren resigned his seat at the Council, and determined to return home. To England, therefore, he came, without prospects, connexions, or fortune. Had he followed the flagitious example of others in India, he might, as the phrase is, have "rolled in wealth;" but he disdained to become rich by the forfeiture of honour; he would not imitate Drake, Vansittart, Spencer, Carnac, Munro, no, nor even Clive, the man whom, in other respects, he had made his prototype; all these personages, though considered men of honour, while Hastings was persecuted, had extorted vast sums from the native princes.

Hastings remained four years in England, suffering under the pressure of narrow circumstances, and scarcely knowing what course of life would best provide for his needs. A circumstance, however, occurred which again consigned him to the East. The affairs of the East India Company were thrown, through mal-administration, into much perplexity and danger; and a Parliamentary inquiry being set on foot, Hastings was summoned to give evidence at the bar of the House of Commons. Here his profound and luminous statements attracted the admiration both of the senate and the world at large; and the English merchant-princes, thus forcibly convinced of his high qualifications, offered him the appointment of Second in Council at Fort St. George, with a promise of the Presidency when it should be vacant. The proposal was cheerfully accepted; and, having borrowed money to meet the expenses of his outfit, the future Governor-General again started for India.

The advance of Hastings towards supreme power was now very rapid. By his skilful policy the finances of the Company were

enormously increased, and its territorial possessions enlarged. In the meantime grave discussions again arose in Parliament on Indian affairs, terminating in a measure which brought about a radical change in the management of our Eastern possessions, which in future were to be placed under the administration of a Governor-General, aided by four councillors. To Hastings the first great office was confided; and the councillors were, Mr. Barwell, General Clavering, Mr. Monson, and Mr. Francis (afterwards the celebrated Sir Philip Francis). To the last gentleman may be ascribed the origin of that bitter animosity against Hastings which ended in the famous Impeachment.

In making these few remarks on the character of the first and most celebrated of the Governors-General of India, we have neither room nor inclination to pursue the intricacies of Anglo-Asiatic government, nor to detail the long catalogue of imputed offences which roused the enmity and inflamed the invectives of Burke. All these may be fully learned and appreciated in Mr. Gleig's valuable volumes. The progress and result of the great trial before the Peers of England are well known. Hastings was acquitted; but, in a pecuniary point of view, he was a ruined man! The legal expenses to which he was subjected were enormous. But his dearest wish had been accomplished in regaining Daylesford, the seat of his ancestors; and thither he retired to spend the remainder of his days in tranquillity, occupying himself, like Evelyn and Cowley, with books and horticulture. Here he made large plantations, embellished his grounds, stored his garden with Asiatic exotics, and for the last twenty-four years of his life divided his time between literature and rural pursuits.

> "Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
> In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
> Which by his own imperial hands was made."

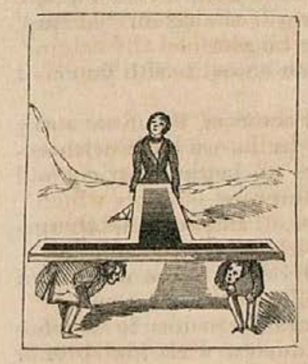
The following singularly happy, characteristic and graphic sketch of Hastings in his retirement, is from the pen of Lord Leigh, in a letter to a correspondent in town:—

"Daylesford is not half a mile from my old paternal seat, Adlestrop; and, when at home, I almost daily saw, till my twenty-first year, Warren Hastings, and was also intimately acquainted with Mrs. Hastings till her death. Hastings had a solemn and slow enunciation,—looked very like a wizard,—and, with his shrewd, expressive, strongly-marked countenance, his fine forehead, and compressed lips, overawed me, especially when he was enveloped in his large, Indian, mystical-looking dressing-gown. He was below the middle size, talked with equal solemnity on all subjects, and was very fond of botany. The country gentlemen held him in great veneration; he was called '*the* Governor,' *par excellence*; and the common people regarded him as a sort of Oriental conjurer. He was very kind to me as a boy. I do not remember the Daylesford breakfasts of which the Edinburgh Review speaks; but the dinners were very good. I recollect Hastings writing some verses on the fall of his beech-trees, in which there was a good deal about 'dæmons of the air,' &c. These he recited to us one day, when we had enjoyed some excellent Madeira and a superb 'pillau' for luncheon. The verses were excellent, though enunciated in a tone somewhat similar to that of the Ghost in Hamlet."

The Old Ledger.

No. VIII.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



HE following "trifles light as air," in prose and rhyme, include the whole of Mr. Thorley's lucubrations; although not amounting to one-sixth of the contents of the Old Ledger, — but the rest (consisting chiefly of familiar and facetious epistles, addressed to his intimate friends, upon sundry subjects of mere local or personal interest,) have not been deemed of sufficient interest for the perusal of the general reader, and are therefore suppressed.

No. I.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

"O Grease! enlighten'd Grease!" exclaim'd
The Snuffers to the Ex-
-tinguisher, as they walk'd along,
"How much it would perplex
Both you and me, my constant friend,
Were Grease to be extinct,—
Or with the Russian bear—O dear!—
Become for ever link'd."
"It would, indeed," his friend replied;
"No light would then delight;
For tallow is what valour was
To the advent'rous knight,—
For tallow gives to *our* nights
What valour gave of old."—
"Yet candles do not fight," observed
The Snuffers; "so I 'm told."
"Not fight!" exclaimed Extinguisher;
"Indeed, your ign'rance shocks.
Why, dearest Snuffers, you must oft
Have seen a candle-*box?*"
"Yes, to be sure; why, really I
Am quite a fool, I own."
"Or, p'r'aps, last night we took too much,
And have quite snuffy grown."
"Ah! you 're so sharp," the Snuffers said,
"And turn on one so quick.
Well! well! 'tis loyalty that makes
You to the candle—stick!
But you are always ready, and
Will ever be, no doubt;
Your brass, like impudence, can put
The brightest candle out!"

No. II.

THE SAW AND THE AXE.

A COCKNEY DIALOGUE.

Early one spring morning, when the sun had scarcely melted the hoar-frost from the brown face of the wrinkled earth, an old axe happened to fall in with a saw. There was a "cutting air" abroad, that threatened the newly-shaven chin with *chaps!*

"Ah! my old blade!" said the Axe, "how goes it with you? I came purposely to see how you do."

"I really feel much obliged to you," said the Saw, "but am sorry to say that my *teeth* are very bad. My master has sent for the doctor, who, 'twixt you and I and the post, is no better than an 'old file!' I was in the workshop last night, where ——"

"Where, no doubt, you—saw a great deal," facetiously interrupted the Axe.

The Saw showed his teeth in a sort of grin betwixt melancholy and mirth, and resumed,

"Why, I may say so with some truth; and I consider it no more than a duty I owe Mr. Carpenter to do as much as I can, in spite of my teeth, for he is really liberal—in point of *board.*"

"And, do you never grow rusty?" asked the Axe.

"Not with *over* work," replied the Saw; "and, indeed, I have always found that constant employment best preserves our polish; which, after all, is only artificial."

"You are quite a philosopher."

"Not exactly so; for I sometimes do grow exceedingly *hot,* and lose my *temper.*"

"And what says your master?"

"Why, he generously desists awhile, and I soon grow cool again, and then I cut away like a razor through a piece of mottled soap!"

"You are a happy fellow," said the Axe. "How differently am I situated. My master is a 'chopping boy,' with a thick block, which is tantamount to saying he is a fat fool. He is very sharp with me sometimes; and when he finds I am inclined to be blunt, he grinds me most cruelly."

"Alas!" cried the Saw; "it 's the way of the world, my friend; for I have invariably remarked that the rich always grind the poor for the sake of the 'chips.'"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Axe.

"You see I 've not lived in the world all this time without getting a notch or two," said the Saw.

"Nor I either," replied the Axe; "although, in obtaining the said notches I have not only lost my courage, but a portion of my metal too!"

"Well, I never saw!" exclaimed his friend; "how you talk! I am sure your teeth do not give you any trouble, at any rate."

"I ax your pardon, old boy," remonstrated the Axe; "for, although I do not complain of my *teeth* exactly, my *chops* give me a pretty considerable deal of trouble, I can tell you."

The Saw grinned an approval of the Axe's wit.

"Peace!" exclaimed the Axe. "Here comes Mr. Carpenter; so

'don't show your teeth, till you can bite,'—I believe that is the maxim of a relation of yours?"

"Not a relation," said the other; "though they are the words of a *wise old saw!*"

No. III.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN COOK.

Oh! Molly, there are very few
Such plump and rosy girls as you;
If you refuse
Me, or abuse,
Why, I shall feel
Just like an eel
Cut up and in a *stew!*

All must confess
There's none can dress
So well as Molly (bless her!)
Such grace is in you,
None can insinu-
-ate you are a *kitchen* DRESSER!
Your rosy cheeks
With ruddy streaks
Excel in beauty far the chops
Of mutton-fat in butchers' shops!
Though tightly laced,
Your very *waist*
Is not *extravagance* in you.

Your pies and patties too!
Yes, cruel!
Your paste is worth a real *jewel!*
Your language smart
Is sometimes too—a *little tart*,
And you a *tartar*.
Relent, dear Molly, or you'll make
Your love a martyr,
And bring him to the stake!
Then love me, dearest Doll, and I
Will make you mine, and mother of our *fry!*

No. IV.

THE RAT'S LAMENTATION.

O cruel trap! O sad mishap!
O! what a tale of woe!
'Twas love of cheese deluded her,
And all my hopes laid low.
But, though a bait has caught my spouse,
My love can naught abate;
Against the cruel bars I rail,
And rail at cruel fate.
So kind she was, I never felt
The matrimonial noose;
And then, her virtue—lack-a-day!
I wish that she were loose.
Two tender daughters in the nest

Demand a mother's care ;
O ! may her present case ne'er fall
To either darling's share !
Fast flies the night, like one in flight
Before a conqu'ring foe ;
And morning breaks, and breaks my heart—
The light brings heavy woe.
The cruel cook, who set the trap,
Will soon be up and down ;
And when she sees my love, will seize
Her victim with a frown,
And plunge her in a pail, perhaps ;
Or, oh ! much worse than that,
Will sentence her—like mutineer—
To the infernal—*cat!*
Farewell ! dear partner of my toils,
Whom cruel toils now bind ;
I never thought my wife would be
So soon again confined !

No. V.



DICK.

O Thomas, dear Thomas, I think
Somehow you are given to drink.

TOM.

O no !—you 're mistaken, d' ye see,
For the drink it was given to me :
All I know is, I went to the Docks,
And now—I am fast in the stocks ;
But, no more will I drink, unless mix'd,
I 'm *resolved*—nay, you see I am *fix'd.*

DICK.

Your poor wife was frightened to death,
And vented her sighs with her breath.

TOM.

Poor soul !—she must still wait a bit
Before I get out of this *fit*,
And a precious strong fit it is too ;
And yet I have safely "got through."
But I 'm sorry to see you stand there,
So hot and so sultry 's the air,
I assure you, and need not repeat
How gladly I 'd give you *my* seat !

DICK.

Don't mention it, Tom ; I can stand.

TOM.

I wish *I* could too ; but unmann'd,
And laid by the heels here I be—
Oh ! you 've a *fast* friend, Dick, in me.
So run to the constable quick,
(I wish the whole race at Old Nick !)
And tell him to undo the locks,
And set your friend free from the stocks !

No. VI.



EQUALITY!

THE POT-BOY'S ORATION.

"Talk o' rank! rank nonsense! I 'm for equality; everybody alike, to be sure; for where there 's no *difference*, in course, everybody must agree.

"I 'm for the levelling system; which would certainly make all the world as smooth as a billiard-table."

"What are the *heads* of the people? Heads of pins and flummery. A head to a pot o' porter is werry vell; cos vhy, ve can blow it off ven ve vant to drink.

"All *screws* have *heads*, but *brads* has none; and *brads* is the things ve vant.

"I 'm a radical. They say as how ve 've bin a-gettin' a-head lately, and that vun of our heads has a tail. Vell, then, it 's a game of heads and tails, I s'pose; and it all depends upon the best two and three.

"A sort o' toss up vether ve succeeds or no. I for one vill not cry 'heads,' but ''ooman;' and, under the present government, the 'ooman vill vin, depend on 't!

"Now, I 'll jist go for to explain my plan; it is this 'ere. Fust and foremost, I 'd lop all the members. Does anybody vant members? Secondly, I 'd do away with the heads; for, does anybody vant a head? And then, lastly, I 'll let nobody govern anybody.

"Now, I ask, is not that liberty and independence? Vhy, it 's plain as the nose on your face.

"There are two p'ints more I vish to discuss, vhich is this 'ere:

vhat's the use o' hedication I never could understand. I on'y know as I vent to school, and that the master whack'd me over the hand vith his 'ruler;' and what did I learn?—vhy, to hate all rulers ever since, and that's the holus bolus o' the business.

"As for writin', I never could 'come it' at all; and so, instead o' writin' copies, I sot up 'rightin'' o' wrongs; and isn't it more nobler?

"The next p'int is, vot's the use o' taxes? Vhy jist this 'ere,—a big un or so gets a *place* (that's the *fish* they like), and ve starves on red herrings. Ain't this ridic'lous?

"The high bred get the loaves, and raise the price o' bread (which is the reason they're called *high bred*); and ve, poor devils! can scarcely get brown bread, thof ve're better bred nor them adulterated fellows, vot have a precious sight o' 'chaff' in their compositions!

"The next reform I vould purpose is this 'ere, that all the public houses should be *free;* that is, that every Englishman should call for vot he liked, and no reckoning; so that there might be *twenty* public houses in vun street, and yet not a *score!*

"My eyes! but the publicans vould be a-tapping all day long like so many woodpeckers.

"Ain't this fine, ey? And it vill come to pass, too. But, unfort'nately, there are so many blockheads, that there is no doubt any rational proposition vill meet vith considerable opposition.

"But time vill conquer all *obelisks,** and truth vill make its vay slowly but surely, like a bright sun through the fog—see if it doesn't, that's all!"

No. VII.

TO NANCY.

My heart is gone, and I've no heart to tell,
And shall but ill express what I can feel so well,
But that I love thee, Nancy, is as true
As I have lost one heart—and won thee too.
I fain would sing—what I can never feign,
(To be a gay deceiver I'm too *plain,*)
But fear I some false note, whate'er my fire,
Would make me seem, in truth, the Muse's *liar!*
Besides, beside myself I first must be,
Ere I can praise in artful poesy
One whom plain reason guides in her converse,
Who would not give a smile for rhyme—per-verse.
Then in three simple words I'll simply say
"I love thee,"—ay, and will till settling day;
For time shall work no change in me,—unless
Time *dwindles* thee,—why then I'll love thee less.
In point of beauty though we disagree,
I trust this will our only difference be,
And this may be averted while I live,
If thou wilt please thy countenance to give
To him, who, wanting thy fair favour, will
Be in such need, that needs must quickly kill.
But stay, my pen!—perchance thou may'st esteem
As sweet profession this my candid theme.

* Tempus edax rerum!

A final word or two I'll just indite,
Which right well fit what I'm well pleased to write.
  When Cavil waited on the Widow Bland
With letter and with *settlement* in hand,
She read Sir Solo's nonsense, and she sigh'd;
Then sweetly said, just laying it aside,
(The world's experience such precaution breeds,)
"The *words* are fair—now let me see the *deeds*."

No. VIII.



THE LOVERS.

"I've been waiting here this hour, sir," said a little cross Toad, looking as sour as a crab on the "apple of her eye."

"My dear creature, I beg you a thousand pardons," replied her devoted lover; "but unless I had borrowed *sham*-pinions (champignons), I could not have flown to the foot of your toad-stool sooner. The fact is—"

"The fact is, sir," interrupted his tender inamorata, "you've been philandering."

"Upon my veracity you do my affection an injury," said the lover, laying his hand upon his heart, or rather the place formerly occupied by that muscle; for he had already bestowed it on the amiable object of his attachment. "Oh! Toadalinda, you little know what I feel!" and he fumbled in his coat-pocket for his snuff-box; for he was one of those valuable friends who are always ready at a pinch. "The rains fell like a deluge, and, fearful lest the tender flame of pure love should be extinguished by the inundation, I tarried on my way to purchase a Macintosh."

"Ah! you have always some excuse for your conduct," cried his lady. "The other night you were detained at the club."

"And did you not then blame me for having soaked my clay too much? It was that very rebuke, Toadalinda, that induced me on this rainy night to make this purchase, that I might not again be in the same condition."

"You're a rogue!"

"And you're a beauty!" said the lover, as he imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

"Done, do!" cried Toadalinda; "I'll tell my ma',—see if I don't."

"And I 'm quite sure your ma' will not mar our hopes," replied the lover; for, though she is an affectionate wife, I feel confident, I 'm above *par* in her estimation."

"Dear me! see how you 've creased my sleeves. What will my parent say?"

"Say?" rejoined the lover. "Why, when she sees your dress, she 'll say she sees my love *in-creases*, to be sure!"

"And call you a puppy—"

"No; for puppies are not fond of *muslin*, and I am,—when it adorns the fair proportions of Toadalinda!"

"Oh! you flatterer—"

"No! I speak the truth, though I see you through love's spectacles."

"Does love wear spectacles?"

"Yes, and makes them too. Look at the rejected or the jealous lover, are they not a pair of spectacles? But let us not waste the precious moments, Toadalinda. I 've come to invite you to a hop."

"A hop! Oh! delightful!"

"Yes, in Bogland Marsh. I 've succeeded in obtaining two tickets from the Lady Patroness. I assure you it will be quite a crack affair. Jack-o'-lantern illuminates on the occasion."

"Gemini! how kind of you—"

"Yes; and I think we shall shine too, as the brass candlestick said to the new saucepan; for few can shake a toe better than your devoted; and you, my beloved, are perfect in the figure in more senses than one. But come along!"

The appeased and delighted Toadalinda put her arm within her lover's, while he held an expanded toad-stool over her head to shelter her from the drizzling rain, and away they trotted to the scene of festivity, without waiting to partake of any refreshment; for, as the lover jocosely expressed himself, "they were sure of a little *wet* upon the road!"

A FRIENDLY BET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOURS IN HINDOSTAN."

I WAS dining at Mr. ——'s, one of the best dinner-giving civilians in Calcutta. We had drank a large portion of loll shrob, and were freely indulging in our hookahs, which bubbled under the table, and behind our chairs. We had talked over all the local news, and had canvassed the affairs of Europe; in a word, we had gone through all the routine of an Indian dinner, which I can no better describe than by stating it to be a regular struggle to forget the misery of the climate, an attempt to overcome fatigue and ill health by luxurious feasting. The ice, which I must confess is one of the best things in Bengal, had cooled our parched lips; Colonel T—— had made several matches for the next races; and all seemed well pleased, save and except our entertainer, who was looking sad and gloomy. The cause of his present sullen mood was simply this.

A pseudo wit, a young ensign, just arrived from Europe, was invited to ——'s table. Unused to the pomposity of rich civilians, and fancying he could jest before a "senior merchant," he had actually thought fit to commence a series of puns, with that easy familiarity in

which witlings are sometimes pleased to indulge in Great Britain. The host fancied his dignity slighted by the overwhelming volubility of the young soldier; he therefore ventured to interfere, when lo! his military tormentor turned upon him, and uttered half a dozen witticisms at the expense of the old civilian. Astounded at the impudence of the almost boy who thus dared to beard him, Mr. —— paused for an instant. The ensign took advantage of the silence, and demanded "Why Mr. ——'s" (his host's) "coat was like a pine-apple in Hindostaunee?" None dared to answer, though all saw the point. "Do you give it up? Well, then, I 'll tell you. Because it 's on an ass!" (aunanass.) Then jumping up, he declared that he had an engagement to fulfil, and went off laughing at the ill-concealed wrath of his entertainer, whose interference he chose thus publicly to reprove.

Good humour was again, however, ascending her throne; even Mr. —— had begun to regain his wonted composure; when suddenly Mr. —— fell from his chair in a fit. Every one rose.

"What 's the matter?" cried L——. "Our host has been seized with apoplexy," cried Danvers.

"Not a bit. It 's mere epilepsy," chimed in Martin. — "It 's apoplexy, I tell you," tartly replied the first speaker.

"It 's epilepsy, for a hundred gold mohurs."— "Done," shouted Danvers; "done for a hundred."

"By Heavens, he 's dying!" exclaimed Atkins; "he 's turning black in the face. He 's dying; give him air." — "Not he," said T——, the resident —— at ——.

"He is; he is even now in his death-struggle."

"Pooh, pooh, he 'll get over it. I 'll bet a lack of rupees he recovers."—"Done! done!" vociferated Atkins.

"What 's the matter?" demanded the young ensign, who had suddenly re-entered.—"Here 's our host in a fit, a dangerous fit," replied Captain Somers.

"Untie his neckcloth," suggested a medical man present, — "untie his neckcloth; he is choking."

"I bar that," shouted Atkins; "I 've bet a lack he dies. I insist that no one shall touch him."—"What! would you see a man die, and not try to avert it?"

"You 're really very wrong," cried T——, who had bet on our entertainer's recovery.—"Will you pay half-forfeit, and let the cravat be undone."

"Not I," said the civilian.—"Then no man present shall touch him!" reiterated Atkins, putting himself in an attitude as if to keep assistance off.

"Well, then, let 's see what a boy (as you were pleased to call me just now) can do."

In another moment, Atkins was sprawling on the earth, and the fainting man's neckcloth suddenly undone. In five minutes more he was perfectly recovered."

Atkins sent the ensign a challenge, which his regiment took up, and sent the said Atkins to Coventry. He not only lost his lack of rupees, but also his best friend; for our host, who had hitherto been his benefactor and patron, never forgave him, but transferred his friendship to the young Ensign, who is now a Lieutenant-Colonel, thanks to his timely interference in preventing the probable catastrophe of this "*friendly bet.*"

ALMACK'S, A SKETCH,*

BY AN AMERICAN.

A FEW evenings since, after being present at a musical soirée at Lord ——'s, as I was passing through King Street, St. James's, I heard two gentlemen conversing about the last ball at Almack's. I had often heard of Almack's, but I knew very little about it. Since then I have, from various sources, gathered the following information concerning this "Temple of Fashion."

It is a place where the very soul of enlightened society centres; where the most splendid and noble of the noblest aristocracy of the noblest and most enlightened nation of the earth assemble; where the spiritual and ineffable quintessence of the sublimate of fashion, refined from the clarified essence of wealth and rank, is collected in one hot and luminous focus. It is, in fact, to London what London is to England, what England is to the civilized world; a place, in short, to which the most ancient and honourable nobility look with reverence; nobility whose ancestry can be traced back in one bright chain of fox-hunters to the Norman Conquest, or the times of the Saxon Heptarchy; for this is an establishment to which age and old time must do honour; the very temple, and, as it were, the most holy place of fashion.

How many robes of passing splendour have swept over the threshold of this sacred tabernacle, none can tell. For nearly a century now its halls have been illustrated year after year with all that England could crowd together of brilliancy and opulence. Nothing low or vulgar has ever approached the hallowed verge of its consecrated precincts: *Procul! O procul! este profani!*

There are mysteries here not to be gazed on by common eyes: a few starred sibyls (looking marvellously like English females, with the yellow hair of Saxony yet on their brows) have established certain unearthly rites and ceremonies in King Street, St. James, to the full understanding of which none but the titled elect are admitted; who are required to live sublimely apart from the rest of the world, from which they are separated by a barrier as broad and impassable as the Sahara Desert. The happy few, the priestesses of the temple, exercise an absolute authority over all its affairs, and are unbending in the execution of their decrees. The proudest and most antique titles cannot avail against them; for they, too, have received their authority from prescription. Their favour is worth more than all other honours, for it comprehends these, and unspeakably more. To be admitted to Almack's is to be above all solicitude for character, titles, or wealth; for admission here presupposes all these, and, moreover, is of itself so vast an elevation in public consideration, that all others may at once be lost sight of and forgotten.

The Ladies Patronesses are themselves beyond the reach of envy, and hold their authority by a tenure which can neither be disputed nor dissolved. They are the divinities to be propitiated by all who would meet with success or consideration in the fashionable world. Their power is suspended over the heads of all, and they can in one moment strike from the galaxy of fashion the brightest and loftiest

* We are indebted for this sketch to a very interesting and startling work, which will appear in a few days, under the title of "The Glory and the Shame of England." —ED.

luminary there; and even this all but the fallen will approve; for it serves only to refine the circle whence they have been taken.

When once precipitated from this eminence, nothing which they have can avail them in their disgrace; the trappings and stars of ancient nobility have lost their lustre, and reflect but a flickering ray, compared with the brilliant light and éclat issuing from the saloons of Almack's. These female divinities, who hold the scissors, and sometimes the thread of fate, designate those who are to succeed them in their sacred function; and as one of their number is fading away from existence, they look for some happy mortal to take the sublime seat she is just about to exchange for the "narrow house." In short, when one of the six elderly duchesses, countesses, or marchionesses, happens to die, the remaining five fill up the void; and thus the priesthood, or rather the priestesshood, lives on in a sort of corporate immortality; and the long life of the establishment is made up of the odd fragments of the lives of divers ancient females, who have been elevated to preside over this University of the West-End.

It cannot be said, indeed, that these appointments are always made without contention, rivalry, and heart-burnings. This would be too much to expect even of the divinities of Almack's enchanted halls; since the honour is so high, that none but the tamest and most ignoble spirits would be wanting in ambition to aspire to it. Where the fate of the present, and perhaps a succeeding generation, of fair ladies and dashing beaux is made subject to, and dependent on, the favour of a synod of six Ladies Patronesses, who would not wish to be a sharer in such fulness of power, and thus be placed beyond all the evils of life?

When a seat becomes vacant by death, a struggle worthy of so great a prize commences; and among the remaining five bitterness and reviling do sometimes make their unholy way. One cannot give up the suit of a "very dear friend," whose face she has long hoped to see in effulgence and honour at "the Board of Red Cloth." Another has formed fond anticipations of seeing the companion of her early life raised to the sacred office which she herself now fills, and doing honour to the associates with whom she would then mingle.

In short, each one has her antipathies and preferences, and is anxious to secure for her *protégée* the vacant seat: whence originate suspicions and jealousies, rivalships and backbitings; whence come artifice and intrigue, and the marshalling of every motive of fear, interest, love, resentment, and ambition that can possibly weigh upon the suffrages of those who are to decide. It would be unfair to regard their deportment on these momentous occasions as indicating their general character. What though words of dark and dubious meaning do sometimes escape from their lips? and what though coarse epithets should, in moments of trial, be liberally applied to the characters of these staid and haughty regents? yet such are but occasional outpourings, and doubtless only introduced to fill up the vacancies and interstices of sublimer contemplations.

Of course, they who would insinuate that such contentions and rivalships do always secretly exist, but are never visible except on these great occasions, do so of their own unadvised foolhardiness and malice aforethought. These guardians of the sacredness of fashion's circle have enough to do in keeping perpetual vigils that none invade their halls who have not passed the purifying ordeal. To them

is committed the keeping of the golden fleece; and they are to guard it with a wakefulness which no power of herbs can ever lull. Those gifted with such small accomplishments as nature can bestow, apply in vain for admission here, unless they have some more powerful talisman to enforce their claims: there must be titled rank, and rank untarnished by poverty.

This is all delicious! It is indeed. And what is done within the precincts of so much exclusiveness? Why, here the great, or rather the favoured ones, become accustomed to each other's society; and there being no other enterprise on earth worthy the attention of the English aristocracy, they, like wise men, have created this object of ambition to prevent their noble faculties from rusting out in the coarse and trivial pursuits of ordinary life. They must have something to do; for even noblemen and kings have not yet succeeded in taking out a patent for a *happy* do-nothing profession; so they busy themselves first in gaining admittance at Almack's, and then in luxuriating upon their hard-won honours.

After days, and nights, and weeks, and months of management and anxiety, with trembling hands and fainting hearts, they send up to the awful scrutiny of the *Judgesses* their respectful supplication. I think you cannot but envy the delectable state of their feelings — the flutterings of hope and fear they now experience.

The oracle is not long silent; the responses, inscribed on triangular billets, are scattered, like Sibyls' leaves, among those whose fate they are to decide; and then there are smiles, and self-gratulation, and rejoicing, and exultation with some; and frowns, and tears, and disappointment, and rage with others.

Can you conceive how it is possible to live after being rejected? It is very certain that ordinary eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and breathing, are not the chief essentials to life; for the smiles of the rich and the Almack-favoured are worth more than all these for the purposes of living, at least good living, to the applicants at this ineffable Court. To the young and ambitious among the gay and opulent of London, rejection comes like a sentence of banishment from the very light of life. All other places of fashionable resort are regarded only as faint and wretched imitations of this sublime original. More than one instance has been known of such rejection producing death by the rupture of a blood-vessel in some exquisite young lady's bosom (perfectly horrible, you will say!); or a fate little less painful has awaited the angelic-disappointed, of fading away by the slow poison of chagrin and gloom. Young gentlemen, when overtaken by this dreadful calamity, it is said, generally blow out what brains they have with a pistol, or, in failure of this, devote them to the less romantic end of writing poetry.

In a spacious saloon, with all the unostentatious elegance which wealth, rank, and taste can bestow, is assembled beneath brilliant lamps, and reclining on voluptuous sofas, the cream of all the beauty and gallantry of England. Precious stones are flashing in the light; and bright eyes sparkling, and flushed cheeks glowing on every side. Here a whisper of musical voices is heard in the soft murmur of confidence; and there words of gallantry, and flattery, and gentleness insensibly melt into sighs.

Forms of chiseled gracefulness are gliding about; and when the sound of music begins to creep over the scene, swelling, and dying away like the breath of evening, light footsteps are heard just audi-

bly to rustle, and fairy fingers, floating on the waves of the mazy dance, beat softly to the pulse of melody.

The young and blushing countess is fluttering by the side of the dashing captain; and ever and anon, as her white hand touches his, a thrill of delight passes over her form. There, a boy, who would be esteemed awkward if he had not lately come to a dukedom, is blundering and swelling before a proud beauty, whose heart rebels against maternal injunctions, and spurns with contempt the clumsy attentions of her vain admirer; and by their side a graceful *Prémier* is moving gallantly to the voluptuous waltz of a high-born, youthful duchess. Yonder is a *prudent* mother, whose schemes in providing her daughter with an advantageous settlement have all been frustrated, and in whose guarded countenance jealousy and chagrin are but half concealed. Here glances by the form of a young marchioness—and such a form!—swelling with exultation and triumph as she bears away from her tearful rival a young and gallant fortune.

In this place is never heard the sound of loud mirth and hilarity; all is gentle and regulated; every emotion is subdued; and whatever it be, it is expressed on the countenance only by a smile. Here every one is bent upon conquest; and every avenue in the heart is guarded with unrelenting severity. But still there are scenes here occasionally which in other assemblies would excite something more than a smile. Around the dancing arena a rope is drawn for the purpose of preventing encroachments upon those within, not very unlike what you may have seen in your plebeian days at a menagerie; and the "perfumed courtiers" lead their exquisite partners into the ring, as in the afore-mentioned days you may have observed the Shetland pony led in by Dandy Jack. It sometimes happens in the flush and excitement of the *gallopade*, (for the gallopade and waltz are now the only things danced at Almack's; though Lord Byron, whose moral tastes have never been condemned for their purity, thought the waltz should be banished from virtuous society,) that cases are not infrequent, in the full tide of the dance, of the more spirited beaux dashing themselves carelessly against the rope, and by the rebound being thrown prostrate upon the floor.

This, of itself, would be but a slight misfortune; but it is often followed by others of a more serious nature. Those nearest the fallen dancer are not always able to stop themselves at once upon the polished floor, and frequently numbers of young ladies are either dragged down by their companions (for it is proverbial that a sinking man will hold fast to a *trifle*), or stumble over those already fallen.

Here, then, is a delightful scene for the staid gravity of the assembly: duchesses, marchionesses, captains, dukes, and premiers, all huddled together in one grand promiscuous pile of—rank and beauty. Slight screams are heard; and blushes, and smiles, and tears are seen confusedly mingling in the faces of the scrambling unfortunates. Some hitherto slighted rival exults in the sudden shame of her tormentor; while the fallen ones retire from the ring in the deepest mortification and chagrin. The music, arrested for a moment by the confusion, now breaks forth again in voluptuous softness, and the rustle of flying feet begins again to steal upon the ear.

Such scenes as this are at times witnessed in these famous saloons, where the severity of elegance has banished all ostentation of wealth. The simplicity of its entertainments excludes all idea of luxury, and almost of comfort. Of course, gaudiness is not tolerated

here, for that is something which those who have no other recommendation than mere gold (a vulgar thing) can put on. But it is not the society, or the intercourse, which gives value to an admission to this circle: the very *fact of admission* is all that is prized, as this is a tacit award of eminence in the world of fashion. It is a sort of test to try the purity of nobility, whether it be the unalloyed ancient metal, or only a showy compound of modern times. It separates the former from the latter by a broad and plain line of distinction. The young and the sanguine are here brought together, and matrimonial alliances are rarely formed out of the exclusive circle in which they move. Thus is an aristocracy refined and perpetuated, which has but little sympathy with the rest of the world.

Like all establishments claiming for themselves peculiar superiority, Almack's has been many times violently assailed. It exercises, in fact, an authority really more oppressive and unjust than any the throne ever dares assume. It shuts out hundreds and thousands from the standing and consideration to which they are justly entitled in society; and so omnipotent is the tyranny of aristocratic opinion, that its seal of disapprobation, once fixed upon the name of an ambitious aspirant, disgraces and obscures him in the circles of fashion for ever. Of course, all the jealousy and rancour of disappointed ambition are arrayed against it; for such as can never share in its honours are deeply stung by its contempt.

So deeply have certain persons felt this galling yoke, that a combination has even been contemplated, for the purpose of breaking its power by parliamentary interference.

But do not suppose that this indicates any advancement of the coarse principles of democracy among *these* parliamentary reformers. Oh! no; it proceeds from quite another motive than this: they wish to rend, because they cannot rule the halls of Almack's. Besides, it was soon discovered that the Imperial Parliament was itself one of the chief supporters of Almack's; and felt that any innovation upon so venerable an institution was an invasion of the time-honoured prerogatives of the English aristocracy.

The power of legislation is sometimes directed to sad purposes; and although in this instance the evil is doubtless enormous, yet we can hardly suppress a smile when we hear legislators talking seriously about turning the supreme power of a mighty nation into a regulator of fashions and master of ceremonies. Destroy Almack's! The fair ladies, who are so happy as to resort there, have woven their charm for too many noble lords and right honourable members of the House of Commons, ever to be disturbed by "an act entitled an act to abolish the right of certain distinguished families to associate, waltz, gallopade, and tumble in the ring with whomsoever they please."

Indeed, it is an institution which addresses itself to a strong principle of the human heart — the *vanity* of man; and although it may make thousands wretched, thousands more will hope on for its favour and the flattery it brings. It can never be abolished until Englishmen shall lose their reverence for rank, and scorn the idea that a few distinguished ladies should hold in their hands all the means of human enjoyment; until they shall learn to esteem other consequence than such as ease, titles, and idleness bestow, and to honour only those who add something to the stock of human intelligence, and make the world better by their influence; OR, until a quarrel, which cannot be hushed, shall involve the whole establishment in ruin.

INDEX

TO THE TENTH VOLUME.

S.

T.

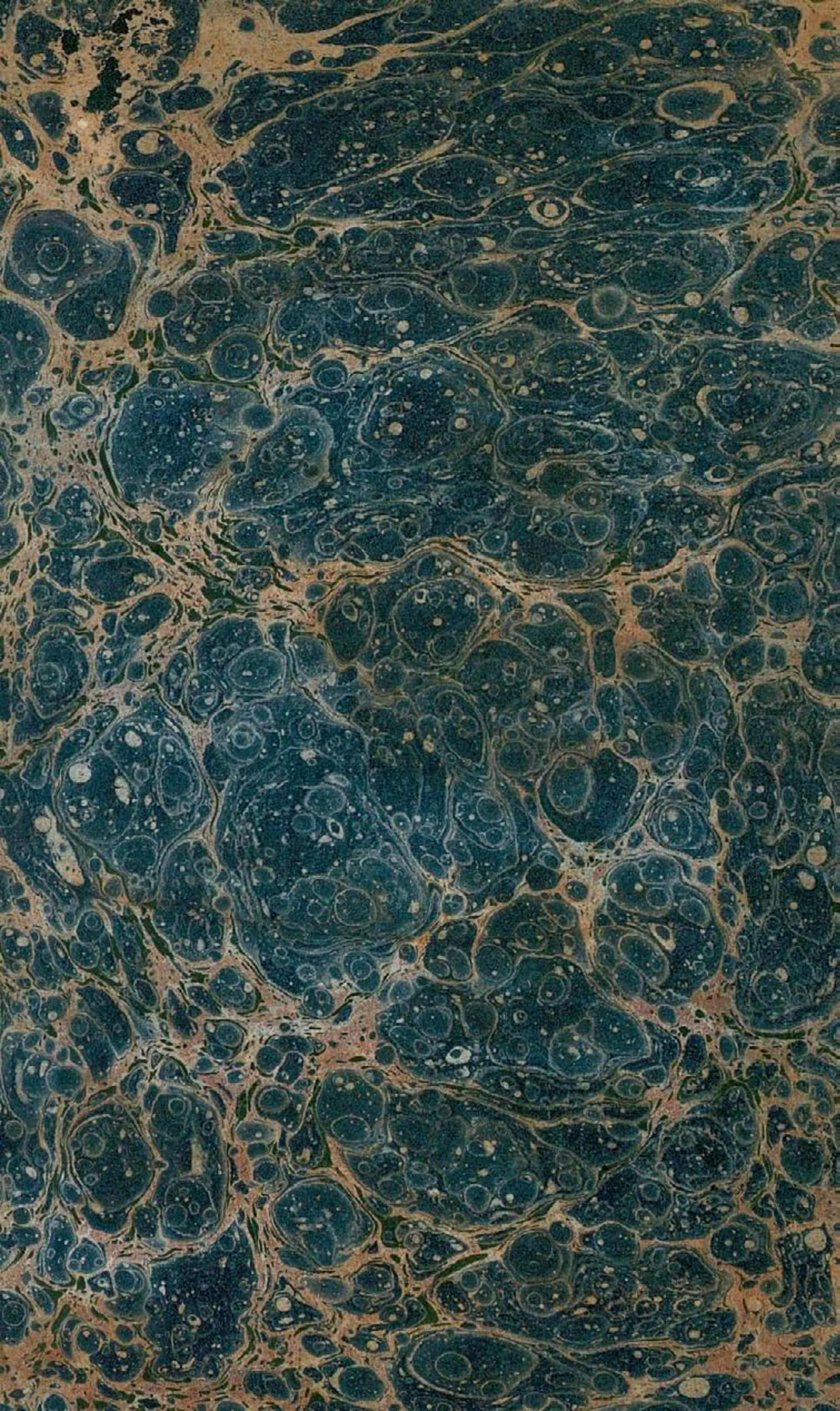
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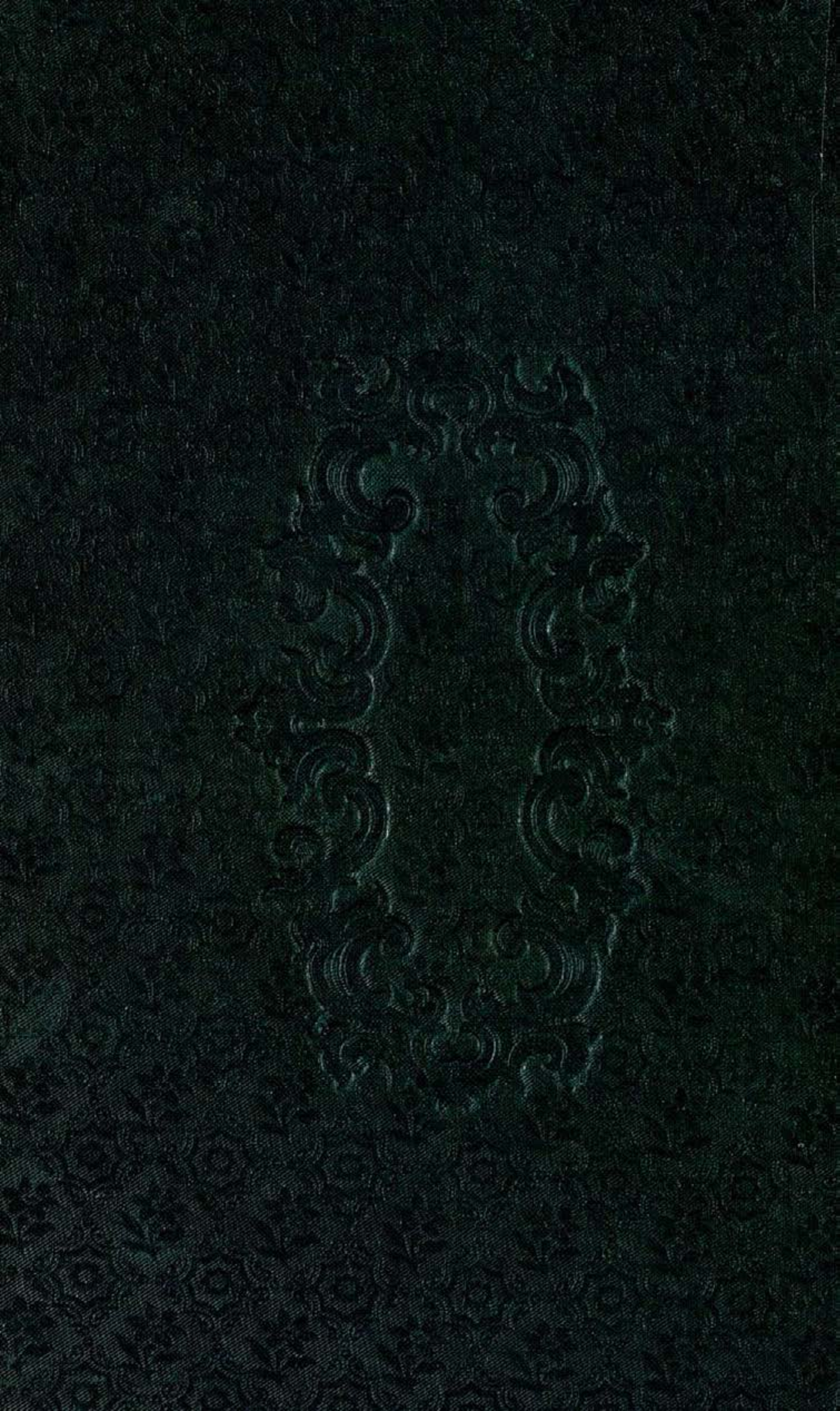
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38
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4
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